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THE  
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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE  
FOREIGN AND COLONIAL  
Quarterly Review.

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- ART. I.—1. *Artaud de Montor, Histoire de Dante.* 1 vol. 8vo. Paris. 1841.
2. *La Divina Commedia, col Comento di Lorenzo Martini.* 3 vols. 8vo. Torino. 1840.
3. *La Divina Commedia, col Comento di Tommaseo.* 3 vols. 8vo. Venezia. 1837.
4. *La Commedia, illustrata da Ugo Foscolo.* 2 vols. 8vo. Londra. 1842.
5. *L'Inferno, col Comento di Lord Vernon.* 1 vol. 8vo. Firenze. 1842.
6. *Dante, Opere.* 6 vols. 8vo. Firenze. 1830—1841.
7. *Opere Minori.* 6 vols. 12mo. Firenze. 1834—1840.
8. *Dante, La Divine Comedie, Traduction Nouvelle.* Par Pier Angelo Fiorentino. Paris. 1841.
9. *Ozanam, Dante et la Philosophie Catholique.* 8vo. Paris. 1839.
10. *Cesare Balbo, Vita di Dante.* 2 vols. 12mo. Torino. 1839.
11. *Rossetti, Il Mistero del Amor Platonico.* 5 vols. 12mo. Londra. 1840.
12. *Rossetti, Beatrice di Dante.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1842.
13. *The Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso.* By Ichabod Wright, M.A. 3 vols. 8vo. 1832—1840.
14. *The Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri.* By Charles Lyell, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1840.
15. *Dante göttliche Comoedie metrisch übertragen, und mit krit. und hist. Erläuterungen versehen, von Philaethes.* 4to. Dresden. 1839—1840.

“ Alcuni lo chiamarono sempre Poeta, altri  
Filosofo, e molti Teologo, mentre che visse.”

BOCCACCIO, *Vita di Dante.*

THE varied powers which, according to Boccaccio, constituted Dante the wonder of his contemporaries, continue to the present



hour to furnish a study to the followers of Poesy, Philosophy, and Theology. "Dante," says Lamartine, "is essentially the Poet of our epoch."—"Si l'on jette un coup d'œil sur le XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, on voit Dante grandir en gloire, et devenir le roi de la littérature." These are the words of his most recent biographer, a French writer well versed in the language, history, and literature of the Peninsula. His opinion is countenanced by the fact, that during the last 40 years the presses of Italy, France, and Germany\* have teemed with the writings of the great Florentine; that in that period there have appeared no fewer than 80 editions of the "Divine Comedy" alone.† The character of M. Artaud for careful research, and the manuscript wealth of the French libraries, led to the hope that his recent work would throw light upon that dark period of the Poet's life when he was residing in the French metropolis. He is said to have composed a commentary there upon the Scriptures, and also to have written much in that language. But although M. Artaud regards such documents as probably existing, his inquiries have failed to establish the fact. This biographer is a zealous advocate of the Church of Rome.‡ A recent critic rather admires than approves of the enthusiasm of his countrymen in favour of the great poem: he seeks, an ambitious attempt, to hold the balance between the genius of the Poet and the idolatry of his worshippers;—he is at a loss to discover any sufficient analogy between his age and our own to account for the re-action;—he ridicules M. Artaud for having suggested the expediency of instituting a professorship for the exposition of the "Divine Comedy" in Paris;—he regards the political career of its author as too insignificant for the consideration of the historian;—he looks upon the "Treatise de Monarchiâ," the echo of the sentiments of the leading civilians of that epoch, as proof that Dante had been living in another world,—he styles it as much a vision as the "Divine Comedy;"—and, finally, he cites a passage from the "Vita Nuova" as evidence of the Poet's insanity:—such is the criticism of M. Labitte.§

\* England, although in a lesser degree, has felt the impulse. Mr. Wright's recent version must give pleasure to all English readers of the "Comedy;" it is at once so nervous and so faithful, that few will be disposed to regret that he has voluntarily subjected himself to the additional difficulties of the *Terza Rima*. We notice, however, that even Mr. Wright has viewed his text through the medium of a theory; with him the abuse becomes the practice, the part the whole. See his notes, *passim*. Thus the Porco Sant' Antonio is understood as typifying the whole church. See his notes to the "Paradiso," Canto XXIX.

† Artaud, *Hist. de Dante*, p. 533, ed. Par. 1841. He enumerates all the editions, about 180 in number.

‡ The hasty expression imputed to an Oxford Professor, has not escaped his attention—"Tendimus in Latium."

§ *Révue des Deux Mondes*, tom. XX. quatr. série, p. 134.

Early in the last century, the "Divine Comedy"\* had obtained so many commentators, that Hardouin found little new to be said on the subject, but to deny the universal tradition which pointed to Dante as its author. This position he had the face boldly to maintain in print; and when censured for his conduct, admitted with rare honesty his true motive. "Est-ce que vous croyez que je me lève toujours à trois heures pour répéter les choses dites par les autres?" He yielded to the propensity which has in matters of deeper moment betrayed the cause of truth, and led men of otherwise conscientious principles to give way to the fascination of a brilliant paradox. With such commentators, no wonder that a century ago a hundred volumes were required to contain the text of the Poet and the annotations of his expositors. But Hardouin was not merely guilty of a literary crime; he may be impeached for what Fouché would have regarded as far worse, a literary blunder. The field of legitimate criticism, of loyal interpretation, was by no means exhausted; the indefatigable researches of Dionisi and Pelli had yet to be made; the ever ingenious, if not always undeniable, solutions of Lombardi, Foscolo, Biagioli, Arrivabene and Rossetti, still remained to be supplied; nor had a Balbo collected into one harmonious narrative the results of the various labours of preceding writers. The more humble, although still important, department of philological illustration was then, as it still continues, comparatively uncultivated by Italians,†—a circumstance which has led them to fear that their German neighbours would appropriate this like many other branches of their erudition;‡ nor is their apprehension ill founded, when we consider the well-known character of the literati of modern Germany, and the various Professorships for the exposition of Dante, founded in five different universities of that country, at Berlin, Bonn, Königsberg, Breslau, and Halle.

\* The title now prefixed to the great poem is not the one intended by the author. See his dedication of the "Paradise" to Can Grande. It has been restored by Ugo Foscolo, and runs thus:—"Incipit Commedia Dantis Allagherii Florentini natione non moribus." The epithet Divine, in accordance with the scholastic practice, might be used to express the excellence of a work in which was condensed so much of the school Theology. Angelic, Seraphic, were, it is well known, epithets used by the Scholastics to designate two of their most accomplished Doctors. Had Dante written nothing but his greatest work, the epithet applied to the *poem* might have been transferred by his contemporaries to the *man*. We find the following title prefixed to one of the earliest printed editions, 1477:—"Comincia la prima parte chiamata Inferno della Commedia del venerabile Poeta Dante Alighieri." Manuscript copies of the 14th century in the libraries of Venice prefix the epithet Divine.

† A letter by Giuseppe Bernardoni upon the various readings of the early commentator Francesco Buti, has however recently appeared. Milan. 1842.

‡ Balbo, Vita di Dante, tom. II. p. 359.

Except during the interval which the seicentisti appropriated to themselves, and isolated as it were from the literary history of their country, the "Divine Comedy" has constituted a favourite subject of study. We find, it is true, Guicciardini,\* in the earlier part of the 16th century, complaining in a familiar letter to Macchiavelli of the difficulty he had in procuring a copy; but it was a time of extraordinary political convulsions, and the fact may rather prove that the infant press did not keep pace with the demand.†

In later times Dante's patriotism as a citizen, his gracefulness and learning as a writer, have met with expositors in Perticari, Cesari, and Gozzi, at the same time that the harmony of his versification, and the turn of his expressions, have been studiously and avowedly imitated by Alfieri,‡ and by Monti.§ The fanciful task of penetrating the meaning of the allegories has exercised the ingenuity of men of admitted ability. Whilst Marchetti has endeavoured to solve the enigma of the "selva oscura," Troya and Azzolino and Di Cesare have studied to penetrate the mystical meaning of the *veltro*, or hound.|| By a bolder system of interpretation, Rossetti, Wright, Vecchioni, and Lyell recognize in the Poet the precursor of the Reformation; Azzolino, the champion of civilization; Scolari and Zinelli, the apostle of Roman Catholicism;—Martini has traced in the language of the Trilog the sentiments of an eclectic philosopher; Bruce Whyte has viewed its author as the proficient in the *langues d'oil* and *d'oc*,—as the founder, not of the Italian language, but of Italian poetry; ¶

\* *Lettere Familiari di Macchiavelli*. Guicciardini, in a letter of the 16th Dec. 1525, tells us that he met at last with the text, but not the gloss.

† The first printed edition which gave the title it now bears, "*Divina Commedia*," was published at Venice, A.D. 1516. *It was the 29th*. See Artaud, *Histoire de Dante*, p. 500, et seq., where he enumerates the various editions.

‡ Alfieri marked the verses in the Comedy which struck him by their sublimity, beauty, or harmony; the result was that he noted nearly half of the whole number—2273 in the *Inferno*, 2544 in the *Purgatorio*, and 1119 in the first 1119 cantos of the *Paradiso*; he left the residue unnoticed.

§ *Dialogo su i Poeti de' Primi Secoli della Lingua Italiana*.

|| By the *veltro*, the liberator of Italy, whose identity has exercised the ingenuity and criticism of so many writers, Fraticelli conjectures that Dante meant to typify different individuals according as the current of political events influenced his hopes. Thus the various writers who contend for the claims of Ugucione della Faggiuola, Can Grande, and Henry VII., may be all to a certain extent in the right. Di Cesare, claiming to be supported by the authority of Kopisch and of Guiniforte delli Bargiggi, understands it of the *veltro*, not a temporal but a spiritual liberator, whom he recognizes in Benedict XI.,—a conclusion which seems to deserve consideration. See *Progresso delle Scienze Lettere ed Arti*, vol. XXX. p. 169. Napoli.

¶ *Hist. des Langues Romanes*, tom. III. p. 229—337. Paris. 1841. Two positions in this work seem to us inadequately supported: the one regards Petrarch as the *happy* lover; the other affirms Dante's familiarity with the Greek text of Homer. The simile cited as proof, tom. III. p. 236, was more probably borrowed from Virgil's first *Georgic*. The poet on one occasion is thought to have admitted his ignorance

—Targioni Tozzetti has seen in him the observant botanist ;—M. Libri has claimed for him the appreciation or suspicion of truth, ordinarily regarded as the original discoveries of later ages.\* Arrivabene has detected in the poem the history of the poet and his age ;—Foscolo has used his personal history and that of his time as the key to the elucidation of the poem ; Tommaseo, on the other hand, has sought it in the favourite volumes of the Poet (the Scriptures, Virgil, Aristotle,† and St. Aquinas), and in the earliest commentary ;—Missirini has written a succinct account of the memorials of Dante existing in his native city ; and, finally, Balbo has founded a claim to the gratitude of all future students and readers of the “*Divine Comedy*,” by a lucid and judicious biography of its author ;—the labours of Ginguenè, Mérian, Dreuille, Fauriel, Lenormand, Villemain, Delacluze, Ampère, Artaud, Brizeu, Schlegel,‡ Ozanam, Bruce Whyte, Aroux, Fiorentino, in France ; of Blanc, Kannegiesser, Streckfuss, Leo, Förster, Köpisch and Witte,§ in Germany ; of Boyd, Carey, Hallam, Wright, Lyell, and Lord Vernon, in this country,—all attest the general appreciation of the “*Sovran Poet* ;”—and yet, notwithstanding this expenditure of labour and ingenuity, few will be disposed to censure those who, taking the book itself into their hands, seek to elicit its meaning, aided only by the light of contemporary history and the details of his life, supplied by some such diligent biographer as Cesare Balbo, who follows, where the text is susceptible of both, the literal rather than the allegorical interpretation—who receives the woman Beatrice—who reverences the tender humanities of her lover, and every trait tending to fix both as members of the great family of mankind. It seemed to be Dante’s design throughout his great poem to rear an imaginative structure upon a foundation of fact ; the individuals who figure in his great drama are contemporary, historical, or scriptural. Shall Beatrice be received as the only exception ?

The halo which rests round all that the great Florentine

of the Greek text of Aristotle : see the *Convito*, tom. I. p. 75, ed. Fir. 1834 ; but in those days books were rare and costly.—Dante, an exile, and without money ; and the passage will have no bearing upon the controversy, if it be assumed as his meaning, that he cited translations, not at the moment having access to the original.

\* *Hist. des Sciences Mathématiques*, tom. II. p. 165, ed. Paris, 1838.

† How frequently the writings of Aristotle furnished the source of the thoughts of Dante is traced in the commentary of Tommaseo. Venez. 1837. “*The Aristotelian philosophy*, says Dante, now holds as it were the government of the whole world in matters of doctrine, so that it may be termed Catholic Opinion.” *Convito. Opere Minori*, tom. II. p. 369, ed. Fir. 1835-40.

‡ In the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Août, 1836.

§ To the list may be added a writer assuming the name “*Philaethes*,” in whom is generally recognized a member of a reigning house,—Prince John, Duke of Saxony.

wrote, subsequently to his passing the "mezzo cammin" of his life, has thrown into comparative obscurity his feelings, opinions, and political conduct in earlier days. Dante the Guelf is less generally known than Dante the Ghibellin. In the *latter* capacity he is represented to us as an exiled noble of broken, at last of desperate fortunes—a houseless wanderer, too proud occasionally even to conceal his contempt of those to whose bounty he was compelled to appeal, and feeding his lofty aspirations by contemplating the mysteries of another world. In the *former* character he appears before us not merely as the political partisan, but as the lover, the husband, and the poet in the morning of his reputation; he lays a strong claim to our admiration as a patriot struggling resolutely, although unsuccessfully, for the interests of his country; he engages our sympathy for the unhappy event of his first attachment, and, for the marriage by which he became connected with a family, afterwards his bitterest political opponents. Such is Dante the Guelf, the Dante of the "Vita Nuova," and of the recently restored fresco by Giotto.

An attentive consideration of the conduct of the great Poet at different periods of his career, based upon the various documents with which we have been furnished by recent mediæval antiquarians, must lead all who are not biassed by the splendour of his poetry to the conclusion, that in his first political opinions, he was a better citizen and more amiable man than when, impelled by his resentment against individuals, and his despair of any just commutation of his sentence, he embraced a policy which sacrificed the cause of the national independence of Italy. "The biographer," says Balbo, "who attempts to write the life of an individual, as in every respect blameless, ought to select his subject from the Angelic Choir, or at least to single out one of those rare beings, at once pure, humble and angelic, whose very virtues impel them to withdraw from the popular gaze. Of these the public know little or nothing. Such perhaps was Beatrice, but such certainly was not her lover—still less after her loss."

To form any satisfactory notion of the character and conduct of Dante the *Guelf*, it is necessary to regard him with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the events which occurred during his early life. The families of the Lisei and the Alighieri were descended from a common ancestor who claimed an ancient Roman descent. In the civil dissensions which took place during the 12th and 13th centuries, of which so interesting a description has been handed down in the pages of the earlier chroniclers, the two branches would appear to have embraced opposite sides. The Lisei alone are mentioned by Malispina\* (the earliest Florentine historian), and may,

\* Storie Fior. c. 100.

therefore, be regarded as the more prosperous and powerful branch. They espoused the Ghibellin—their kinsmen, the Alighieri, the Guelf cause. All the biographers of Dante agree in attributing the sentiments of the Guelf party to his immediate ancestors. Indeed, we have his own testimony to the fact.\* Accordingly, we find them now in banishment, now restored to their country; in short, encountering all the vicissitudes of fortune which fell to the lot of their party. From Leonardo Aretin,† we learn that Dante, having lost his father in his youth, was confided to the care of one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time, the Guelf Brunetto Latini, who had himself endured the pains of exile, and shared the misfortunes of the political faction to which he had allied himself. The affection of the pupil for his preceptor is clearly avowed in a very remarkable passage in the *Inferno*, which describes their interview, and proves that not even the natural horror of the odious vice for which he is represented as punished, could deter the Poet from evincing his affectionate remembrance of the man.

“Che 'n la mente m'è fitta e ancor m'accora  
La cara e buona imagine paterna  
Di voi nel mondo, quando ad ora ad ora  
M'insegnavate come l'uom s'eterna!”—*Infern.* XV. 28.

———— “for in my mind  
Is fixed, and now strikes full upon my heart  
The dear, benign, paternal image, such  
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me  
The way for man to win eternity.”—CAREY.

Subsequently to 1266, when the Ghibellins, in one of the revolutions common at that period, were again compelled to give place in Florence to their victorious opponents, Brunetto Latini held under the Guelf government the office afterwards rendered illustrious by Poggio and Macchiavelli, that of Secretary, or Notary, as it was then termed, of the Republic. Under the tutelage of this man, whose qualities as a statesman are eulogised by the historian Villani,‡ it cannot be doubted but that the political sentiments in which Dante was bred, would be strengthened and confirmed. “And thus,” says Balbo,§ “with his father, his family, and his first preceptor, all Guelfs, dwelling in a city which had long been attached to that party, and which was at that very epoch, more especially and exclusively devoted to it,—at a time, too, when the Guelfs were at their greatest height of

\* *Inf.* X. 46-48.

† *Ediz. Min.* V. p. 50.

‡ *Murat. Rerum Ital. Script.* XIII. pp. 204, 352.

§ *Balbo, Vita di Dante*, tom. II. p. 47.

grandeur and prosperity,—the early impressions of Dante must certainly have been entirely Guelf; although, perhaps, even at that early period, tempered in his generous mind, and moderated from all the excesses of that party.” But influences of a more potent and stirring description had still to confirm the youthful bias, and to mould the character of the man.

The annals of Florence have furnished a favourite subject of contemplation to three men\* of different ages and countries, of commanding abilities, and of various attainments. The statesman, the historian, the orator, have all turned to this fruitful source of instruction. And, indeed, the subject presents political attractions of no common description. But the historical and satirical poem of the “*Divine Comedy*,” so pregnant with allusions to contemporary events, has encircled the annals of the city with such a literary interest, that many have made them their study, in other respects little disposed to devote themselves to the long, and, in some instances, perplexed inquiry into the constitutional revolutions of a Republic, according to Dante, as frequent as those of the moon. His own age, and that which immediately followed, may be regarded as constituting the period of the greatest political and commercial prosperity of Florence.† It has been sometimes, but without due reason, referred to a later date. “Some of its citizens were wealthier than reigning princes; two of its banking-houses lent to Edward III. of England,‡ a sum equal to about three millions sterling. Its revenue exceeded that of the King of Naples, that of the King of Arragon, and that of the British Queen Elizabeth three centuries later.”§

Many of the great works which now arrest the attention of the traveller, were commenced, and some completed, at that epoch; amongst others, the exquisite Campanile by Giotto, the magnificent Cathedral, and principal churches. Dante speaks of the pride generated in the minds of the citizens by the sudden influx of wealth, the “*subiti guadagni* ;” but no body of men ever accorded a more liberal aid to the Arts, or made a more generous use of their wealth, than did the Florentine merchants of that

\* Macchiavelli, Gibbon, Thiers. The latter is understood to have been many years engaged upon a History of Florence. Gibbon, at one period, designed to employ his masterly pen upon that subject, and only abandoned it for the work which has constituted him the greatest historian of modern times.

† It has been proved by Baron Rumohr, from documents in the archives of the Duomo at Florence, that hamlets in the Florentine territory, which now consist only of three or four farms, were, in the 13th century, villages containing twenty families of hereditary tenants.

‡ The English King was readier with his sword than his payments; an expostulatory letter from the Priors of the Republic is preserved in the British Museum, Cott. MSS. Nero, B. VII. Art. 8.

§ Pecchio, *Storia dell' Economia Pubblica in Italia*, ediz. second. p. 14.

age. In 1294, a decree was passed by the public magistracy, for the erection of the Duomo "upon such a scale of lofty and sumptuous magnificence, as to leave it impossible for human industry or power to invent any thing grander or more beautiful;" and the genius of Arnolpho, to whom the work was entrusted, was stimulated by the intimation that the State had determined that its contracts ought not to be undertaken, unless with the view of making the effect correspond with the conception, "*che vien fatto grandissimo perchè composto dall' animo di più cittadini uniti insieme in un sol volere.*"\* Indeed, the Cathedral of Florence must be ever regarded as one of the most splendid monuments of the middle ages. Its materials are of costliest description; its dome second to that of the Pantheon alone in diameter.

To form any clear or satisfactory notion of the private or public life of a citizen of a turbulent Italian Republic of the middle ages, rent by internal disturbances, we must figure to ourselves not merely its actual condition and political interests, but those other important influences arising from the friendship or alliances, the animosities or rivalries, of families, and more especially of those dwelling in the same neighbourhood. The Alighieri resided close to the Church San Martino del Vescovo, and in their immediate vicinity dwelt three families, destined to exercise peculiar influence upon the fortunes of the young Dante. These were the Portinari, the Donati, and the Cerechi; from the first he chose his love, from the second his wife, from the third his political associates.

Although the name of Folco Portinari cannot be traced† as an historical one in the annals of Florence, he is commemorated by all the biographers of Dante, and has deserved the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, as the founder of the magnificent Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. By his wife, Cilia Caponsacchi, he had a daughter, Beatrice, the child and woman of the "Vita

\* The language of exaggeration is, it is true, essentially that of a democracy. "The Americans," says Mr. Tyler, "have a government, the *strongest in the world*, because emanating from the popular will, and firmly rooted in the affections of a great and free people."—*Message of the President of the U. S.* 1842. But he never would have hazarded the expression without a strong conviction of the extraordinary resources of his country.

† According to Fontani, (*Viaggio Pittorico della Toscana*, tome I. p. 245, ediz. 2nd,) Folco di Ricovero Portinari, father of Beatrice, was one of the first four Priors of the Florentine Republic, which magistracy was founded in 1282; but this cannot be so—they were originally only three in number. Malispina, *Storie Fior.* c. 231; Cantini, *Antichità Toscane*, tom. III. c. 1, give the names, which comprise no member of the Portinari family. From the diligent writer last mentioned, it appears that Simone de' Bardi, husband of Beatrice, was a man of political weight at that period, who held offices of importance in Tuscany. *Antich. Toscan.* tom. VI. p. 163, 164.



Nuova," the saint of the "Divine Comedy." The first sight of her was to Dante, as he himself affirms, the commencement of a new life, *Incipit vita nova*.<sup>\*</sup> The narrative of Boccaccio recalls to us the youthful attachments of Rousseau and Byron.

Beatrice had barely completed her eighth, Dante was in his ninth year. They met in her father's house, at a festivity in celebration of the commencement of Spring. After detailing her graceful demeanour, her maiden beauty and modesty, in one of those exquisite descriptions which Boccaccio, best perhaps of all writers, knows how to handle, he concludes by telling us, "that child as Dante then was, he received her image into his heart with such intense emotion, that from that time thenceforth he never parted with it to his dying day."

"She appeared before me," says Dante, "clad in a dress," *d'un nobilissimo colore umile ed onesto sanguigno*, "with such a band and ornaments as were becoming at her years. At her sight, I say it in all sincerity, the spirit of life which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently, as to render even the minutest pulsations horribly perceptible." Some days afterwards he again meets Beatrice accompanied by two ladies of elder years. She was clad in a dress of exquisite whiteness; she for the first time courteously accosts him; he describes his timidity, and the intoxicating effect produced upon him by her address. Having withdrawn to the solitude of his chamber, he dwells upon the incident which had just occurred: at last he is overtaken by a sweet sleep, when a marvellous vision appears to him, "the vision of the burning heart,"—to which he afterwards gives a poetical form in a sonnet, perhaps the earliest composition of his extant.

Without reference to that enduring monument to the memory of his first love, furnished by Dante in his great poem, there are many passages in his *Canzoniere*, which present such a portrait of female excellence and purity, as would be calculated to satisfy even the most unreasonable aspirations of a man of the loftiest mind and most ardent imagination.

"Ella è quanto ben puo far natura,  
Per cempio di lei beltà si prova."

"Nature's masterpiece,  
The test and mould of beauty."

Again—

"Graziosa a vederla,  
E disdegnosa, dove si convene;

<sup>\*</sup> Fraticelli, however, and other writers, give a different sense to the words *vita nova*, which according to them means the period of youth.

Umile, vergognosa e temperata,  
 E sempre a virtù grata,  
 Intra' suoi be' costumi un atto regna,  
 Che d'ogni reverenza la fa degna.\*

"Grace is in every look,  
 And indignation if offence provoke ;  
 Meek, modest, temperate and calm ;  
 To virtue ever dear ;  
 O'er all her noble manners reigns a charm  
 Which universal reverence inspires."

From some particulars detailed in a subsequent part of the "Vita Nuova," which will be presently alluded to, it would appear that the Poet had occasion to verify the trait mentioned in the second line of the last extract. From what he affirms in the "Vita Nuova," it appears that he was conscious how much her gentle influence had effected in softening the harsher features of his own character. "As soon," says he, "as she appeared, a sudden flame of charity was kindled within me ; I pardoned all men, and no longer recognized any enemies." Such was Beatrice, as she has been handed down to us in the verses of her lover : but their destinies were not to be united, and the heroine of the "Vita Nuova," became the wedded wife of a Guelf cavalier, Messer Simone de' Bardi.† And yet Dante never ceased to cherish the remembrance of his youthful attachment.

"The tie which binds the first endures the last."

He sang her praises when living, her apotheosis when dead. Censure is disarmed by the undeniable purity of his affection, attested at once by the voice of tradition, by the whole tenor of his great poem and other writings, and by the positive assertion of Boccaccio.‡ In the "Vita Nuova," Dante says that Beatrice was of such "eminent virtue, that upon no occasion did she

\* Canzoniere, p. 226, Lyell's ed. Fraticelli doubts this being the composition of Dante.

† The fact is proved by the will of her father, cited by Pelle (*Memorie per servire alla Vita di Dante*, p. 76.) It bears date January 15, 1287. "Item D. Bici filiæ suæ et uxori D. Simonis de Bardis reliquit lib. quatuor."

‡ Those who are fond of tracing how men of impassioned temperaments, but otherwise of widely different modes of thought, approach each other in forms of expression, when they touch upon the subject of love, may contrast the "Vita Nuova" with the private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, written by himself, and recently published by Sir Harris Nicolas, from a MS. in the British Museum. In both, passion is made to speak occasionally the language of allegory, but, as may be expected, it prevails more in the page of the lover than of the husband. The fame of Beatrice Portinari and of Lady Venetia Stanley has been differently dealt with by the voice of their countrymen. Benvenuto d'Imola says, that the former was "miræ pulchritudinis sed majoris honestatis ;" whereas, according to Clarendon, the latter was a lady of "extraordinary beauty, and of as extraordinary reputation."

ever suffer me to be swayed by my passion, so as to slight the faithful counsel of the reason in those matters in which it was profitable to listen to its admonition."\* From the same book it appears that she subsequently refused the customary salutation, and avoided him in society: that he was not present at her death is also certain.

The loss of her father, on the 31st of December, 1289, was bitterly deplored by Beatrice, and Dante accounts for it by the remark, "*Questa donna fosse in altissimo grado di bontà*"—a saint on earth. His sympathy for her sufferings seriously impairs his own health,† and he becomes dangerously ill. "On the ninth day, being in intolerable pain, an idea struck me, which was of my lady. After being some time occupied with this subject, my thoughts reverted to my own precarious existence; and considering of how brief a duration it was even in health, I began inwardly to deplore my miserable estate. In an agony of sorrow I said to myself, "*It cannot but be that gentlest Beatrice must sometime die.*" This idea, prompted by the tenderness of his affection, throws him into a frenzy, when he sees in the heavens a multitude of angels singing "*Hosanna in excelsis*;" he afterwards imagines that he beholds Beatrice dead, and that he witnesses the last offices paid to her remains. The illusion under which he was labouring was so intense, that he utters audibly, with profound emotion, "*O, fairest spirit, how blessed he who beholds thee!*" The exclamation is overheard, but not understood; and a lady who is tending him in his sickness, supposed to be his sister of the whole or half-blood, and by himself described as one united to him in the nearest bond of consanguinity, is induced to leave the room by her companions, who fancy him to be suffering in his sleep from the agony of his malady. They accost him thus:—"Awake, and be comforted:" he awakes with the word "*Beatrice*" on his lips, but his voice so broken by his emotions that nothing is articulated. He then relates to them his dream, suppressing, however, the name of its object. The death of Beatrice occurred on the 9th of June, 1290. She was then in her twenty-fourth year, and it would seem in the third of her marriage. The event is thus detailed in the "*Vita Nuova*:"—"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become as a widow that was great amongst the nations! I was on the point of commencing this canzone after having completed the sonnet, when the Lord of that

\* "*Tuttavia era di sì nobilissima virtù che nulla volta sofferse che amore mi regesse senza il fedele consiglio della ragione in quelle cose la ove tal consiglio fosse utile a udire.*"—*Vita Nuova*, p. 4.

† *Vita Nuova*, p. 39.

gentlest creature, the Sovereign Lord, I mean, of Righteousness, summoned that noble being to serve him in glory, under the banner of the blessed Queen, the Virgin Mary, whose name had been ever held in highest reverence on the lips of the sainted Beatrice.\* And here we cannot refrain from laying before the reader the just indignation with which the biographer Balbo visits the allegorical interpreters of the reality of the narrative. "Barbarous," says he, "are those writers who, in the abruptness of this passage, in the citation from the Holy Scriptures, in the very resignation yet agony implied in the exclamation, '*the Sovereign Lord of Righteousness!*' in the delicate and affectionate remembrance of the name familiarly appealed to by his lady when living,—a trait which it is impossible for him to have imagined,—cannot discern indubitable proofs of a real passion."† "It is," says Foscolo,‡ "a fatal consequence of a deserved celebrity in one department of literature, that the author is regarded as incapable of attaining excellence in any other." Boccaccio's fame as a novelist injured his credit as a biographer; and although his near proximity to the time of Dante entitled his testimony to superior weight, the reality of Dante's attachment to Beatrice, based upon the general tradition, the indirect testimony of collateral circumstances, and the plain confession of the Poet himself, was fancifully explained away by the historian Leonardo Aretino; and his interpretation came finally to be believed by no inconsiderable number of his subsequent commentators. It has been revived, and constitutes, in our opinion, the most specious of the hardy theories propounded by Rossetti; but who can read the concluding cantos of the "*Purgatorio*," which, in one continuous flow of melody, and in verses of incomparable beauty, describe the interview of Dante and Beatrice in the other world, and not recognize, in the latter, the glorified object of an earthly affection, the beatified spirit which controlled "*Le belle membra che son terra sparte*."

Dante affirms in his "*Vita Nuova*," that he composed a *Serventese*, that is to say, a Poem in the *Terza Rima*, in praise of sixty beautiful ladies of Florence; of these the ninth, he tells us, was Beatrice, the thirtieth the wife of Lapo Gianni. "Who," says Dionisi,§ "can credit that of this number Beatrice alone represented

\* *Vita Nuova*, p. 53.

† Balbo, *Vita di Dante*, p. 139.

‡ *La Commedia illustrata da Ugo Foscolo*. London, 1842, vol. I. p. 46. We cannot but regret the terms in which this distinguished writer occasionally expresses himself when speaking of some of the most deserving names in the literature of his country; for instance, Tiraboschi and Metastasio.

§ *Anedd.* II. p. 43.

an art, science, or metaphysical abstraction?" Eclecticism is often as profitable in criticism as in philosophy. With respect to the real existence of Beatrice, the difficulty ceases, if we assent to the conclusion that the affection felt during his youth by a poet of ardent imagination, and a highly religious temperament, for a maiden of extraordinary beauty and surpassing purity of character, settled at her death into an enthusiastic veneration of her virtues; in the language of the father, St. Augustin, through whom the scholars of that age imbibed the philosophy of Plato, Dante learnt "amare in creatura creatorem et in factura factorem." \*

With respect to Dante's subsequent relations with the Portinari, it is worthy notice that the "descendentes de domo de Eliseis et de domo de Portinariis" and Dante Alighieri are named together in the list of exiles excepted out of the amnesty, Sept. 6, 1311.† Several individuals bearing the name Folcho Portinari appear on the roll of the Cavalieri of the order of St. Stephen of Tuscany.

Two years and a half after this important era in the life of Dante, an event, recorded in the "*Vita Nuova*," occurred. He was in the 27th year of his age, his lineaments and demeanour those which have been restored to us in the fresco of Giotto, recently brought to light. At this period he presents himself as a young man highly distinguished by all the current accomplishments and erudition of the age, (he had passed through the two courses, the Trivium and the Quadrivium,) the friend of the best poets of the day, of Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoja, of the painter Giotto, of the musician Casella, the intimate associate of men of elegant and refined taste: he had deserved the gratitude of his country for his services rendered as a Guelph in the bloody field of Campaldino, had acquired a reputation as the author of the most graceful poems then known in the popular language, and was recommended to the gentler sex by the story of his ardent though unfortunate attachment. Speaking of Dante at this early period, Beatrice says,—

\* Consult the dissertation of Fraticelli prefixed to his edition of the "*Vita Nuova*," *Opere Minori*. Firenze, 1839-40. "Virgile figure la raison non éclairée par la révélation, mais c'est aussi le poète Latin que le moyen âge a révéré comme un grand sage. Beatrix représente la science des choses divines, mais c'est Beatrix Portinari dont la chaste beauté avoit fait sur Dante dès sa première jeunesse une impression profonde. Q'y a-t-il de si inconcevable dans cette combinaison?" These are the words of M. A. W. Schlegel, *Révue des Deux Mondes*, 1836, p. 400, tom. VII. quatrième série.

† *Delizie degli eruditi Toscani*, tom. V. p. 74; Giano della Bella is also named. See also tom. IV. p. 129, where mention is made of Rìcoverus fil. quond. Folchi Portinari Camerarius Cameræ Florentiæ, 1299. He must have been the brother of Beatrice.

“ Questi fu tal nella sua vita novella  
Virtualmente, ch’ ogni abito destro  
Fatto averebbe in lui mirabil pruova.”

*Purg.* XXX. 115.

One day an event occurs like that which gave rise to the fatal feud between the Buondelmonti and the Uberti, so familiar to the reader of Florentine history. In passing through the streets of Florence, Dante beholds at a window a young gentlewoman of great beauty, who appears to regard him with an expression of pity,—conduct which she repeats upon subsequent occasions. Her countenance, pale, it might be with love, “quasi d’amore,” reminds him of the habitual look of his Beatrice. The reminiscence which she suggests begets interest, interest inspires sympathy, and sympathy affection. At last he can hardly tear himself from her side. It is evident that again he has become attached: its object is styled in the “Vita Nuova,” the “*donna consolatrice*,” whom with Balbo we would willingly believe to be no other person than Gemma de’ Donati, subsequently his wife. But not to enter upon this debateable ground of controversy, suffice it to remark, that if this conjecture is well founded, his wife could have been no way deceived by him, but must have been aware that she had wedded one whose heart was devoted to the memory of the buried Beatrice. Their youngest child and only daughter was also named Beatrice, a striking proof that the purity of Dante’s first attachment was admitted and appreciated by his wife.

The disposition to sympathise with and exaggerate the misfortunes of men of lofty genius, has, it is probable, invested many circumstances in the life of Dante with a false and deceptive character; there is not one where the conclusions drawn appear less based upon facts than those which refer to his wedded life.

In the year 1293, or thereabouts, according to the general opinion, Alighieri, then in the 28th year of his age, was induced by his friends to enter the married state. A suitable, perhaps an ambitious match, presented itself in the person of a lady of one of the principal families, inferior to his only in the single circumstance of antiquity, but superior in all those other particulars which usually recommend a marriage of prudence. Of Gemma de’ Donati little is known, but the fact of her marriage with Dante; her having, previously to his banishment, borne to him seven children; and her stay in Florence, after his departure, with her young family; which, according to the narrative of Boccaccio, she brought up with great prudence and good management upon the slender means claimed as her dower out of her husband’s possessions, and on that ground rescued from the general confiscation which swept away his property. There is no evidence of

their having lived together, or even met, after his exile ; nor is it known when she died, although undoubtedly she survived her husband. It has been frequently noted, that in no part of the works of Dante is any express mention made of his wife ; and as there is no doubt that she did not share his banishment, these two circumstances have led many to affirm that Dante was unfortunate in his marriage, and that his wife entertained little or no affection for him,—inferences which recent writers have resisted with great force of reasoning, and critical acumen. Boccaccio, after alluding to the inconveniences of the married state, proceeds thus :—“ Certainly I do not mean to assert that Dante had to encounter them, for I have no means of knowing that such was the case ; but true it is, whatever the cause, that after he had once separated from her who had been given to him as a consolation in affliction, neither would he go where he was likely to encounter her, nor would he ever permit her to come to him,—and this, notwithstanding she had borne to him many children. Let not any one therefore conclude, from what I have here said, that a man ought not to marry : on the contrary, I regard it as a highly laudable act, although not for every one. Wise men should leave wedlock to the rich, to princes, and to labourers, and should devote themselves to the best spouse of all, philosophy.” In commenting on this passage, Foscolo cites Montaigne, who affirmed that he would not marry “ *sagesse elle-même*.” “ *J’eusse fuy de l’espouser si elle m’eust voulu :*”

“ *Est mihi dulce magis resolutio vivere collo.*”\*

With respect to the assertion of Boccaccio, that Dante would never allow his wife to share his exile, the fact may be undeniable, and yet rather a proof of disinterested affection than of any want of it on his part. At first he might fail to summon her to him, buoyed up by the hope of speedily rejoining her in his native city ; he might, taught by the vicissitudes of the factions, cherish the expectation that something might occur to turn the tide of popular sentiment in his favour, or even to occasion his restoration by force. What had he to offer her ?—the lot of a proud and banished noble, of fortunes always precarious, and at last desperate. If the bitterness of his destinies once wrung from his haughty feelings the admission implied in the

“ Tu proverai, si come sa di sale  
Il pane di altrui, e come è duro calle  
Lo scendere e ’l salir per l’ altrui scale ;”

*Parad. XVII. 58.*

\* *Essais*, liv. III. chap. De l’Utile et de l’Honneste.

"Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare  
Is bread of others, and the way how hard  
That leadeth up and down another's stair;"

WRIGHT.

what an aggravation of his misery, had his wife and children been the companions of his sad wanderings,—the associates in his humiliating visits! Conceive the exiled noble attended on these occasions by his wife and seven children, the youngest, the latest daughter of his affections, the infant Beatrice, a child yet in arms! The frequency of his changes of domicile, in Romagna, Lombardy, and the Lunigiana, as well as in Tuscany, have been well ascertained; it is credibly asserted that he visited Paris, as, according to some, he did even London and Oxford. Had Gemma Donati absented herself from Florence, where she was, according to the account of Boccaccio, providing for the necessities of her young family with toil to which she had not been bred, "*con disusata industria*," in all probability even the slender stock which she had contrived with difficulty to save from the wreck of her husband's fortune would have been lost; her own family, his personal enemies, incensed; and the wretchedness of her husband's situation aggravated. Perhaps, in a city torn by contending factions and harassed by hourly broils, her woman's heart was sorely tried between rival parties and houses, influenced on the one hand by her sisterly and filial affections, by the strength of the prejudices in which she was born—and on the other, by the tender emotions of the mother and the wife.\* And Dante, in his appreciation of the struggle which was taking place, may have himself confirmed her in the resolution of abiding in the midst of her relatives, and near those branches of his own family who were not involved in his sentence. Why may not the full consciousness of her excellences have suggested the words which he places in the mouth of Cacciaguida, who foretels his exile, and proceeds thus?—

"Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta  
Più caramente, e questo è quello strale  
Che l'arco dell'esilio pria saetta."

*Parad. XVII. 55.*

"Thou shalt depart, and from each pleasant thing  
Beloved with most affection be debarr'd;  
This arrow first from Exile's bow shall spring."

WRIGHT.

\* "*Il est difficile*," says M. Artaud, (*Hist. de Dante*, p. 3,) "*de chercher les querelles d'un mauvais ménage-là, ou en moins de huit ans une femme a donné sept enfans à son epoux.*" Foscolo had made the same remark.



The precise period when his children joined him is unknown. Certain it is that they were well educated. One of his sons settled in Verona and died in Trèves; another is the author of Commentaries, still extant,\* upon the "Divine Comedy;" and his daughter, Beatrice, lived to an advanced age in a monastery in Ravenna. Boccaccio was entrusted with the commission of conveying to her a sum of money from the Florentine Republic.

But the other circumstance before alluded to, that Dante nowhere mentions his wife by name, has also occasioned much remark, and been tortured into a proof of indifference. That it is a most striking circumstance is undeniable. Corso Donati, her relative (in what degree is not ascertained), was the first man at that period in Florence,—pre-eminent in ability, in influence and in wickedness,—the representative, says Mr. Hallam, of the turbulent noble of the Italian Republics. He was regarded as one aiming at a tyranny; he was suspected to have poisoned his first wife; he was known to have committed sacrilege. The latter story is thus told by an anonymous commentator:—"Piccarda, sister of Forese and of Messer Corso Donati, and daughter of Messer Simone, although a maiden of excelling beauty, turned her thoughts to God, to whom she made a profession of her virginity, entering with this view the monastery of Santa Chiara. Her brothers had promised to give her in marriage to a gentleman of Florence, by name Rosellino della Tosa; when therefore Messer Corso, at that time Podestà of Bologna, heard of her profession, he left his command, proceeded to the monastery, and, contrary to the wishes of Piccarda herself, of the sisterhood, and of the abbess, forcibly carried her off. Being constrained against her inclinations to take Rosellino for her husband, she immediately fell ill, life became irksome, and having prayed for death, that spouse to whom she had made her profession took her to himself."

And yet this Corso Donati, so conspicuous by his vices, is nowhere named by Dante; his atrocities are, it is true, perpetually alluded to, so that he may be said to be one of the principal of those sculptured figures whom the Poet has fixed for eternal obloquy in his breathing gallery of criminals, one of those unnamed reprobates,

"A mal più che a bene usi,"

who, as Dante well knew, (for he had himself on one occasion been instrumental in procuring the banishment of Corso,) had been the principal cause of the dissensions which distracted his country.

\* Of this commentary Filelfo says:—"Non arbitror quemquam recte posse Dantis opus commentari nisi Petri viderit volumen qui ut semper erat cum patre ita ejus mentem tenebat melius." Some, however, doubt its authenticity.

His brother Forese was the bosom friend of the Poet, and his sister Piccarda, of whom Forese says—

“ La mia sorella che tra bella e buona  
Non so qual fosse più ;”

*Purgat.* XXIV. 13.

“ My sister, she for whom  
Twixt beautiful and good, I cannot say  
Which name was fitter ;”

CAREY.

is one of those creations of excelling sweetness and purity, whose memory the Poet has embalmed in some of the most perfect passages in his inspired volume. They would alone justify the remark of Lord Byron, that there is no tenderness equal to the tenderness of Dante.

From the circumstances above adverted to, Foscolo and Balbo infer that the constant omission of the name of Corso Donati may be referred to the disinclination of the Poet to wound the feelings of his wife; still, in spite of the ingenious reasoning of the former writer, Dante has told many an event in the public or private lives of his contemporaries by mere allusions, without specifying names.

Foscolo, in his generous remarks upon the injustice done to the character of Dante's wife by previous writers, suggested, in aid of his argument, that she might have died shortly after his exile. After this remark had been acquiesced in, or at least not disputed, by subsequent writers, we confess we were sorry to find that it was clearly disproved by an interesting document cited by the indefatigable Pelli,\* (a writer at whom Foscolo sneered, and whom he probably never read,) which establishes beyond the possibility of a doubt that Gemma survived her husband, but was not living A.D. 1332. These facts have, we believe, escaped the notice of all the recent biographers.

His children's names were Piero, Jacopo, Gabriello, Aligero, Eliseo, Bernardo, and Beatrice. Scipio Maffei, in his “ *Verona Illustrata*,” has preserved some memorials of the branch which settled at Verona.

There is something that strikes the imagination in the mode in which the lineal descendants of the great Poet indicated their family,—Dante II., Dante III.,—as if their stock had been a royal one. So they are still to be seen designated on their tombs

\* Pelli, *Memorie per servire alla Vita di Dante Alighieri*, pp. 34—5, in note. To the instrument in question, dated 16th May, 1332, Francesco, the brother, and Piero and Jacopo, the sons of Dante, are parties; it alludes to the dower, “ *Dominæ Gemmæ viduæ, olim matris dictorum Jacobi et Petri, et uxoris olim dicti Dantis, et filiz olim Domini Manetti de Donatis.*”

in Verona, where the direct male line became extinct in the 17th century; the family is now believed to be represented by a house styling itself Aligeri, and claiming through a female.

If from the house of the Donati Dante selected his wife, he chose his political associates from a family occupying a rival station to that with which he had thus allied himself. The family of the Cerchi, in point of wealth and influence, stood at that time highest in popular favour; but those advantages were compensated in favour of the Donati by the greater energy, accomplishments, and popular recommendations of their chief, Corso, who is described by contemporary historians as a second Catiline,—according to Villani,\* the most prudent and valiant cavalier, the most eloquent speaker, the best man of business, and the most renowned for daring and enterprise, then in Italy. The origin of Corso's enmity with the Cerchi is variously related. According to some, his first wife, a sister of Vieri de' Cerchi, was poisoned by her husband at Trèves; and it is said that the brother being subsequently present at a banquet given by Corso, the latter caused the wine to be first tasted before it was handed to his guests, upon which Vieri exclaimed, "It was not thus that you caused the cup to be presented to my sister." To this speech was attributed their reciprocal enmity. Without, however, insisting upon the authenticity of this story, a satisfactory cause may be readily found in the character of the two men who were the respective leaders of the ultra and the moderate Guelfs, and afterwards of those factions of the Neri and the Bianchi, into which the former eventually merged. Corso aimed at a tyranny, whilst it was the object of Vieri to preserve the constitutional privileges of the Guelf republic. Corso sought to render the greater and more ancient families, whom with this view he studiously courted, the instruments of his ambition; whereas Vieri exercised only that moderate influence over the minds of the middle class, to which his character, his station, and his wealth had given him a legitimate claim.

At the time when Dante was first involved in the political dissensions of his country,—fixing such event as contemporary, or nearly so, with his marriage, A.D. 1292,—the Guelf party had been for many years in the ascendant. Originally it comprised in its ranks only a section of the ancient nobility; but it had contrived, during the continuance of the struggle, to associate to itself not only the greater proportion of the wealthy burgesses, by whom the cause was regarded as that of public tranquillity, but also numbers of the lower classes, weary of the oppressions and

\* Villan. p. 369.

overbearing conduct of the old patrician houses, and attached by interest or affection to their immediate employers, upon whom they were dependent for their daily support. When, however, the faction, compounded of these heterogeneous materials, had succeeded in finally overthrowing their opponents, the Ghibellins, Florence soon presented another instance of what Macchiavelli regarded as a necessary proof of its extraordinary prosperity ;— the successful party divided itself afresh into rival factions ; the one distinguished by the same tyrannical and overbearing conduct which had rendered the Ghibellins so unpopular, the other adhering to those more moderate principles which had ensured the triumph of their party when united.

It is probable that the dissensions which ensued, arose only out of the collision of party interests, without any reference to the public good ; for after repeated demonstrations of popular discontent, a revolution occurred, which was guided to its completion by a noble of ancient family. By the new constitution which he introduced, the ancient noble families, termed by contemporary historians "*i grandi*," and explained to include those only which had ever been illustrated by the order of Knighthood, were all placed under a severe system of civil restrictions ; their names were entered upon a roll called the Ordinances of Justice ; the immediate effect being that they lost all political rights, and were placed in a most disadvantageous position before the law. Their situation has been aptly compared to that of the Irish Catholics under the full severity of the penal code,\* and the same necessity may be regarded with equal reason perhaps as palliating the original harshness of each enactment. Dante, as will be seen, was matriculated at a later period in one of the Arts or Companies, in order to evade the rigor of this law : this was a nominal resignation on his part of his ancestral pretensions ; and as we find him, in the "*Paradise*," mentioning Giano della Bella, the author of the revolution, in terms of apparent commendation, it is probable that he regarded the change then introduced as salutary and necessary ; and although it unavoidably led to the exclusion of many of the Guelfs from power, still it offered no violation to the principles by which the entire party professed to be governed.

About the time when the Guelfs had risen triumphantly over their opponents, in order to consolidate their power on a firm foundation, and secure themselves against the consequences of any open attempt or intrigue on the part of their fallen adversaries, they formed, as an important political engine for the con-

\* Bowyer's Statutes of Italy, p. 39.

trol and efficient management of their party, to whose power union was an essential but a difficult condition, a secret society, destined for the future, as long as the Republic lasted, to exercise a species of *imperium in imperio* over its fortunes. It was styled the Guelf Club, and was represented by a President or Captain, afterwards invested with important privileges in the state. The society itself exercised the functions of a censorship; depriving citizens of their political rights by a process called "warning," "ammonizione," affixing to them the opprobrious epithet "Ghibellins," and stripping them as such of all their privileges and franchises. The Guelf Club appears in some subsequent instances to have usurped the office of negotiating, intriguing perhaps we should rather say, with foreign powers; it virtually became the controlling administration of Florence.\* The two parties into which the original Guelfs had, as we before mentioned, divided themselves under the leadership of Corso Donati and Vieri de' Cerchi, were both of them represented in the Guelf Club, which probably ranked amongst its members all the principal aristocratical and burgher families of that party. The greater energy and more persuasive powers as an orator of Corso would most likely give him, and through him, his faction, the preponderating influence in the deliberations of this secret society; and so long as Vieri remained a member he would be thus constrained against his will to follow the policy of his rival, Corso, which tended to his own aggrandisement, and that of a few of the leading nobles, and the debasement of the rest of the citizens. Against such a policy the just and generous mind of Vieri revolted; and finding his wishes thwarted and his influence neutralized in this then novel society, he adopted the bold and dangerous measure of withdrawing himself and party from its meetings. In this position, pressed on the one hand by the influence of the faction of Corso, and on the other by the already organized body which represented the simply popular interests, Vieri and his friends stood in peril of being crushed in the conflict of interests, unless they could contrive to strengthen themselves by an infusion of new elements of life and vigour. This they proposed to effect by a coalition with the liberal party,—an object only to be obtained by a sacrifice of their nominal privileges of nobility. The union took effect; Vieri de' Cerchi, Dante, and their friends coalesced with the popular party, which had

\* Two centuries later we find Donato Giannotti, in a letter to Niccolo Capponi, thus speaking of this magistracy:—"The title, Guelf Party, is neither profitable nor honourable in the city—it is a sign that divisions have existed in it; it would therefore be necessary to change the name, to do away with the opinion that the city is more Guelf than Ghibellin."—*Delizie degli Eruditi Toscani*, XXXIII. p. 163.

virtually become dominant in the state. They were inscribed as members in the different Arts or Companies,—they recovered, in short, their political rights: in so doing there is no reason to believe that they contemplated any dereliction of principles; but their withdrawal from the Guelf Club would naturally be tortured for factious purposes into a secession from the original principles of the party, and the charge might derive additional colour from an event which afterwards occurred. It is a disastrous circumstance for a state, whenever private animosities are capable of being converted into public quarrels,—a calamity of which the history of Florence presents us with repeated instances. From a family feud sprung the fatal political faction of the Bianchi and the Neri. With the former Vieri de' Cerchi and Dante were so imprudent as to allow themselves to be confounded. Many of the old Ghibellins had also attached themselves to the Bianchi in the desperate hope of recovering their influence or their property. The moderate party therefore, headed by Vieri and Dante, had seceded from the Guelf Club, and had associated themselves with some of the old Ghibellin party; but at that period they probably neither did, nor intended to, depart from the broad scheme of policy which had directed their movements in the former part of their career.

Such being the state of parties in Florence, the strength being distributed equally, or nearly so, in different hands, and the government being too weak to make itself respected, or to preserve the peace of the city, the contending factions directed their attention to Rome, and addressed themselves to the individual who then occupied the Papal chair, as to a common mediator. It turned out that Corso Donati had most weight in that quarter. It was part of his scheme to summon foreign aid with the view of gaining a decided preponderance. He and his friends turned their eyes upon Charles of Valois, brother of the French King. Dante, it was known, was strongly opposed to his reception into the city. He suspected, it is probable, the intrigues of Corso or the fatal tendency of such a measure. The Poet, who had previously filled with great honour to himself the office of Prior, was absent on an embassy to Rome, when the French party having prevailed in the Florentine councils, Charles was called in, Dante banished, and his political associates subjected to the most oppressive and unjust treatment. It is to the avowed policy of the Poet towards the French Prince, that, according to a general and very credible tradition, we must refer his expatriation and consequent misfortunes; and the name of her greatest modern Poet has thus been added to the long list of exiles for which Italy has been celebrated. It includes the name of a

family, originally of little note, but which has in our own days indissolubly associated itself with the annals of Europe. The Buonaparti were exiled from Florence early in the 14th century, as Ghibellins. They removed to the district called the Lunigiana, whence they are said afterwards to have passed to Corsica.\*

It was not, apparently, until long after his banishment that Dante evinced any decided disposition to advocate the cause of Ghibellinism, which asserted the paramount rights of the Empire. The "History of the Guelfs and Ghibellins," attributed to his pen, and seen by Leonardo Aretin, has either perished or sleeps in the dusty chests of some illiterate convent. But that his opinions were never of an ultra class is sufficiently proved by his early career, and by the remarkable fact that he found his last earthly refuge at the court of a Guelf Prince, Guido da Polenta. Pagano della Torre, his previous protector, was also of Guelf principles. It may be that he sought through their influence to have his sentence repealed; and we find him, a year before his death, clinging to the hope of returning to his country. Giovanni del Virgilio wished him to go to Bologna and receive the poetic crown there: his reply is as follows:—

" Nonne triumphales melius pexare capillos  
Et patrio, redeam si quando, abscondere canos  
Fronde sub inserta solitum flavescere, Sarno ?" †

Dante was not the only great Florentine who sought refuge from the factions and divisions of a democracy in a monarchical form of government,—such would seem to have been the sentiments of Macchiavelli, forced upon him by the course of events in his own times.‡ Dante sought to reconcile the factions, and give tranquillity to his country, which had been harassed by the dissensions of the previous hundred years.§ Finding the object unattainable without foreign aid, and that his enemies were intriguing with France, he applied first to the Pope, and finally to the Emperor Henry VII., who appears, until thwarted by the animosity of the contending parties, to have adopted a similar line of policy, that of conciliation.|| But the endeavours of the

\* Gerini, *Memorie Storiche di Lunigiana*.

† Ecl. I. Dante, *Opere Minori*, tom. I. part II. p. 289. Firenze. 1835—40.

‡ See the concluding chapter of the *Prince*, and his familiar correspondence with Guicciardini; see also Petrarch's sentiments, *Epistola ad Carolum*, 4.

§ Dante dunque voleva unità di spada e di forza in Italia, e chi non ancora così pensa dopo cinque secoli di terribilissimo esperimento scagli contro di lui il primo sasso."—*Antologia*, Febr. 1832, page 94.

|| At the time of Henry's entry into Pisa, he found the last descendant of the famous Guelf Count, Ugolino della Gherardesca, still in captivity: he immediately set him free. On taking this step, he, however, questioned the rulers of the city,

Poet were doomed to be crossed; and in his philosophical work, "*Il Convito*," we find him exclaiming, "O wretched, wretched country, how irresistibly I am impelled to commiserate thy condition, whenever I read or write anything pertaining to civil government.\*"

Dante's great poem is indispensable to all who investigate the manners, political events, theological opinions, antiquities or philology of the middle ages. But his other works are interesting, as exhibiting, although in an inferior degree, the same extraordinary power of expressing the sternest as well as the tenderest emotions, to which his impassioned temperament disposed him. In him appears realized the imagination of a writer of our own day—

"The Poet in a golden clime was born,

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the love of love, the scorn of scorn."

The haughtiness of Dante† almost passed into a proverb. The expression attributed to him, when, at a difficult crisis of public affairs, it was proposed that he should fill an important embassy, proves at least the general notion of his character. "If I go," said he, "who remains? and if I remain, who goes?" Another trait is given by the author of the *Veltro Allegorico*, who does not, however, cite any authority. Dante was leaning against an altar in the church of Santa Maria Novella, buried in profound meditation, when he was interrupted by an idler, who would persist in annoying him with questions. At last Dante broke silence.—"Before I answer you, tell me this—Which do you consider to be the greatest beast in the world?" The other replied, that according to Pliny, this could only be the elephant. "True, O Elephant, pester me no more," said Dante, and immediately departed. Another incident to the same effect is to be found in the novels of Sacchetti. He could not disguise his own consciousness of his pre-eminent ability. One of his celebrated letters to the Emperor he commences thus:—"I, Dante Alighieri and the Florentine exiles." Such conduct must soon have destroyed his popularity with his party: he admits in one of his epistles, that he had been guilty of imprudence; and it may be doubted whether, as an exile, he was not driven into Ghibellinism, by

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whether they had any opposition to make: they replied, that they had incarcerated the unfortunate Guelf, for no crime of his own, but for the offences of his ancestors. See Sclopis *Storia della Legislazione Italiana*, tom. I. p. 245, citing Doeniges *Acta Henrici VII.* p. 54.

\* Tratt. IV. c. 28.

† The poet was conscious of his failing; thus he describes himself, whilst in the first circle of the Purgatory, as undergoing the punishment there inflicted upon pride, *Purg.* XI. 73—78.



having been virtually abandoned by his political friends.\* When, after fruitless attempts to obtain a recall by forcible means or negotiation, he became convinced that he could only hope to effect that object by submitting to ignominious terms—then, in the indignation of his spirit, he penned the words, “Nunquam Florentiam introibo.” Then it was, to use an expression of Foscolo, that it was no longer Florence that banished Dante, but the latter who pronounced the sentence of exile against that city.† His haughty demeanour in earlier life was less excusable than at a later period, when, in the language of Johnson, the insolence and resentment of which he was accused, were not easily to be avoided by one irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurns of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity.‡ And yet, in a composition of probably an earlier date, we find him continually descanting upon the praises of courtesy, and those other amiable qualities, which may reasonably be regarded as having qualified the harsher features of his character. According to him,§ the peculiar characteristic of the noble, that is, the *gentleman*, is elective habit, “abito eligente,” which ever makes choice of the mean between two extremes. How has the passage escaped the notice of the author of the Broad Stone of Honour? He proceeds—

“The soul that this celestial grace adorns,  
In secret hides it not,  
But soon as to its earthly mate espoused,  
Displays it, until death :  
Gentle, obedient, alive to shame,  
In early age is seen ;  
Careful the frame in beauty to improve,  
And all accomplishments.—  
Temperate and bold, in youthful years, and full  
Of love and courtesy, and thirst of fame,  
Placing in loyalty its sole delight ;  
Then in old age wins praise  
For prudence, justice, liberality ;  
And in itself enjoys

\* Conf. Parad. XVII. 61—6.

† This thought, however, is one of classical antiquity, has been attributed to Diogenes, and appropriated by Shakspeare—

“All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity :  
Think not, the King did banish thee,  
But thou the King.”

*Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

‡ See the *Veltro Allegorico*, p. 188.

§ Convito, Trattato Quarto.

To hear and talk of others' valorous deeds.\*  
 Last in the fourth and closing scene of life,  
 To God is re-espoused,  
 Contemplating the end which is at hand,  
 And thanks returning for departed years,  
 Reflect now how the many are deceived."†

With respect to the minor poems of Dante, Mr. Bruce Whyte has dismissed them with the assertion that they "sentent la lampe;" but surely the easy flow of many of those canzoni, and of Mr. Whyte's own translation, might have saved the lyrical compositions of the greatest poet of the middle ages from such sweeping condemnation.

His early fame is discernible by the terms of intimacy on which he stood with the most eminent men of his day in Florence. The ordinances of justice, in excluding all families from the government which had been illustrated by knighthood,‡—a circumstance at that time treated as conclusive evidence of nobility,—virtually deprived Dante of his civic rights: with others he adopted the then approved method of evading the injustice of the law by passing over into the popular order; and with this view entered himself, as already mentioned, in one of the greater arts—that of the Physicians. His matriculation, about the year 1297, runs thus:—"Matricolato Dante d'Aldighiero degli Aldighieri Poeta Fiorentino."§ So that we find him, at that early date, with a poetical reputation already established,|| although undoubtedly it was not until later in life that he gave the earnest of the extraordinary genius which entitles him to rank with those "royal" few,—

——— "whose fame  
 Like heav'n above their living head was bent."¶

It is an unfortunate mode of studying the works of Dante, to

\* This is a generous but not a faithful translation of the line,

"D' udire e ragionar dell' altrui prode."

† Dante's *Canzoniere*, translation of Mr. Lyell, p. 117.

‡ Notwithstanding this explanation of the term "Grandi," which Dino Compagni, a contemporary historian, has furnished, (*Cronica delle Cose occorrenti ne' Tempi suoi*.) Mr. Hallam has, in his work on the Middle Ages, (vol. I. p. 309, note,) mistaken the consequence for the cause, and supposed that they were called "Grandi" because their names were inscribed on the ordinances of justice; it is true this may have become the secondary meaning of the term. Niebuhr has noticed the analogy of this voluntary resignation of nobility to the *Transitio ad plebem* of the Romans.

§ Pelli, p. 90.

|| We find him, indeed, in the very first canto of the "Inferno," which is generally understood to have been written before his exile, using the past tense in speaking of his fame. He professes his obligation to Virgil for "Lo bello stile che m' ha fatto onore."—*Infern.* I.

view them through the medium of the partial theories of interpretation adopted by particular commentators, seldom disposed to admit any facts at variance with the views which they support. Dante was often wrong in his estimate of things and of persons. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? How could a work, uninspired, be free from inconsistencies and contradictions, when it was written in separate parts, through an interval of sixteen years, and professed to decide *ex cathedrâ* upon the past, the present, and the future, to judge the character of contemporary events and of contemporary men? The wonder is not that the inconsistencies are so many, but so few. Inconsistencies there are, no doubt, of a glaring nature in the life of Dante—inconsistencies in matters of religion and of politics, as well as inconstancy in matters of the affections. We find him at one time applying to the Roman Pontiff the mystical language used in the Apocalypse with reference to Antichrist;\* at another admitting him to be Christ's vicar;† sometimes he addresses his native city in terms of the most violent invective; at others she is the "Famosissima figlia di Roma," "worthy of triumphal fame," "mother of heroes." That he was of changeable temperament, we have his own authority for affirming;‡ that in matters of the affections he was equally inconstant, rests not merely upon the assertion of Boccaccio, but, it would seem, his own plain confession.§ The attempt to reconcile the apparent contradictions, has occasionally involved the sense of the Poet in almost inextricable confusion. Some writers have seen the clue to the supposed labyrinth in the employment of an occult language, a sectarian phraseology; so that the man who sought to reconcile not merely the factions but the dialects of his country,—who aimed at unity in all practicable things, a unity "di forza e di spada,"—who, it would appear, was, for the most part, disposed to admit the spiritual authority of the church, and who followed the civilians of his age, in regarding an universal monarchy as expedient and desirable,—has been degraded into a mere member of a sect, so insignificant and uninfluential that the historian has scorned to record its progress.

We are requested to believe that the Poet impugned the principal dogmas of the Church of Rome; that he did this under cover of a conventional language known only to a party.||

\* *Infern.* XIX. 106.

† *Purgat.* XX. 87.

‡ "E se la stella si cambiò e rise,  
Qual mi fec' io, che pur di mia natura  
Trasmutabile son per tutte guise!"—*Parad.* V. 97—99.

§ *Purgat.* XXXI. 59.

|| Dante's profession of faith is inserted in recent editions of his works. Rossetti recognizes an argument in his favour, even in the three pomegranates, which

But it may be remarked, that a Guelf or a Ghibellin, of Dante's age, was no longer, if he had ever been, a mere religious partisan.\*

The substantial differences between the Church and the Empire were at an end on the extinction of the Suabian dynasty; the dispute about investitures, which is said to have occasioned seventy-eight battles, was adjusted; and the names Guelf and Ghibellin had become scarcely more than mere designations of political factions, ill understood by those who bore them, and often assumed to veil or further the purposes of family animosity or Papal ambition.† The religious sentiments of the Poet probably never experienced any material change. "You have," says he, in the "Paradise," "the Old and the New Testament, and the pastor of the church who guides you;"‡ nor does the language which he uses in the political "Treatise de Monarchiâ" differ. After demonstrating that the right of the Emperor does not depend upon any earthly vicar, but flows immediately from God himself, he thus concludes:—"But this truth must not be taken in so rigid a sense as to countenance the opinion that the Emperor is in no respect subject to the Roman Pontiff; for this mortal is, in a certain mode, ordained for immortal felicity. Let then Cæsar accord to Peter the reverence due to a father from his first-born; so that, illuminated by the light of the paternal favour, he may be able, with greater effect, to irradiate the world entrusted to his government by Him who alone rules spiritual and temporal matters."§

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the fresco of Giotto places in the hand of the Poet. (See the Beatrice di Dante, ad finem.) The conclusions of this writer have been impugned by Arthur Hallam, in whom, since deceased, Rossetti recognizes his most able opponent, (see remarks on Professor Rossetti's Dialogues,) by Monti, (see his Preface to the "Convito," by A. W. Schlegel, (*Révue des deux Mondes*, 15 Août, 1836,) by Ozanam, (*Dante et la Philosophie Catholique*), by the Jesuit Piaciani, (*Tipografia delle belle Arti*), and by Artaud, (*Hist. de Dante*). On the other hand, we learn, from a statement in the "Mistero del Amor Platonico," that the system of its author has constituted the thesis of a series of lectures at Berlin; and that Vecchioni, a Neapolitan Judge, embraced, not many years ago, opinions not very dissimilar, which he promised to support in a future publication,—a promise which he has not kept.

\* Ozanam (p. 276, in note,) cites the words of Gregory X., addressed to the Florentines, A.D. 1273, to prove the indefinite signification then attached to the word Ghibellin:—"Ghibellinus est, at Christianus at Civis at proximus. Ergo hæc tot et tam valida conjunctionis nomina, Ghibellino succumbent? et id unum atque inane nomen (quod quid significet nemo intelligit) plus valebit ad odium quam ista omnia tam clara et tam solida expressa ad charitatem, sed quoniam hæc vestra partium studia pro Romanis pontificibus contra eorum inimicos suscepisse asseveratis: ego Romanus pontifex hos vestros cives, etsi hactenus offenderint, redeuntes tamen ad gremium recepi ac remissis injuriis pro filiis habeo."

† Parad. VI. 31—33.

‡ Ibid. V. 76, 77.

§ De Monarchiâ, lib. III. s. 14.

That he was profoundly impressed with the necessity of order, clearly appears from a passage in the "Convito," where he considers the advantage arising from the sway of a single monarch. He says, "that for the perfection of the universal religion of the human species, it is convenient for there to be one pilot, who, considering the various conditions of mankind, and introducing corresponding institutions, shall be in every respect invested with an universal and undeniable office of command."\* We find him upon one occasion avowing his veneration for the supreme office in the Roman Hierarchy, by kneeling to Adrian V.†

In the "Convito" Dante affirms that the Holy Church cannot err.‡ According to Leonardo Bruni, he wrote a Latin letter to the Italian Cardinals, urging them, after the death of Clement, to concur in electing an Italian Pope.§ In a letter, of which the original Latin has been recently discovered, and which is addressed to the people and princes of Italy, we find him thus exhorting them to receive the Emperor:—"The Lord of heaven and earth has constituted him your king. It is he whom Peter, the vicar of God, admonishes us to honour, and whom Clement, the now successor of Peter, illuminates with the light of his apostolic benediction." If we can credit Filelfo, Dante wrote upon one occasion a letter to Boniface VIII., commencing thus, "Beatitudinis tue sanctitas nihil potest cogitare pollutum, quæ vices in terris gerens Christi, totius est misericordiæ sedes, veræ pietatis exemplum, summæ religionis apex."

Although, like most of the writers of that age, ever ready to attack the glaring abuses of the Court of Rome, Dante was educated, lived, and died a disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas. During the anguish occasioned by the death of Beatrice, many of his biographers—the early commentator Francesco Buti amongst the number—suppose that he entered a Franciscan convent; and it is an undoubted fact that he desired to be buried at Ravenna, in the habit of that order.||

With respect to the "gergo," or conventional language supposed to have been in use at that period by an anti-papal party, and by Dante, as one of its chiefs, for the secret propagation of principles hostile to those avowed by the Church of Rome, and akin to the Lutheran doctrines of a subsequent age, we regard them as militating against every canon of criticism. Can it be supposed for an instant, that Dante would seek to veil his opinions

\* Tratt. IV. c. IV.

† Purg. XIX. 128. Confer. Infern. c. II. 23-4, 30; XIX. 101. Purg. III. 34-5; XX. 85, 90.

‡ Tratt. II. c. IV.

§ Vita di Dante.

|| Hist. de Dante, par M. Artaud, p. 84.

upon doctrines of the highest importance, from any dread of personal consequences? The age in which he lived was fearless and licentious to excess, free of speech, and courageous in enduring persecution. Dante had loaded the whole Guelf party with the foulest invectives; he had denounced the Court of Rome in no measured terms; he had congratulated the chief Guelf city, Florence,\* upon her notoriety in Hell;† he had assailed a living Pope, Boniface VIII., with the bitterest satire ever perused. What motive could he have to involve in mysterious language any truths which had become evident to his ardent intelligence, and which it imported the world to know? A conventional language implies a party who are to use it; but Dante glories in having stood aloof from party,—in having formed a party for himself.‡ The modern doctrine of the "gergo," seems to be the fond imagination of learning and ingenuity ill bestowed. The untenable position has, however, found supporters in this country, amongst men whose cause is not so weak as to need the aid of a falsehood, and who ought to be aware that the time has gone by when a question of doctrine can be seriously affected by an appeal to any other name than that of the Divine founder of their religion.

M. Rossetti appeals to the admitted obscurity and mysterious language observable in the writers of the langue d'oïl and d'oc as evidence of the "gergo." Those characters, however, like the imitations of Latin versification, the anagrams, the acrostics, the euphuism of later days, constituted merely the follies of the age. Even the sermons of St. Bernard, where we would least look for it, abound in mysticism. The critic is at a loss to account for the contemporary popularity of the "Roman de la Rou," except by referring it to the hidden heresy concealed in its pages; but as Mr. Bruce Whyte well remarks,§ it was precisely the kind of composition most in accordance with the prevailing taste. Every body in those days was an alchemist, either in the literal or figurative sense of the term. The whole universe was regarded as one allegory; it was thought that both the material and spiritual worlds possessed marvellous secrets, which it was the proper province of each science to penetrate. If we regard the intrinsic merits of the "Roman de la Rou," as insufficient to account for its popu-

\* A fox of corruption concealing itself from the huntsman—a viper shooting its sting into the entrails of its mother—a goat whose loathsomeness infects the flock—a Myrrha wickedly and impiously burning in the incestuous embraces of her parent Cinyras—an Amata hanging herself through disappointment. Such are the invectives with which the *splendida bilis* of the exile assails his native city. They all occur in a single letter—that addressed to Henry VII.

† Infern. XVI.

‡ Parad. XVII.

§ Hist. des Langues Romanes, tom. III. p. 91-2.

larity, sufficient causes existed in its gross licentiousness, and the persecution which it had to encounter on the part of the Church. We think M. Rossetti admits that he has not seen any of the judgments of the Cours d'Amour; he may be safely challenged to reconcile the famous judgments of the Countess of Champagne, and of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Norbonne,\* with his hypothesis. But not only was his in some respects a trifling age, but even Dante shows that he himself can also sometimes trifle, not to mention the passages in his great poem familiar to its readers—witness his adoption of that most absurd of all metres, the Sestine; witness also the Canzone, whose authenticity has, it is true, but in our opinion without due reason, been doubted, commencing “Ahi faulx ris,” &c. &c., written alternately in three languages, the langue d’oil, Latin and Italian, the first rhyming with the first, the second with the second, the third with the third. The Canzone concludes thus:—

“Canson, vos pognes ir per tot le mond  
 Namque locutus sum in lingua trina  
 Ut gravis mea spina  
 Si saccia per lo mondo, ogn’ uomo il senta :  
 Forse pietà n’avrà chi mi tormenta.”

It is impossible to contrast the later with the earlier writings of the author of the “Spirito Antipapale,” without entertaining a suspicion that he has himself an esoteric as well as an exoteric creed. At all events, few can doubt the tendency of such a work as the “Mistero del Amor Platonico,” which appears to have borrowed somewhat from the specious theories contained, with great parade of learning, in the “Origine de tous les Cultes” of Dupuis. We thought that Gibbon had, to borrow an expression of Mr. Boaden, “replaced the veil upon the Eleusinian mysteries,” that his criticism, which obtained the sanction of Heyne, and we believe of scholars generally, had annihilated the daring theory of Warburton; but Rossetti has, upon the sole authority of the latter, without the addition of a single new argument, reproduced the interpretation given by the Bishop in his “Divine Legation.” He does not attempt to deny that there are numerous passages in the writings of Dante literally incompatible with his theory; on the contrary, he attempts to explain them by the necessity the Poet was under, of using white as well as black words (*parole bianche e neve*), of speaking occasionally in exoteric phraseology. This construction would make Dante not merely a dissimulator, but a simulator; not only a hypocrite, but a positive dealer in falsehoods. Of how mean a character must Dante henceforth be

\* Consult Raynouard, *Choix*, &c., tom. II. p. 120.

regarded!—Dante, hitherto cited as the bold, the uncompromising friend of truth. How does the whole theory deaden our admiration of those noble lines—

“ S’ io òl vero son timido amico  
Temo di perder vita tra coloro  
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico ! ”

How incompatible is it with the continued exhortation addressed to the Poet in the “ Divine Comedy,” urging him boldly to speak the truth of what he had seen in the other world ! If there were a secret heresy couched in his verses which the author wished to conceal, with what view call public attention to the fact by continually challenging, as he does, his readers to penetrate their mystic meaning ? Even M. Rossetti’s interpretation supplies no more hardy assertions than the literal text. We are by no means disposed to restrict the sense of Dante ; on the contrary, knowing his profound character as a writer, and the vast extent of his acquirements—having his own avowal before us, that he wrote with reference to a literal, an allegorical, a moral, and an anagogic meaning, (an expression, by the way, which is said to have been borrowed from St. Buonaventure,)—we would construe his poems “ polisensamente ” in the widest view of the term ; but who can admit willingly the doctrine of the “ gergo ? ” Take the writings of any poet of exalted imaginative powers,—Shelley for instance, who abounds in figurative expressions,—and it would not be a matter of much difficulty to subject his poems to the process which has been applied to the Italian writers, who are supposed to write in the so-called “ gergo ; ” or take that great master of allegory, William Spenser, who, after apologising for presenting the “ idle rhymes,” as he terms them, of the “ Faery Queene ” to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, thus concludes :—

“ Yet if their deeper sense be inly waid,  
And the dim veile, with which from common view  
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,  
Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.”

Are we to consider this as the admission of a mystical and conventional language ? We think we hear the outcry of the English critics at such a supposition.

With respect to recent researches, it should be noticed, that the bibliographer, Stephen Audin, has discovered the letter of the Frate Hilario, whose authenticity has been matter of discussion in the literary world, transcribed by Boccaccio himself, and forming part of a miscellaneous volume (Zibaldone) in the Laurentian library. All questions also respecting the authenticity of the



treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," and the good faith of Trissino, may be considered at an end since the recovery at Grenoble of the original Latin MS. of the 14th century, which whether in Dante's own writing has not been ascertained. It was announced, we believe, for the first time, by Fraticelli.\*

In 1827, Professor Witte, of Breslau, published a small volume with the following title:—"Dantis Aligherii Epistolæ quæ extant." It contained all the letters, or fragments of letters, seven in number, which the Editor thought could be relied on as his, together with Witte's own notes and emendations. They were as follows:—

1. A letter to Can Grande respecting the "Paradise." Date, 1317.
2. One to a friend, a churchman apparently at Florence, rejecting humiliating conditions suggested with a view to a recall from banishment. Date, Dec. 1316.
3. A letter to the Italian Princes, urging them to give Henry VII. a favourable reception. 1310.
4. One to Henry VII. inciting him to leave Lombardy and march upon Tuscany, the hotbed of Guelfism. April, 1311.
5. A missive to the Italian Cardinals, exhorting them to restore the Apostolic See to Rome. Apr. 1314.
6. An original letter to Cino da Pistoja, answering a question of gallantry proposed by the latter.
7. A letter to Guido da Polenta, written from Venice, where it would seem that Dante had been sent ambassador. He affirms the inability of the senators to understand either the Latin or the Italian dialects; and accounts for their ignorance of the latter by their Greek or Dalmatian descent. This letter has been doubted by Witte and others. Date, circ. 1313.

This publication of Witte arrested public attention. It was familiar to all scholars, from the testimony of Boccaccio, Bruni, and Filelfo, that Dante had written numerous letters in the Latin language; even the commencements of some had been preserved. Researches were made; and a few years since the same learned Professor announced in a German Review the discovery of seven more letters, three of which he pronounced positively to be Dante's, whilst he thought himself justified in inferring the others to have been dictated by him, although bearing different signatures. These letters Witte was allowed to transcribe; but during his absence they were one day purloined from his table, and he was not allowed a second copy. From his account it would seem, that amongst the MSS. found on the

\* *Opere Minori*, tom. III. part. II. p. 16. Fir. 1835—1840.

taking of Heidelberg some centuries ago, and presented by Maximilian of Bavaria to Gregory XV. in 1622, was a parchment volume in 4to. numbered 1729, purporting to have been written in Perugia, in the summer of 1394, by Francesco da Monte Pulciano. It contained the ten eclogues of Petrarch, the well-known treatise by Dante "*De Monarchiâ*," and nine letters in Latin. Of these eight have never been printed; the ninth had been previously published by Witte,—it was the letter addressed by Dante to the Emperor Henry. Another of these epistles was the original Latin text of the one addressed to the Princes of Italy, which had been previously only known to scholars in an Italian translation. The remaining seven were hitherto wholly unknown; but in this ancient volume it is positively affirmed that three of them are the composition of Dante; and Professor Witte infers, from the classification and tenor of the remaining four (which, however, bear other signatures), that they proceeded from the same pen.

1. The letter first in date, but eighth in order as classified in the MS., is not absolutely attributed to Dante. It is directed to the Cardinal Niccolò d'Ostia (Albertini di Prato), and purports to proceed from Alessandro da Romena and the twelve leaders of the exiles, of whom Dante was one. It would seem that the Cardinal had been sent to Florence in March, 1304, in order to negotiate a general amnesty between the contending factions; that he had promised the exiles to restore them to their country, and even to remodel the state according to their wishes. The letter of the exiles avows their inability to express their gratitude in adequate terms; they protest their determination only so far to profit by the humiliation of their adversaries as may be necessary for the advantage and salvation of their common country (*adversarios nostros ad sulcos bonæ civilitatis remeare*).

2. The second is a letter of condolence addressed by Dante to Oberto and Guido di Romena, upon the occasion of the death of their uncle, the before-mentioned Count Alessandro. The date must be between 1308 and 1311. Dante speaks of Alessandro in terms of the highest encomium, as also his family, which he terms the most powerful house in Tuscany. His good opinion Dante lived to alter.\* He proceeds to apologize for not attending to pay the last respect to the remains of Alessandro,—urging as his excuse, the unexpected poverty† in which his exile had placed him, and which even deprived him of horses and of arms.

\* Inf. XXX. 77.

† Dante continually recurs to the subject of his destitution. In his letter to Can Grande, he thus expresses himself:—"Urget enim me rei familiaris angustia ut hæc et alia utilia reipublicæ derelinquere oporteat." According to Giovanni

3. The third letter is a short familiar one, addressed to the Marquis Moroello Malispina, whom Dante addresses as his protector; it must have been written about the same date, and confirms in several particulars the account of the early biographers. The Poet alludes in it to his having been an object of wonder to the court of Malispina, by the resolute firmness with which he resisted, whilst there, the fascinations of the sex; and confesses, that scarcely had he arrived at the sources of the Arno, when he met with a lady to whose influence he had been compelled to submit, who had driven from his mind every other thought, and had rendered him quite a different being. A poem appears to have accompanied this letter, which Witte conjectures to be the one commencing—"Amor dacchè convien pur ch' io mi dolga."

4. The fourth letter, dated 31st of March, 1311, purports to be written from the confines of Tuscany, at the source of the Arno, at a period when the Emperor Henry VII.—destined so sadly to disappoint the hopes of Dante—was marching upon Cremona and Brescia. It is written in the fiercest tone of Ghibellinism, and has the following superscription:—"Dante Alighieri, the Florentine, undeservedly banished, salutes the impious and rebellious Florentines." How different the commencement of his previous expostulatory letter!—"Popule mi, quid feci tibi?" One passage shows how far from his thoughts was any attack upon the unity of the Church of Rome. "As you have," says he ironically, "shown in other respects your hostile disposition to the apostolic unity, make trial of your ability to disturb this unity also (that of civil government); so that the existence of a double Moon (Emperor) may lead to what seems a probable consequence—a double Sun" (Pope). Dante proceeds to picture to them the consequences which he considers that their resistance, a necessarily unsuccessful one, will entail, *i. e.* ruin and destruction.

5, 6, 7. The remaining letters, although comparatively unimportant, are not without interest; they bear the signature of the Countess (G. Guidi) di Battifolle, and are addressed to the Empress Margaret of Brabant, wife of Henry VII. They purport all to be written about the time when that Emperor invaded Italy, and contain allusions to passing political events. The third, which is dated from Poppi, in the Upper Valley of the Arno, 18th March, 1311, answers some inquiries made by the Empress,

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di Serravalle, he had passed through all the forms necessary to the Doctorial degree, which he would have taken, "but his penury forbad." See ed. De Romanis, Rome, 1815—17, tom. IV. p. 6, in note. The Doctorate would, we believe, have entitled Dante to rank with knights; both were in those days distinctions coveted by princes and nobles, at least in the South of Europe. Both were styled *Messiri* or *Domini*.

respecting the health of the Countess and her family. Witte\* recognizes in this Countess Guidi, the mother of Frederigo Novello, mentioned in the "Purgatorio."

M. Artaud has ascertained from M. Frederici, of Padua, the error of Foscolo, who affirmed that there existed an autograph of Dante in that city. It appears that the family of Papafava possess a *copy* of an instrument, date 1306, 27 August, in which "Dantino q. Alligery de Florentia et nunc stat. Padue," is one of the witnesses to a loan of 1705 books, contracted between parties therein mentioned. This copy is of the date 1335, and is authenticated by a notary. It is well proved that Dante, at the date of the instrument, was at Padua.

M. Frederici has published, from an unedited work of the Padre Paolo Attaccanti, who it appears had written a commentary upon Dante, a new reading of the 59th verse of the Fifth Canto of the "Inferno," where, with reference to Semiramis, the printed editions have

"Che succedette a Nino e fù sua sposa."

Instead of "succedette," the new version gives "sugger dette," and the sense would then be, who suckled Ninus and became his wife; an opposition of idea familiar to Dante's style, which makes the reader shudder to contemplate; "quasi dicat," adds Attaccanti, *illa est Semiramis luxuriosissima, quæ habuit in virum Ninum quem lactaverat, et, ne homines obloquerenter de eâ, fecit legem ut omnibus liceret uxorari ad libitum.*" Writers may call the son Ninus as well as Ninias, but the proposed new reading is opposed to the authority of the MSS.; and unfortunately for Attaccanti's correction, we have the original Latin Hexameters of the Fifth Canto of the "Inferno;" they run thus,—

"Hæc uxor Nini regis fuit Assyriorum,  
Et sibi successit regno Semiramis illa."†

A very general tradition has affirmed that the famous Count Ugolino, when incarcerated, fed upon the flesh of his own children, and a corresponding sense has been attached to the line,—

"Più che il dolor potè il digiuno."

A few years ago a discussion took place at an entertainment given by the celebrated literato Niccolini, as to the correctness of the interpretation. This led to a controversy between Professors Carmignani and Rosini, whose merits have divided the literary world. See the facts stated by M. Artaud, in his "Histoire de Dante."‡

\* Opere Minori di Dante, Fir. 1835—40, tom. III. part II. p. 165—199.

† Divina Commedia giusta la Legione del Codice Bartoliniana, tom. I. p. 317, ed. Udine, 1823; where see a description of 66 MSS. of the Comedy in the libraries of Northern Italy.

‡ P. 255.

The visit of Dante to England was supposed by Tiraboschi to stand merely upon the dictum of Giovanni di Serravalle, an early writer of the fourteenth century, who affirms that the Poet had studied "Paduæ, Bononiæ, demum Oxoniis, et Parisiis;" but the fact rests, it appears, upon still earlier and more venerable authority,—that of Boccaccio. See his Latin letter to Petrarch, which accompanied a copy of the Comedy transcribed by Boccaccio himself: he imagines Dante led by Apollo—

"per celsa nivosi  
Cyrreos, mediosque sinus, tacitosque recessus  
Naturæ, cœlique vias, terræque, marisque,  
Aonios fontes, Parnassi culmen, et antra  
Julia, Parisios dudum extremosque Britannos."\*

The enigma of the wood at the beginning of the "Inferno," so fruitful a source of controversy, has been treated by Fraticelli, in a dissertation which appears in the complete edition of Dante recently published at Florence, so as to reconcile many of the views of previous writers.

#### PRINCIPAL ALLEGORY OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

*Symbolical Figures of the First Canto, according to Fraticelli.*

The wood with a deep valley.		The mount with a delightful garden.	
Disorder, political and moral. Discord—war—anarchy. Immorality—misery—slavery.		Order, political and moral. Concord—peace—monarchy. Morality—wealth—liberty.	
Babylon.	BARBARISM.	CIVILIZATION.	Jerusalem.
	Infidelity, public and private.	Felicity, public and private.	
	The wood bitter (amara).	The mount.	
	The wood savage (selvaggia).	Cultivated garden.	
	The wood deserted (deserta).	The mount is cause of every joy, (cagione di tutta gioia).	
	i. e.	i. e.	
	(Disorder produces nothing but evil).	Order produces every good.	
	The wood is deprived of every ray of light—(è priva d'ogni luce).	The hill is irradiated by the Sun.	
	i. e.	i. e.	
	Barbarism has no appreciation of what is right or just.	Civilization is illuminated by the light of Rectitude and Justice.	
Guelfism.	Lonza, or Panther.	Veltro, or Hound.	Ghibellinism.
	Guelf Florence— <i>envious</i> .	The military power of the Ghibellins, or, the hero nourished by love, wis- dom, and virtue, who after de- stroying the Guelf ascendancy, shall effect the reordination and felicity of Italy.	
	Lion.		
	The power of France, <i>proud</i> .		
	Wolf.		
	The secular Papal power, <i>avaricious</i> .		
Dante, Human Reason. Virgil, Human Science. Beatrice, Divine Science.			

The "gajetta pelle," to which Dante alludes in the First Canto

\* Dante, Opere, Fir. tom. V. p. 133, 1830—1841.

of the "Inferno," as inspiring him with hope, the celebrated linguist, now the Cardinal Mezzofanti, has, I believe, referred not to the "Lonza," or Panther, which had opposed his further progress, but to the Ram, the constellation visible in Spring.

The four stars seen by the Poet in the First Canto of the "Purgatorio" have, notwithstanding the contrary interpretation of Streckfuss, been understood by Humboldt and others to have a real meaning, and to denote "la croix du Sud," or constellation visible at the South Pole. "The philosophical and religious mysticism," says Humboldt, "which pervades and vivifies the immense composition of Dante, assigns to all objects not only an ideal but a real and material existence, which constitute with him two different worlds as it were, reciprocally reflecting each other." The four stars were similarly understood by the celebrated navigator Amerigo Vespucci. It is observable that Dante, in his different works, has cited not merely Ptolemy and Aristotle, the principal authorities on astronomy in his age, but Arabian writers also, from whom he may have learnt the existence of the cross of the South. The roundness of the earth and Antipodes were, as we learn from M. Libri,\* facts also generally admitted at the commencement of the 14th century.

Missirini, the friend of Canova, has directed his attention to the restoration of monuments illustrative of Dante; and with some appearance of probability, claims for an ancient picture of the 14th century, now in his possession, the lineaments of Beatrice, nay, even the design of Dante himself.

A portrait of Dante by Giotto, whose existence had been indicated by Vasari, was discovered on the 21st of July, 1840, in the ancient chapel of the Palazzo del Potestà at Florence. The Poet is placed near Pope Clement IV., Brunetto Latini, and Corso Donati. The painter Giotto was following his profession at Rome in 1298, according to an authentic account for which we are indebted to Baldinucci, previously to which he had painted the pictures in the Church del Carmine, and in the Palazzo del Potestà; and as Brunetto Latini died in 1294, it is probable that the work was executed previously,—it may be about the date when Dante became connected, by marriage, with the family of Donati. It is certain that the portrait must have been painted before 1300, since in that year the Poet left Florence, never to return. The countenance is that of a young man. These portraits were soon after plastered over by the enemies of the Poet. Various attempts were made from time to time to restore them, it being well known that they existed. They were at last re-

\* *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques*, tom. II. p. 197, note I.

covered, mainly, we believe, through the perseverance and enthusiasm of Signor Bezzi. Another very interesting likeness of Dante is in the possession of the Marchese Torrigiani; it is a cast generally believed to have been taken shortly after death.

The minor poems, the foundation of the fame of Dante, have at length received the attention which they so much needed. It is a long, and a difficult, and in some instances impossible, task to assign the date of those productions, or even to fix with any degree of certainty what was composed prior to 1297, in which year appears the earliest record of his poetical reputation, when he was matriculated in the Art or Company of Physicians, as "Dante Aldighiero degl' Aldighieri, Poeta Fiorentino." He was then 32 years of age. From Fraticelli,\* a writer who has followed up the design, indicated and left incomplete by Trivulzio and Monti, it appears that Mr. Lyell has too hastily received many canzoni and sonnets as genuine, which rest upon little or no proof. Witte has also occupied himself with the same subject, and has published several unedited sonnets from MSS. in libraries at Venice and Milan; 145 lyrical pieces (Canzoni, Sestine, Ballate, Sonnets, Madrigals, or Fragments) have been already published as the compositions of Dante Alighieri,—of which number, according to Fraticelli, only 78 can be positively affirmed to be his. The same meritorious writer has carefully classified the genuine, doubtful, and spurious poems.†

If we add the discovery of an ancient commentary upon the "Inferno," by Guiniforte delli Bargiggi, at Marseilles, where it published, A.D. 1838, with an extraordinary dedication to the present Pope, by a French advocate, certainly not in communion with the church of Rome, we believe that we have enumerated the principal recent publications illustrative of the life and writings of Dante. We think that enough has been said to render the fact intelligible, why the interest excited by the subject upon the Continent has not been less intense than that occasioned by the recovery of the treatise "de Republicâ" of the Roman Orator.

\* Opere Minori, tom. I. c. 3. Fir. 1835—1840.

† P. 341.

- ART. II.—1. *Il Conte Ugolino della Gherardesca, e I Ghibellini di Pisa, Romanzo Storico di Giovanni Rosini.* 3 vols. 8vo. Milan. Aug. 1843.
2. *Torriani e Visconti dell' Autore della Sibilla Odaleta.* 2 vols. 8vo. Milan. 1839.
3. *Antonolo de' Landriani Capitano di Ventura, Scene Storiche del Secolo XIV.* Milan. 1842. 1 vol.
4. *Nicolò de' Lapi, ovvero I Palleschi e I Piagnoni di Massimo d' Azeglio.* 1 vol. Milan. 1841.
5. *Intorno a Nicolò de' Lapi, ovvero I Palleschi e I Piagnoni di Massimo d' Azeglio, Ragionamento di Felice Turotti, con Illustrazioni Storiche.* 1 vol. Milan. 1842.
6. *Frammento di Lettera sull' Assedio di Firenze (signed) Giuseppe Mazzini.* Paris. 1843, &c. &c. &c.

“IL faut des Spectacles dans les grandes villes, il faut des Romans dans les provinces.” This truism, prefixed by Rousseau to his “Nouvelle Héloïse,” accounts for the predilection of our country-loving people for romantic narrative, and it also explains why Romance is still, in Italy, comparatively barren, and chiefly of foreign importation. No one in Italy, who can help it, resides in the country; and the short and merry season of *villeggiatura*, conveying for a few weeks all the luxuries of the city to some favourite spot on the Apennines, or by the sea-side, or on the shores of the *Lario*, is not calculated to inspire the light-hearted people of the South with that taste for retirement, and for those intellectual enjoyments, which alone can embellish a secluded country life. Readers of all classes are therefore to be found exclusively in town; and there it is but natural that the *prestige* of scenic decoration, of music, and general conversation, should incline a sensual, and essentially *sociable* population, to prefer the *social* enjoyment of the drama, or even the opera, to the cold perusal of a quiet novel at home.

Not that we would by any means imply that the Italians are not a reading people (though when and where they find leisure for literary pursuits, may be a mystery to us); for, on the contrary, few towns out of Germany may be said to print, publish, and sell a larger quantity of books, than Milan and Turin have done ever since 1830; and it would be absurd to presume, that out of so many thousand volumes, none that are purchased are read. But a very wide majority of those publications consists of works of



science and erudition, cyclopædias, universal histories, geographical and biographical dictionaries, annals of statistics, of political economy, of education, republications of old chronicles and musty parchments, antiquarian researches—huge folios and quartos formidable to look upon. Under the weight of all this learned lumber, the vein of spontaneous Italian genius runs scanty and slow. The Italians have become most determined utilitarians in literature. Their publishers seem to have constituted themselves into a vast society for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Every line they print is meant for an instrument of popular improvement; and for such a purpose, they think, literature can never assume too positive a character—no book can ever be found prosy and dull. If the people are to read at all, it must be with a view to become better men; and whenever they are in want of intellectual relaxation, let them repair to the theatre.

Should the Italian Literati ever succeed in rendering their historical pursuits palatable to their readers, in preference to works of fiction, we should look upon them with wonder and reverence. We labour in England under an opposite complaint. Novels and romances are rapidly invading the whole republic of letters; scarcely one sterling work of history can live, whilst thousands of tales of all shapes and colours find favour in the eyes of a public, which reads more than it thinks.

We must be allowed to doubt, whether Italy, with her three-score novels,—so many and no more have hitherto found their way to the shelves of Rolandi's Italian Library in London,—have reason to envy us our astonishing fecundity in that style of writing. We love—and who does not?—we love the works of imagination; we revere the privileged man upon whose mind God has bestowed so keen and active a sense of the beautiful, that its contemplation will harass and fatigue him—will haunt him—granting no rest till he has bodied it forth in his own imperishable reproductions;—till he has, Prometheus-like, encroached upon the prerogatives of the Divinity, and tasted the ineffable joy of creation. We delight in romance, as we love to look on painting and sculpture; but we pity the man, whose senses have been so miserably palled and blunted by long indulgence in the rapid and morbid extravagances of modern fiction, as to have lost all relish for the bare charms of historical narrative; just as we would commiserate him, who had doted so long on the gaudy beauties of a painted Venus, as to have no eyes left for the living countenance of a lovely woman in flesh and blood.

“Truth is strange,  
Stranger than fiction,”—

a man who dealt all his life-time in works of imagination, has felt and acknowledged it. Truth is more strange, and he might have added, more grand and beautiful, than fiction. What Art is to Nature, is Romance, to History. Novels or dramas, the contrivance of mortal understanding, cannot rank by the side of the annals of mankind—the work of that supreme intelligence which the Greeks called “the Poet of Heaven and Earth.”

Walter Scott and the school of his imitators, English or Italian, felt the self-evidence of this great truth; and in order to lead their readers back to a love for history, they resorted to that amphibious production, that worst of all works of fiction, acceptable only as a transitional contrivance—the Historical Novel.

This style of writing is indeed no novelty. Homer, Virgil, and Tasso wrote historical romances in verse; “Ivanhoe” is an epic poem in prose; but epopées were intended as a substitute for history, ere history existed. Men sang before they could write or print. Homer led the way to Herodotus—the bard to the chronicler; but in this age of deep research, of sedate erudition, wherefore these free versions, these parodies of history? What can the poet hope by mythologizing on well-defined historical events? Whence this mistrust of the natural attractions of that *True*, which alone is the *Beautiful*? Whence this necessity of improving on the designs of Providence?—of

“Intesser fregi al Vero, ornando in parte,  
D’altri dilette che de suoi le carte;”

or, in good English, of trifling and tampering with truth?

It may, indeed, be that poetry, exhausted in its finite resources, may in a less imaginative epoch be compelled to rely on the accessory co-operation of positive knowledge; and that, for instance, the love-romance of Roland Græme and Catherine Seyton might fail in interesting the readers of “The Abbot,” unless supported by the great historical importance attached to the personage of Mary Stuart,—and in that case human society would have reached the utmost stage of Platonic Utopia, and grown too wise for poetry. But however the *Ideal* may have need of a close alliance with the *Real*, truth can certainly derive no advantage from being wedded to fiction. History will always be more interesting than historical romance, if men only know how to write and read it.

“Oh!” answer the publishers, “Historical publications do not attract the attention of the thousand and one boarding-school misses, who patronize a Circulating Library.” What! is not a powerful writer more than a match for a thousand and one boarding-school misses? Is not a man of genius intended to be

in advance of his age—to force it after his own views—to wean it from its unsound predilections? The vulgar mass of readers delight not in history. True! But did ever any man of supreme intellect, any poet, attempt to write history? Did ever any eagle-eyed bard cast a vivifying glance on the past, and lay its image, misty and shadowy perhaps, but not the less moving and breathing, before us? History has, hitherto, been merely the work of plodding erudition or cold political speculation—the production of the scholar or philosopher, not of the poet. Poets, as yet, only deal in historical romances—they dare not write the romance of history; and yet an historical novel is but an imperfect attempt to poetize history. A cursory glance at any of the best specimens of that style of composition (say, for example, “*The Abbot*,” which we have mentioned) will easily satisfy us that its main beauties are not of a romantic, but of an historical cast. We feel, as we read, how, notwithstanding the masterly skill of the inventor, the progress of the historical action is impaired by the encumbrance of more or less incongruous episodes; whilst the interest which would naturally be awakened by the romantic situation of accessorial personages is almost entirely destroyed by the crushing weight of the real heroes with which they are so improvidently brought into juxtaposition.

To say, with Tasso, that mankind must, like grown children, be allowed to swallow the salutary lessons of truth by the skilful admixture of poetical imagery, is to entertain no very high opinion either of the omnipotence of the medicine, or of the docility of the patient; and the writer who lays his hope of success on that old nursery stratagem, can only obtain the applause of an illiterate crowd, whose infantine imbecility enables them not to detect the deception; but with minds of a more disciplined cast, with men more conversant with the subject, the slightest deviation from incontrovertible facts, the most trifling anachronism or inconsistency,—even the least attempt to fill up by plausible conjectures the irreparable blanks with which time has providentially dotted the annals of the past,—must have the effect of immediately breaking that illusion, without which works of imagination can have no charms for us.

But, if historical novels may be justly considered as injurious to the literary purposes, neither will they be found to answer any better the great moral objects, of history. Not that the historiographer may not, as well as the novel-writer, pervert facts and make them subservient to his own peculiar views; but the former, from the very importance and dignity of his office, is at least amenable to the severest visitations of criticism, whilst the latter,

whenever convicted of the grossest violations of truth, entrenches himself behind Horace's latitudinarianism, and arrogates the privilege of telling his story after his own fashion, without the faintest shade of responsibility.\*

Thus Walter Scott did not hesitate to brand Conrad of Montferrat with deeds of the darkest treason, merely that the brilliant valour of his lion-hearted hero might be enhanced by the contrast; and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer had no scruple to exaggerate the vices and crimes of the Italian race in an age in which it still displayed so much of its vitality, the better to elevate his idol Rienzi. A man well versed in historical lore may read similar misrepresentations with a sceptic shrug of the shoulders; but the mass of ignorant readers, who derive their information from no better sources, are apt to contract from their Scotts and Bulwers erroneous impressions, which no effect of subsequent discipline may have power to eradicate.

History is, for us, a grand edifice, sublime in its shapeless disorder, venerable in its chasms and ruins, stately in its darkness and stillness, deriving a fantastic solemnity, assuming gigantic dimensions from the very mist of time through which we contemplate it. We can never, indeed, be too diligent in clearing all doubts that the ignorance of dark ages has left in the memorial of the past; we can never be too eloquent or too poetical in our description of the heart-stirring events with which the annals of bygone generations are teeming; but when we arrive at a blank which the utmost ingenuity of laborious erudition is at a loss to fill up—when truth evades all the labour of critical inquiry,—oh! then, to attempt to remove uncertainty by plausible conjecture, “to render connected,” as Sir Lytton Bulwer suggests, “and clear the most broken fragments of our annals by the *liberal use of analogical hypotheses*,” appears to us as idle a wish as that of the honest citizen who described the Roman Colosseum as “a remarkably fine old building, but very much out of repair,” and proposed to wall up its dilapidated remnants by a patchwork of modern masonry.

These unphilosophical endeavours to robe the venerable vestiges of historical tradition in the tawdry finery of modern romanticism are the more to be regretted, as they are more at variance with the real tendencies of the earnest inquisitive age we live in. Whilst all the labours of modern criticism evidently aim at stripping history of all mythological interpolation, does it not appear rather strange that the school of Walter Scott should have no better object than to throw the annals of the past back

\* Pictoribus atque poetis,  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

into the chaos from which they are only beginning to emerge? History, however, far from losing any of its *prestige* from an erudite pruning of all heterogeneous growth, acquires new interest from being left to its own resources. For if its noblest and worthiest office is, after all, to lay before our gaze the most affecting scenes of antiquity, intended to rouse us from our native listlessness and apathy, there is but little doubt that, to this effect, the most uncontroverted statement of positive facts will be more immediately conducive than the over-strained effusions of fictitious narrative—because, against emotions resulting from imaginary or even questionable catastrophes, the natural indocility of man may find a ready refuge in the stronghold of sneering scepticism; but he will not so easily resist the urgent upbraiding of glaring truth, reflecting in the mirror of departed greatness the humiliating image of his present degeneracy.

Let only the poet undertake to write history. Let a man of profound and vigorous genius, penetrated with a religious feeling of veneration for truth, assume the high and *new* office of an imaginative historian. Sismondi and Michaud on the Continent, Alison in England, have shown, to some extent, how history can be arrayed in almost as attractive a dress as poetry. Nothing is more calculated to rouse the fancy and warm the heart than this great biographer of the human species—this registrar of the errors and follies, of the perpetual contradictions of man—this generous dispenser of retributive justice, visiting guilt even within the sanctuary of the grave, unmasking hypocrisy and rebuking calumny, and laying at rest oppressed innocence, still smarting and writhing under the lash of human injustice.

Next to the unhallowed and dangerous, but irresistible, desire of exploring the mysteries of the future, human curiosity is naturally led to sound the scarcely less unfathomable gulf of the Past; and the Past itself is pregnant with warnings and conjectures for the Future; and from every volume of history—as from the coffin of the wizard of chivalrous legends—there issues the fatidical voice of the Prophet.

But, in order that it may claim a right to these noble functions, history must not only divest itself of all illiberal prepossessions, but it must indulge in no gratuitous assertions—it must not profess, with the usual lax morality of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, that to the memory of any man, were it even Richard III. of England, “one crime, more or less, matters but little,”—for, whenever it trespasses against well authenticated facts, or even attempts to substantiate dubious and shadowy evidence, it betrays incapacity of giving the subject sufficient charm without the meretricious adornment of episodical interest; it shows inabi-

lity of working on our imagination, without bewildering our judgment.

The poetical beauty to which history is entitled to aspire, must be derived from intrinsic, not from adventitious sources ; it must be a beauty of form, not of drapery—of design, not of colouring ; it must have all the chasteness, the accuracy, and high finish of sculpture, in order to possess all its majesty and sublimity—its endless durability ; and the insertion of spurious ornaments, such as are lavished upon it by the imitators of the Bard of Abbotsford, will have no better effect than the eyes of painted glass, which the Greek and Roman sculptors of an age of decline, en-chased in the heads of classic statues, with a hope of adding expres-sion to the calm and severe features of the heroes of antiquity.

If we have dwelt so long on the inexpediency of historical novels, and so explicitly expressed our opinion of the false, and consequently ephemeral, character of that style of writing, it is because our remarks apply more especially to the Italian novelists, to whom it was our purpose to turn our attention in the course of this article ; as the great majority of their works consist of his-torical novels, written more or less in imitation of Scott ; ro-mance being hardly in existence, in that country, before the Waverley Novels became familiar to the mass of Italian readers.\*

In the land where Boccaccio, and his predecessors and fol-lowers, first introduced a kind of narrative, which they probably imported from the lively fictions of eastern story-tellers, where Boiardo and Ariosto first clothed the rude legends of northern minstrelsy in the ineffable charms of their melodious language,

\* We know that Italians will not readily subscribe to our assertion ; indeed Professor Rosini, indignant at the idea of a Scotch poet laying any claim to the in-vention of historical romance, contends, in his Preface to the "*Luisa Strozzi*," that that kind of composition is originally Italian.

"My intent was," he writes, "to *revive* historical romance. This style of writing is not only originally an Italian contrivance, but it constitutes one of the greatest ornaments of our literature. See the '*Istoria di Ippolito Buondelmonte e d'Eleo-nora de' Bardi*, dated 1471 ; and '*I Reali di Francia*,' published twenty years later, at Modena : in both of which historical events are interwoven with fictitious epi-sodes. See, above all, '*Le Avventure di Giulietta e Romeo*,' by Luigi da Porto ; a tale which elicited many tears in the original Italian, long before it appeared dra-matized before an English audience." Rosini proceeds to class the tales of the Decameron, those of Sacchetti, and others, among historical novels, quoting also the romance of the "*Avventuroso Siciliano*," written in 1311.

All this is to little purpose : we have already unhesitatingly classed the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* among the historical romances. We can have still less scruple in securing a place among them for the *Orlando* and *Goffredo*. But supposing even Boccaccio and Boiardo to be absolutely original writers, it is no less true that both the "*Novelle Boccacesche*" and "*Poemi Cavallereschi*" had ceased in Italy alto-gether, and that Rosini's own works and those of his countrymen might perhaps never have arisen without the impulse given to the European mind by the recent and to some extent *new* models of Scott.

Romance was almost utterly extinct ever since the close of the sixteenth century. To that poetical rage which crowded the shelves of Italian libraries with several thousand volumes of chivalro-epic poems in *ottava rima*—(readers familiar with Italian literature know that we do not exaggerate)—weariness succeeded, and surfeit. Chivalrous epopée was superseded by amorous lyrics. Petrarch re-asserted his ascendancy over Ariosto and Tasso. The Arcadians of the seventeenth century published thousands of volumes of sonnets, which, if they had no greater merit than the stanzas of their predecessors, were, at least, more shortly written, and sooner read and forgotten.

In the following century, the English novelists of the age of Fielding and Richardson, notwithstanding Italian translations of their works being published, exercised little or no influence on the Italian mind; neither did the pseudo-philosophical school, which flourished in France shortly before the Revolution, find many followers on the southern side of the Alps. With the exception of the “*Novelle dell’ Abate Chiari*,” and other vapid and prosy productions in that style, which attained a certain degree of popularity, Italy, in the eighteenth century, hardly possessed a work of fiction worth notice.

But during the French invasion, a man was born on board a Venetian man-of-war, destined to feel in a high degree, and forcibly to depict, those passions by which the bosoms of his countrymen were kindled during the appalling events of that memorable era. “*Jacopo Ortis*” is an eminently Italian romance. It is in fact the only work in the language intended as a delineation of national character. It is true that Ugo Foscolo only gave his own features for a portraiture of his hero. Like Alfieri, Byron, and other egotists of modern times, he was so full of himself, that every object around seemed imbued with his own thoughts and feelings. But fortunately Foscolo’s character was no bad specimen of an Italian mind and heart during the momentous crisis, of which he was by no means an idle spectator. A patriot, conspiring against a decrepit oligarchy at Venice; a factious republican, after the classic models of Timoleon and Brutus, diving into all the extravagances by which Italians were made to wink at the shameless spoliation of their country; a volunteer in the Cisalpine ranks, fighting with headlong impetuosity, or in leisure moments haranguing the people on the square, and inditing admonitory epistles to the ambitious despot, who was making the hot heads of French and Italian republicans a footstool to the throne; a sullen *frondeur*, at war with all manner of government, dreaded by all parties, but loved by the multitude; withdrawing from the turmoil of active life, to indulge

for a season in the abstruse lucubrations of unwieldy scholarship, or to pine in wanton indolence at the feet of a tyrant beauty ;—such was Foscolo ; and such, bating the gloss and refinement—the paint and tinsel by which a hero must be set off for stage effect—such is also “ Jacopo Ortis.”

Written in a manly, rich, imaginative style, such as is seldom found among Italian prose writers—conceived with a unity of purpose, plan, and action worthy of the best age of ancient classicism—redundant with genuine high-wrought feeling, such as might well shame the maudlin sentimentality of modern romanticism,—“ Jacopo Ortis” is, we think, far superior to the kindred German production, “ The Sorrows of Werter,” with which it had long to contend for the palm of priority. With little or no action, with just as few episodes as can cast some light on the gloomy character of the protagonist, the romance proceeds towards its unavoidable catastrophe,—a mere outline of a wayward and gloomy, but still at times lofty and noble soul,—the dissection of a proud and stubborn, but also manly and generous, heart.

“ Jacopo Ortis ” has been considered as an immoral book, being truly little better than a vindication of suicide. Every letter he writes, every word he utters, is evidently made to bear on that long-premeditated crime. The dagger hovers before him amidst the flowers and verdure of his Euganean hills—among the joys of the ruddy peasantry, whose festivals he consents to grace with his presence : the thought of death mingles itself with the warmest expansions of his beneficent nature, with the very ecstasy of a first kiss of love. And yet we do not think Ortis had in Italy the same pernicious effect that Werter is said to have produced in Germany. Life has, in the South, too many charms for any book to render suicide a fashionable monomania ; and, independent of its tragical conclusion, we rather incline to believe that Foscolo’s romance exercised a most beneficial influence, in as far as it roused his countrymen from that effeminacy into which, after the restoration of the peace, they were but too prone to relapse. It taught them to cherish virtue, even though inseparably wedded to sorrow and evil—even though apparently abandoned by Heaven and Earth.

Notwithstanding the popularity enjoyed by that work in Italy and abroad,\* it never boasted a numerous school of imitators. The earliest productions of Defendente Sacchi and the short tragic tales of Davide Bertolotti, are, indeed, rather written after

\* “ Jacopo Ortis ” has been very lately re-translated into French by a no less popular writer than Alexandre Dumas.



the models of Arnaut, the French sentimentalist, than in the stern and nervous style of Ortis. Their "*Pianta dei Sospiri*" and "*Cimitero dei Cipressi*," and other pretty romances with lugubrious titles, after lingering for one or two seasons on the toilet-table of the Milanese beauties, were at last thrown aside amidst the yawns of unconquerable ennui.

But not long after the close of revolutionary wars, together with a flood of various productions of ultramontane literature, the Waverley novels made their way into Italy. It would be difficult to conceive the enthusiasm with which these exotics were welcomed into the Italian soil. Translations of the works of Scott were published with as much expedition as they issued from the Ballantine press. Those by Gaetano Barbieri and Pompeo Ferrario of Milan, executed with rare skill, though, at first, with little or no knowledge of English, contributed in a high degree to hasten the acclimation of those Caledonian narratives. The first of Scott's translators was the amiable and talented Pietro Borsieri, who published the "*Antiquary*" before 1820. His task was hardly completed, when he was involved in the fate of the Editors of the "*Conciliatore*," a literary work intended to reconcile men of all parties to unanimity and brotherly love; one of the most harmless publications that ever saw the light of day, but in which Austria apprehended treasonable designs. Borsieri, together with Confalonieri and Pellico, was sent to Spielberg, there to *reconcile* himself to hard bread and greasy broth, and to the knitting of woollen stockings; and the task of translating Scott devolved upon others of his less unfortunate townsmen. But new versions and editions of Scott's works, in prose as well as in verse, were reproduced in almost every town of the Peninsula; and for several years the "*Ariosto of the North*" had nearly weaned that southern people from the perusal of their brilliant and copious national literature. In the train of the Scottish bard, Cooper, Bulwer, and others of his imitators invaded Italy. James, unrivalled in his knowledge of the *Chronicles of France*, gave also an interest to that view of literature from his extraordinary verisimilitude to history, in which he excels most modern writers; and his novels possess closer affinities to the facts they describe, than almost any other romances, and also are clear from any moral wrong done to the memory of the illustrious dead. Nor could it be long, with these impulses in the public mind, before admiration yielded to imitation.

Manzoni was, perhaps, the first to conceive the idea of an Italian historical novel. Brought up among the recent affluence of foreign literature into Italy, he had studied with transport the best models in the German and English languages. His first

poetical essays easily placed him at the head of that Romantic school which was then rising in Italy. He had written two tragedies in a new style; as it was supposed, in imitation of Schiller. He was now busy, it was reported, with a romance after the manner of Scott. With that timid diffidence and laborious diligence peculiar to a country in which literature is never cultivated from interested motives, and where fame is the author's only reward, Manzoni employed several years to give his novel that high finish for which it has been justly commended. Every word in these three long volumes has been weighed with the minutest accuracy. As in his tragedies, so in the novel, Manzoni seemed anxious to fetter and pinion his genius, as if in sheer terror that it might run away with him. In his endeavours to be sober and natural, he appears cold and even dull. "*I Promessi Sposi*" can scarcely be called a romance. There is nothing of the action and interest which ought to be inseparable from a successful novel. It is hardly possible to read it with that climax of excitement which novelists even of the lowest rank are almost invariably able to give their narratives. The subject, to our judgment, could never be more unfortunately selected; the heroes could hardly be more insignificant; the plan scarcely more unwieldy or inanimate.

But whilst we are ready to confess that the novel could never have proved a more decided failure as a whole, we must not be blind to the transcendent beauties of its parts. Manzoni, in fact, never intended to write a romance. He entered the lists as a rival rather than as a follower of Scott. He wished his own work, whilst he suffered it to be classed among the imitations of those of his antagonist, to be, in fact, as different from them, and as essentially original, as the human mind could contrive. Manzoni's three volumes are a series of pictures of manners—a tame, and, if it must be said, clumsy rhapsody of comic or tragic scenes, developing no tendency but the promulgation of that unresisting, meek, pusillanimous Christianity, which by an exaggerated application of the doctrines of the Gospel, teaches the slave to "turn the other cheek" to the overbearing tyrant who wantonly smites him. A monk and a cardinal are his only heroes. Determined to advocate the cause of religion in its worst phasis of papal catholicity, he can find no virtue except under the cowl or the purple; unless it were among the abject peasantry of a trodden country, whose passive resignation under dire necessity—whose *pazienza per forza*—is accounted meritorious and holy. With only a few years interval, Manzoni seems at the antipodes with Foscolo. A reader, wondering what has become of Alfieri's—

"Sia pace ai frati  
 Purchè sfratati,  
 E pace ai preti  
 Ma pochi e queti,  
 Cardinalume  
 Non tolga il lume,  
 Il maggior prete  
 Torni alla rete,  
 Leggi e non Re  
 Italia c'è;"

—a reader, we said, might be induced to suppose that less than a quarter of a century has been sufficient to convert the North of Italy into a vast convent of monks. What with Manzoni's "Fra Cristoforo," and with his "Morale Cattolica," and with Pellico's "Doveri dell' Uomo," the poor Lombards are taught to care very little whether their fat and fair land be a prey to white-coated Austrians or black-gowned Jesuits, so that by their heroic forbearance and submission to what they are to consider a dispensation of Providence, they may be booked, if not quite for Paradise, at least for Purgatory or Limbo. Monks and Cardinals, indeed! Count all the disasters that famine and pestilence ever inflicted—those fatal scourges which Manzoni knows how to describe so terrifically,—count all the invasions, slaughters, and arsons which Italy had to endure at the hand of ultramontane barbarians,—and you will hardly come up to the amount of radical, permanent, incurable evil wrought upon the benighted people of Italy by those cowed and purpled tyrants of thought. Alas, for Italy! French and German soldiery could only kill the body; a corrupted priesthood has power to kill the soul!

Fra Cristoforo, Cardinal Federigo, and his uncle San Carlo Borromeo, were good men and righteous. Such characters have been, and are. Who knows it not? But cardinals and monks without number turned the authority of a most holy religion into an instrument of degradation and enslavement; and, bound up in the complicated machinery of a false system, the pure-minded and righteous themselves, by their very virtues, unwittingly contributed to sanctify the insidious dogmas and hateful measures by which it prevailed over the earth.

How far the zeal of these well-meaning but deluded champions of priestcraft may be said to harmonize with the real tendency of the age, will appear from the stubborn resistance manifested at Parma and Pavia against the fraudulent or forcible re-installment of Jesuits by government; as well as from the movement of the patriots of Bologna, Ravenna, and Rimini, driven by despair to

hopeless insurrections, and even to brigandage, rather than any longer to submit to the pastoral rule of their cardinals.

But, however strongly we may feel inclined to quarrel with the spirit, and find fault with the form, of Manzoni's novel, we must, as we have before hinted, join in the enthusiastic applause of his countrymen as to its splendid details, its vividness of description, its natural, easy, and graceful style. Manzoni showed himself possessed with ample powers of invention, though they have been hitherto employed to little or no purpose. Scenery and personages are delineated to the life, the human heart is sounded to its inmost depths; each of the cumbrous and long-winded episodes is in itself a romance; but the main story is utterly void of interest. The uproar of a peaceful hamlet roused by the alarm bell at midnight; a Milanese mob goaded by hunger to riot and rebellion; the squalor of a large city struck by the dire scourge of pestilence;—all this constitutes a series of exquisite pictures. The conversion of the *Innominato*—the story of the *Signora di Monza*—are wonderful exhibitions of a pathetic bordering on sublimity. Don Ferrante, Donna Prassede, the Podestà, the Dottor Azzecca-Garbugli, the Conte Zio, Fra Galdino, Don Abbondio, are comic characters with whom the reader is almost brought into personal acquaintance and familiarity. But most of these personages, most of these scenes, are only episodical; and the deep sensations which these occasional beauties are but calculated to work on the reader's heart, will make him still more painfully alive to the imperfections of the main action. Never were, perhaps, the parts more unskilfully arrayed to mar the effect of the whole.

Manzoni's novel has been so long published, and either the original or its translations have been so long in the hands of all readers, that a quotation from "*I Promessi Sposi*" may be considered superfluous. Yet the farewell of Lucia to her country is so characteristic of Manzoni's style, of his complete reliance on the most genuine and natural emotions of the simplest hearts for effect, that we believe our readers will forgive us if we bring that passage once more under their eyes.

The poor Milanese *Tosa*, obliged to escape from the insolence of a libertine feudatory, is sailing by moonlight on her native lake, casting a last glance at her hamlet, at the home of her childhood. Overcome by emotion, she hides her face as if composing herself to sleep, and weeps undisturbed. The poet speaks for her:—

"Farewell, ye mountains, emerging from the waters, reared up to the sky, whose bold outlines are graved in the heart of him who was born among you, no less than the features of his parent;

whose murmuring streams sound like the music of a friend's voice; and ye lonely hamlets, scattered between hill and dale, white and pure, glittering in the landscape like flocks pasturing on the hill-side—Farewell!

“How sad the steps of those who, born among you, depart from you! Even in the fancy of a man who leaves you of his own choice, allured by prospects of fortune smiling upon him in far off countries—even in his fancy, his golden dreams fade (*si disabbelliscono*), as you fade in the distant horizon; and he wonders and repines, and would fain retrace his steps, were it not for the glimmering thought of a future day, when wealth and ease will follow him at his return. The further he advances on the plain, the more his eye withdraws weary and dejected from that monotonous vastness; the air is to him heavy and lifeless. Sad and absent he treads among the busy throng of tumultuous cities. The houses on houses, and streets on streets, seem to take away his breath, and before the proudest edifices, wonder of foreign visitors, the home-sick mountaineer thinks with restless longing of the white cottage and homestead in his village on which his heart is long since set, and which will be his if he ever gets back, a rich man, to his mountains.

“But for one who had never sent beyond those mountains even an idle thought, even a fleeting glance,—one who had bound within their limits the dearest schemes of the future,—one driven away by oppression, who, torn from the dearest habits, from the fondest expectations, abandons those hills to move among strangers never thought of, never wished for,—one who cannot, even in imagination, fix on the day of return! . . .

“Farewell, native home, where, peacefully seated, treasuring a hidden thought, the heart learnt to distinguish from the common footsteps *one* footstep, expected with unaccountable anxiety and mysterious fear; farewell home—as yet a stranger's, so often furtively glanced at, timidly and not unblushingly glanced at, where the mind loved to build up a tranquil sojourn of bridal felicity; farewell, village church, whence the soul so often returned pure and serene, singing the hymns of the Lord—where a sacred rite was prepared, promised—where the secret sigh of the heart was to be solemnly blessed, and love to become a duty and be called holy—farewell! He who bestowed so much joy upon you is everywhere, and He never disturbs the happiness of his children, but to prepare for them a greater and more lasting bliss.”

One of the longest, and unquestionably the most striking episode of Manzoni's novel, suggested to Professor Rosini of Pisa the subject for his “*Monaca di Monza*,” an historical novel which

appeared shortly after "*I Promessi Sposi*." Giovanni Rosini, a man of various accomplishments, an Italian *Litterato* of the old school, gifted with a rare versatility of talent, has long been an ornament to the oldest University of Tuscany. Under the appearances of an easy and almost Epicurean life, the good Professor, grown to an alarming degree of obesity, receiving his visitors in bed even after twelve o'clock at noon, finds however time, not only to discharge his professional duties with the greatest credit to himself, and to the Institution he belongs to, but is even now composing a splendid "*History of Painting*," which bids fair to be ranked among the standard works of modern Italian Literature.

His fancy, nothing fettered by the weight and torpor of an overgrown frame, is sufficiently buoyant to wing its flight into the regions of poetry and romance; and as we have elsewhere observed, the worthy Professor would have no strong objection to be hailed as the restorer of historical novels in Italy. He had conceived the idea of a composition in that style, he contends, and communicated his plan to a lady of his acquaintance, as early as 1808; the title of his novel, unpublished to this day, was "*Erasmus*." That first *abbozzo* remains, however, a formless embryo among his papers; and the "*Monaca di Monza*," the first work with which the author actually came before the world in the character of a novelist, being, in fact, only a sequel to Manzoni's romance, can give him no claims to a priority of publication.\*

The "*Monaca di Monza*" is, like its prototype, sadly deficient in general interest. A runaway nun and her seducer succeed in making their escape from Milan; and, by the aid of a disguise and assumed names, establish themselves in Tuscany. Wealth and good manners enable them to appear at the Court of Medici, and to mix with the highest classes of that polished community. The great bulk of the story is little better than a hand-book, or guide to the palaces, galleries, and other *lions* of Florence and the neighbourhood, such as they then were. Men, with names familiar to every reader,—among others, blind old Galileo,—are brought upon the stage apparently for the mere purpose of shaking hands with the guilty but fashionable pair. Then the formidable pestilence of 1622 breaks off at Florence, as in the rest of Italy, and its ravages having swept away all those who might have a more direct interest in the detection and prosecution of the fugitives, they determine to travel back to Lombardy, with a view to repair to Venice. On their crossing the Po, the young libertine is killed in an accidental affray;

\* "*La Monaca di Monza*," Storia del Secolo XVII. di Giovanni Rosini. Pisa: Capurro. 1829. 2 vols.

and the misguided nun is left alone to pine away in remorse and bereavement.

That story of love and guilt, so appalling under the dark veil of mystery in which Manzoni originally shrouded it, gains nothing, we believe, by being spun out so unskilfully to the length of two volumes; and, however Rosini's ease and amenity of style, and his thorough acquaintance with the times and localities of his subject, may render these volumes curious and even agreeable as a descriptive work, it can hardly fail to prove tame and tedious as a romantic narrative.

More cares were bestowed upon, and more praise was awarded to, Rosini's second novel, in four volumes, "*Luisa Strozzi*," published at Pisa, in 1832.\* The subject is among the noblest that history ever suggested. Luisa, daughter of Filippo Strozzi, the wealthiest citizen, and one of the noblest characters in Italy, in the sixteenth century, sister of Piero, afterwards marshal, and of Lione, admiral, of France,—a woman of the rarest beauty and of the loftiest character,—had the misfortune of attracting the attentions of the dissolute Alessandro de' Medici, the absolute Lord, and afterwards the first Duke of Florence. Irritated by her proud repulses, maddened by her fortunate escape, the base tyrant pursues his victim even to the Court of France, whither, with all her family, she had been compelled to take refuge, and where she dies of poison, administered by the secret agents of the Medici's vengeance.

Here was the subject for a tragedy of the deepest dye; and the occasional introduction of such historical characters as Michael Angelo and Guicciardini, Berni and Alamanni, Francis of France, and Catherine de' Medici—to say nothing of the heroine's own family, and of its fierce partisans, the Valori, Capponi, Ginori, and a hundred others—offered as wide a field as the most powerful imagination could wish for.

Unfortunately Rosini (as well as Guerrazzi and D'Azeglio, who, as we shall see, have written historical novels on the closing scenes of Florentine Liberty) laboured under a great disadvantage, of which he seems hardly aware. His theme is too well known; the subject is hackneyed. Nerli and Nardi, Segni, Varchi, Adriani, and other contemporary historians, left nothing untold. Most of them actors or sufferers—none of them calm and impartial spectators of the calamitous scenes which signalized the downfall of Florence,—they registered every particular with almost a provoking minuteness. They may have exaggerated, palliated, openly violated the truth; much might yet remain for

\* "*Luisa Strozzi*," *Romanzo Storico di Giovanni Rosini*. Pisa: Capurro. 1832. 4 vols. 8vo.

the work of posthumous criticism, but little or nothing, we should fancy, for the arbitrary fabric of fiction. Fiction delights in the twilight of doubt and uncertainty: it loves to contemplate objects fading in the distance of time and space: it hovers fondly over the castellated ruins of a feudal age, in which men fought and wrote not: it shrinks back dazzled and scared before the glare of modern history. Florence in the sixteenth century rises before us, living in the revelations of her hundred writers; every feature of her heroes was sent down to posterity in canvass and marble; every word they uttered was registered in the archives of the Republic. The houses they built are still standing, sound, solid, inhabited; their armour, their furniture, their hand-writing, are all before us. Who shall dare to mythologize on so well-defined a subject—a subject about which we know all that *can* and all that *cannot* be known? Rosini can only either give us a frigid account of the facts, such as they are registered in the works of Varchi, Segni and Co., minus the *naïveté*, the warmth and eagerness of those charming eye-witnesses, or else patch up with them a few paltry episodes of imaginary characters, much to the disparagement of the leading subject.

We say this less in dispraise of Rosini's work (which is remarkably well written and sufficiently amusing, notwithstanding a certain unwieldiness) than as a further developement of our ideas respecting a style of composition which has perhaps too long misled the taste of European readers. Of the many historical novels which are now passing through our hands, only in one instance, we think, the subject was judiciously selected.

Professor Rosini was not perhaps much happier in the choice of his third novel, than we have seen him in his two foregoing performances. "Count Ugolino" would be too much, we should think, for the genius of Walter Scott himself. Nothing can be more rash, nothing more dangerous, nothing more sure to lead to a signal defeat, than to attempt to touch what Genius has indelibly marked out as its own. The hundred lines of Dante, unrivalled in ancient or modern poetry, have haunted loftier heads than the one Professor Rosini carries on his shoulders. We have seen all the fine arts at work to body forth the shadowy conception which Dante was pleased to involve in such an awful sublimity of mystery. Pictures, basso-relievos, groups of statues, tableaux of waxen automatons,—what has not been resorted to, and to what purpose, and with what effect? That poor *Guastamestieri* of Donizetti, the most unscrupulous of Italian composers, even bethought himself of setting those divine verses to music! Eternal powers! Dante has done, and left nothing for others to do. Not a word was omitted, not a sound, not a note, not a dash



of the pen. Let no man dare to interfere with it. Touch it not, Giovanni Rosini! It is sacrilege, and the forfeit of thy literary reputation can scarcely atone for thy profanation!

We have seen only part of this novel, though the third and last volume was published ever since August, 1843. The MS. has been lying on the author's desk, unable as he was to give it his final cares, as long as his time was utterly engrossed by the above-mentioned "*Storia della Pittura Italiana*." The romance has been entrusted to, and edited by, Giovanni Battista Perotti. Besides the Guelph and Ghibelline heroes, whose dissensions wrought such cruel calamities on the Republic of Pisa towards the close of the thirteenth century, the author, faithful to his system, and strong in his vast erudition, introduces all the remarkable characters of the age, such as Guido Montefeltro, Buonconte, Nino di Gallura, and others, with whom Dante made us familiar, as well as Nicolò Pisano, Cimabue and his boyish apprentice, Giotto, Guido Cavalcanti, Brunetto Latini, Castruccio Castracani, also a child, and finally Dante Alighieri himself, who was twenty years of age at the epoch of the horrid tragedy which he was to send down to endless posterity. The novel is illustrated by an historical dissertation on the rise and increment of the Republic of Pisa, from its earliest memorials in 1064, down to Ugolino's death in 1285.

Rosini's style is always correct and fluent, sometimes lofty and imaginative; we subjoin, as a very short specimen, the description of an Italian sunrise, at the opening of his latest novel.

"If it ever could happen," he begins, "that to a man born blind, either a miracle or the skill of art could impart the blessed gift of vision, among so many wonders of the universe, none, I think, would be for him more enrapturing than the rising of the sun.

"Darkness gradually clearing before the faintest streaks of dawn,—the stars fading one by one, and departing as it were no one knows whither,—the surrounding objects rising into being, starting up as it were no one knows wherefrom,—everything bathed in vivid colours by the mysterious agency of light, and the vapours in the East blushing deeper and deeper, till the round orb of the great luminary appears radiant and majestic from the bosom of the deep,—this is indeed the wonder of wonders, the life of nature, the glory of God's creation.

"Then kneels the Gueber on the threshold of his hut on the Ganges, and worships it; the wild Peruvian from the stillness of his wild woodland praises it; the sun-burnt Egyptian hails it from the foot of the wide-echoing cataracts of the Nile.

"Habit may have blunted in us the sense of wonder, but not lessened our delight; for civilized man is not dead to the beauties of God's handiwork, even though often too proud to bow before its wondrous Maker.

"Leader and comforter of man in the greatest deeds and trials of life, the sun beholds all hearts sinking at his disappearing, and warmth and respiration restored by his presence, even as the universe wakes at the touch of his life-imparting beams.

"It was on the 4th of August, 1284, that year so memorable for the Pisan republic, when, *towards the fall of eve*, a large number of old men, women, and youths, were seen gathering from every part of the country, and from the surrounding townships, to be present, and as near as they could contrive, to witness on the banks of the Arno, the solemn benediction which the Archbishop was to bestow on the Pisan fleet, previous to its sailing against the Genoese," &c.

Such is Rosini;—an emphatic, but rather common-place description of morning, such as might equally well suit the first chapter of any other novel in the world, to usher in an action, which, after all, happens to begin at night-fall.

But anterior to Rosini, and, by date of publication, if not actually by priority of conception, anterior to Manzoni himself, was Dr. Carlo Varese of Genoa, long known by the public as the author of "*Sibilla Odaleta*;" under which *nom de guerre* he afterwards published seven other novels, all more or less of an historical cast, and written in imitation of Walter Scott, whose enthusiastic admirer the author professed himself to be in early youth.\* It was even said of him that he wrote with the *falsa riga*, the ruling paper of Walter Scott, an expression in Italy denoting the lowest degree of servile imitation. We would not pronounce so harshly against him, though something of the manner, of the knack, of the great master is certainly discernible, especially in the general arrangement and at the opening of Varese's novels. But he is nevertheless a writer of considerable inventive and descriptive power, paints characters with skill, and is seldom dull and wearisome.

Whatever might be his feelings on the outset of his career, he seems to have outlived his partiality both for the father of historical romance and for that branch itself of literature. In his preface to the "*Preziosa di Sanluri*" he draws a long parallel between Rosini and Walter Scott, hinting, that as those two rare

\* "*Sibilla Odaleta, Romanzo Storico di un Italiano.*" Milan. 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.

"*La Fidanzata Ligure ovvero Costumi ed Usanze della Riviera, dell'autore della Sibilla Odaleta.*" Mil. 1828. 2 vols.

"*I Prigionieri di Pizzighettone, dell'autore della Sibilla Odaleta.*" Mil. 1829. 3 vols. 8vo.

"*Folchetto Malispini, Romanzo Storico, dell'autore,*" &c. Mil. 1830. 2 vols.

"*Il Proscritto, Storia Sarda, dell'autore,*" &c. Turin. 1830. 3 vols.

"*Gerolimi, ossia il Nano di una Principessa, dell'autore,*" &c. Milan. 1829. 1 vol.

"*Preziosa di Sanluri, ossia i Montanari Sardi, Romanzo Storico,*" &c. Mil. 1832. 2 vols.

"*Torriani e Visconti, Romanzo Storico,*" &c. Milan. 1839. 2 vols.

men are equally remarkable for their wonderful fertility and facility of composition, so they may, also, both be charged with having corrupted public taste in that style of performance in which each of them respectively excelled. And in another letter prefixed to his last publication, "*Torriani e Visconti*," he hesitates not to assert, that historical novels have been to some readers what certain light and tonic kinds of food are to persons in a period of convalescence—destined only to re-invigorate a stomach worn out by long disease, and to dispose it for the reception of a more solid and healthy nourishment; that in the like manner, in order to pass gradually from the sickening frivolities of the Arcadians to the severe studies of history, a transitional literature was required; but that, being now persuaded that the Italian youths no longer needed to be allured by similar enticements, he was resolved that this should be his last novel, and proceeded to write a history of the Republic of Genoa.

Glad to hear a man, one half of whose life has been spent in the production of works of fiction, entertain our own views of the subject at present under our consideration, we shall not hesitate to repeat that we have derived great pleasure from the perusal of some of Varese's narratives.

"*Sibilla Odaleta*" dates from the invasion of Italy, by Charles VIII. of France, in 1494, and terminates with his expulsion in the following year. The historical characters are delineated with a master's hand; the most striking scenes, especially Piero Capponi's daring demeanour in presence of the haughty invader at Florence, are drawn with spirit; and the dark tragedy of deep revenge in which Sibilla and her Albanese father are concerned, is well conducted. This novel has, in short, all the vividness, warmth, and spontaneousness of a first essay; and it has also, as may be expected, all its exuberance, waywardness, and irregularity.

"*I Prigionieri di Pizzighettone*" may be regarded, in some manner, as a continuation of "*Sibilla Odaleta*." It opens on the Lombard plain on the eve of the battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. of France was utterly routed and taken prisoner by the lieutenants of the Emperor Charles V., in 1525. The French monarch is conveyed to the stronghold of Pizzighettone, on the Adda, where a few of his Italian partisans conceive several bold plans for his escape, till the jealous Austrian, at the most critical moment, issues orders to have his Royal prisoner transferred under his own custody to Madrid. There is much in the plotting of the King's favourers that reminds us of Mary Stuart and the Castle of Lochleven.

"*Folchetto Malispini*" and "*La Fidanzata Ligure*" ought

to have been favourite subjects with Dr. Varese—the scene of both of them being laid among the wild hills and luxuriant shores of his native *Riviera* of Genoa. The former is an historical romance of the twelfth century, describing the Apennine of Lunigiana and Genoa, such as that region could be under the feudal sway of the half-heroes, half-marauders, of the kindred families of Mali-spini and Pela-vicini, two younger branches of the House of Este. The “*Fidanzata*” refers to modern manners; the story beginning towards the close of the last century. It describes an old-fashioned mountain inn, and its hostess, a despotic and irascible character, a foe to all innovation, soured by the dreaded rise of rival establishments, in which it is impossible not to recognize a new version of our old acquaintance Meg Dods, in “*St. Ronan’s Well*.”

“*Il Proscritto*” and “*Preziosa di Sanluri*” are both Sardinian stories; nor can any country, the wild highlands of Scotland not even excepted, present a more unexplored, more primitive, more interesting region, and a more original race of people, than that half-inhabited, less-than-half-civilized island, the possession of which decorated Victor Amadeus of Savoy and his successors with the much-coveted title of Kings. “*Preziosa*” describes the island as it was under the dominion of the Arragonese in 1470. “*Il Proscritto*” is the autobiographical account of a young Genoese led by circumstances to view the island, long after the cession of its crown to the present dynasty. It is quite in the style of Frank Osbaldistone’s sketch of Loch Lomond and its fierce mountaineers, during his visit to Rob Roy. The manners, feelings, superstitions, and traits of character of the natives of Sardinia have been pictured with the confidence of a man whom long residence on the spot has rendered a complete master of his subject.

“*Gerolimi*,” or “the Dwarf of a Princess,” is also a romance of modern manners; in this novel the author has adopted an epistolary style, which also was probably suggested by the correspondence of Darsie Latimer and his college friend in “*Redgauntlet*.”

Finally, the last of Varese’s novels, “*Torriani e Visconti*,” is an account of the popular revolutions at Milan, by which, after a struggle of nearly half a century, the aristocratic power of the Ghibellines under the influence of the Visconti, was enabled to exterminate the Guelph or popular party, headed by the house of Guido della Torre. This novel is not, perhaps, the happiest of its author’s productions. We see for the third time the characters of astrologers, court-fools, and other similar personages, which after their appearance in “*Sibilla Odaleta*,” and “*I*

Prigionieri di Pizzighettone," might more judiciously have been spared. The style is also less natural and flowing, and the nature of the subject brings the Genoese writer into competition with several Milanese novelists, who have over him the advantage of a more distinct knowledge of localities, and a more intimate acquaintance with their national chronicles.

One of the most powerful writers who attempted to illustrate the history of Milan in works of fiction, is Giovanni Battista Bazzoni, who published his "*Castello di Trezzo*" long before 1828.\* The subject of this novel is the murder of Bernabò Visconti in the vicinity of the Castle of Trezzo, by the hand of his treacherous nephew, Gian Galeazzo, in 1385. Bazzoni's second tale is "*Falco della Rupe*," "or *The War of Musso*." The real hero—notwithstanding the interest attached to the brave *Mountain Hawk*, an old sturdy highlander—is Gian Carlo de' Medici, afterwards the Marquis of Marignano, one of the most famous generals of Francis of France. The scene is laid on the shores of the Lake of Como, early in the sixteenth century, when the pure waves of that azure lake were darkened by the hundred sails of Gian Carlo, then at war with the Imperialists, and the luxuriant hills around shook with the report of his floating artillery. In both these stories, as well as in two volumes of shorter historical tales since published, Bazzoni strikes us by a few pictures drawn with a bold masterly hand, by a description of storms and battles, which might almost remind us of Salvator Rosa's style of painting. We think we can safely award him the title of the manliest of Italian novelists.

We wish we could speak with equal praise of the works of Giovanni Campiglio, a rather fastidious and confident literary man, since, being disposed to find fault with the prolixity of the *Waverley Novels*, he reproduced them in his own compendary imitations or *rifacimentos* which he styled "*Beauties*" or "*Amenities of Walter Scott*." His own original romances, meanwhile, generally relating to early dates of Milanese history, are not as recommendable for taste or style, as we might have reason to expect from an improver of Scott.†

\* "*Il Castello di Trezzo, Novella Storica di G. B. B.*" 3rd edit. Milan: Stella. 1828. 1 vol.

"*Falco della Rupe, o La Guerra di Musso, Racconto Storico di Giovan Battista Bazzoni*." Milan. 1829. 1 vol. 8vo.

"*Racconti Storici di G. B. Bazzoni*." Milan. 1830. 2 vols. 8vo.

† "*La Figlia di un Ghibellino, Romanzo Storico riguardante Milano al Cominciare del Secolo Decimo Quinto*." Milan. 1830. (Being an account of the conspiracy to which Gian Maria Visconti fell a victim.)

"*Uberto Visconti, Romanzo Storico, riguardante Milano ai Tempi di Bernabò e Gian-Galeazzo Visconti*." Milan. 1831.

"*Ludovico il Moro, o Condizioni, Usi, Costumi, Singolarità e memorabili Avveni-*

We shall not so speedily dismiss "*Marco Visconti*," by Tomaso Grossi, one of the noblest poets of modern Italy. We have not forgotten the day when Grossi showed talent and ambition enough to aspire to enrich his country with a new style of poetry entirely national. "*La Fuggitiva*," and "*Ildegonda*," and other short romances in the stanza of Ariosto and Tasso, but with a refinement and melody, with a warmth and pathos, for which Italy was indebted to the modern school of Romanticism, were a better kind of composition and more consonant with the taste and temperament of the Italian people, than the long and often tedious narrations in prose by which they have been superseded.

Grossi, the Bellini of Poetry, as he has been commonly called, the poet of broken hearted maidens, as Raphael is the painter of Madonnas, and Correggio of children, had already written, besides the above mentioned "*Novelle Romantiche*," a long historical romance in verse, entitled "*I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata*."

"*La Fuggitiva*"—a runaway girl following her lover beyond the Danube and Moscowa, mourning over his bleeding corpse on the plains of the last of Napoleon's victorious battle fields, involved alone and helpless in the disasters of that woful Russian retreat, surviving all hardships and dangers only to expire in her mother's arms repentant and forgiven,—*Ildegonda*, a new Juliet, atoning for a pure guiltless love with long torture and anguish in a nunnery, insulted, harassed by cowed fiends, haunted by terrific visions, and by a vigorous reaction of stubborn vitality draining to the last drop the cup of woe which had been filled for her by Providence,—*Giselda*, the fair pilgrim of the Po, riding on her white palfrey by the side of her brother, tender, inexperienced; a prisoner in Antioch, in love with a handsome Mussulman, repenting, relapsing, innocent, beautiful in her apostacy as in her conversion;—all these sweet creations, these exquisite romances, full of the life, manners and feelings of bygone ages, had been read and cherished in Italy, long before Scott's works had become the theme of universal admiration.

But Grossi himself was soon won over to the fashionable mania; and forsaking his mournful harp, he, also, entered the lists with the Ultramontane novelist, under the banner of his "master and brother" Manzoni.\* "*Marco Visconti*" is a work in high repute among the author's countrymen. The scene opens on the

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menti di Milano sulla Fine del Secolo XV. Romanzo Storico di Giovanni Campiglio, autore della storia Universale d'Italia." Milan. 1837.

"*Elena della Torre ossia Milano Seicento Anni fa.*" (Being the Rise of the House della Torre after the Battle of Cortenova in the Time of the Emperor Frederic II. 1260.) Milan. 1839.

\* "*Marco Visconti, Storia del Trecento di Tommaso Grossi.*" Milan. 1835.

lovely hills surrounding the Lake of Como towards the year 1329. The hero is a warrior issued from the princely house of Visconti, which established its sway over Milan. His personal valour, his liberal and affable manners, render him an object of jealousy to his kinsmen, Luchino, Giovanni, and Matteo, the reigning members of the family, who resolve upon his destruction, and accomplish it by one of those deeds of treachery so common in the annals of that iniquitous race. By the introduction of minstrels and tournaments, Grossi gave his narrative a chivalrous colour which does not seem consistent with the spirit and manners of a country in which democratic notions and mercantile enterprise had early extinguished all feelings of a similar description. Grossi has not risen in our estimation, as an inventor, by his romance in prose. In a country where "Ivanhoe" is the most popular of Scott's novels, "Marco Visconti," which is written somewhat in imitation of it, must appear comparatively tame. Nevertheless it has been ranked among the standard Italian novels, and, together with "I Promessi Sposi," has been republished in a splendid illustrated edition, rivalling the French "Don Quixote" and the English "Arabian Nights." \*

Notwithstanding this general suffrage, we should be at a loss where to find in this novel a passage likely to interest our readers, were it not for a few lyrical effusions worthy of the poet of "Ildegonda," one of which we subjoin as a specimen of the most melodious modern poetry Italy has produced; though its charms reside so intrinsically in the language and measure, that few persons, we think, would venture upon a translation.

" LA RONDINELLA.

" Rondinella pellegrina  
Che ti posi in sul verone,  
Ricantando ogni mattina  
Quella flebile canzone,  
Che vuoi dirmi in tua favella,  
Pellegrina Rondinella ?

" Solitaria nell' obbligo  
Dal tuo sposo abbandonata,  
Piangi forse al pianto mio,  
Vedovetta sconsolata ?

\* Illustrated editions of Italian novels :—

Manzoni, "I Promessi Sposi." Milan: Guglielmi, and Redaelli; illustrated by Gonin, Sacchi, &c. 1840, now complete in 1 vol. 4to."

Grossi, "Marco Visconti." 2nd edit. illustrated by Focosi, Bonatti, &c. Milan. 1842.

D'Azeglio, "Ettore Fieramosca." With 200 illustrations by Deloraine. Turin. 1842. Cantù, "Margherita Pusterla." Same edition. Turin. 1843.

Rosini, "La Monaca di Monza." Illustrated edition. Milan. 1843.

Piangi, piangi in tua favella,  
Pellegrina Rondinella.

“ Pur di me manco infelice  
Tu alle penne almen t' affidi,  
Scorri il lago e la pendice,  
Empi l'aria de' tuoi stridi,  
Tutto il giorno in tua favella,  
Lui chiamando o Rondinella.

“ Oh se anch' io ! . . . ma lo contende  
Questa bassa angusta volta,  
Dove sole non risplende,  
Dove l' aura ancor m' è tolta,  
Dove a te la mia favella,  
Giunge appena, o Rondinella.

“ Il Settembre innanzi viene  
E a lasciarmi ti prepari,  
Tu vedrai lontane arene ;  
Nuovi monti e nuovi mari  
Salutando in tua favella,  
Pellegrina Rondinella.

“ Ed io tutte le mattine  
Riaprendo gli occhi al pianto,  
Tra le nevi e tra le brine,  
Cederò d' udir quel canto  
Onde par che in tua favella  
Mi compiangia, o Rondinella.

“ Una croce a primavera  
Troverai su questo suolo ;  
Rondinella in sulla sera  
Sovra lei raccogli il volo,  
Dimmi pace in tua favella,  
Pellegrina Rondinella.”

Next in order of merit among the Milanese novelists, we would rank Cesare Cantù, also in early youth a poet of some reputation in his country. This versatile writer, still in the flower of youth, has already distinguished himself in many different branches of literature, and associated with the most active, sanguine, and liberal of Italian booksellers, Pomba of Turin, is editing encyclopedical works of a very solid character. In a very diminutive frame he cherishes projects of a very gigantic extent, and had already made his name known among novelists, when he raised himself several degrees higher by the publication of his “ Margherita Pusterla.” \*

\* “ La Madonna d' Imbevera, Racconto di Cesare Cantù.” Milan : Truffi. 1835.  
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This novel may be looked upon as a continuation of "Marco Visconti;" consisting of the narration of a conspiracy formed against Luchino Visconti by his relative, Franciscolo Pusterla, one of the noblest and wealthiest Milanese, intent upon avenging an insult offered to the person of his wife by the tyrant. The execution of Pusterla and his accomplices, and the banishment of the tyrant's nephews, Bernabò and Galeazzo, implicated in this treasonable attempt, terminate a tragical catastrophe, to which the death of the beautiful and uncontaminated heroine on the scaffold adds the most intense and painful interest.

"Margherita Pusterla" is the work of a clever and industrious writer; a man of talent, without a spark of genius. It is essentially conceived in imitation of Manzoni, both in form and spirit, in as far, at least, as monks and high priests appear as heroes of unalloyed virtue and unshrinking intrepidity. The story is a long tissue of heart-rending scenes, unrelieved even by the poor jests of the Court-Fool, Grillincervello. The author seems well aware of its effect on his reader's heart—if, at least, we may judge from this pithy and significant Preface.

"—— Lettor mio, hai tu spasimato?"

—— No.

—— Questo libro non è per te."

Right, Signor Cesare Cantù, rely on the drivelling disposition of your reader; but never forget that the pathetic, as well as the sublime, is always closely bordering on the ludicrous.

But of minor writers, chiefly Milanese, endeavouring to search into the annals of Lombard history, for the subject of their fictions, the number begins to be pretty considerable.\* The first

1 vol. (It describes Milanese life under the Spanish dominion towards the close of the XVIth century, and contains glowing descriptions of the Brianza, &c.)

"Margherita Pusterla, Racconto di Cesare Cantù." 3 vols. Milan. 1838.

\* "Cecilia di Baone, ossia la Marca Trivigiana al Finire del Medio Evo. Narrazione Storica di P. Q." Venice. 1830. 4 vols.

"Isnardo, o il Milite Romano, Racconto Italico di Giovanni Colleoni." Milan. 1839. 5 vols.

"Grassa e Ceresio, Fatto Storico Veronese del Secolo XII, scritto da Girolamo Orti." Florence. 1832.

"Cabrino Fondulo, Frammento di Storia Lombarda sul Finire del Secolo XIV, e il Principiare del XV, Opera di Virginio Lancetti, Cremonese." Mil. 1827. 2 vols.

"Igilda di Brivio, Storia del Secolo Decimo Quinto, narrata da Bassano Finoli 4 vols. Milan. 1837.

"L'Orfanella della Brianza, Storia del Secolo Decimo Settimo, narrata da Bassano Finoli." 4 vols. Milan. 1840.

"Caterina Medici di Brono, Novella Storica del Secolo XVII, di Achille Mauri." 2 vols. Leghorn. 1831.

"Lutalto da Vitulungo, Racconto di Luigi Vigna da Chivasso." 2 vols. Novara. 1835.

wars of the Lombard league, in the Trevisan Marches, the crusades, the holy wars against the house of Ezzelino da Romano, have afforded themes for several novels; among which "Cecilia di Baone," "Isnardo," and "Gli Ezzelini," have been received with applause.

We have read part of these novels with great interest, and some of them might be advantageously added to our English circulating libraries by the aid of judicious translations; as, among other praises due to the novelists of Italy, we are happy to state that not a line has been found in any of the works of which the names have been mentioned in the present article, to which the strictest morality could reasonably object. Occasionally we thought we might detect in these authors, a lurking partiality of local patriotism, drawing their description of scenery and characters to an unbearable length. Occasionally, also, their love of chivalrous shows, of battles and tournaments, their minute details of costumes, armour and buildings, may prove heavy and wearisome. In all their works, but especially in those of the earliest writers, we find rather the exaggeration of the faults than of the beauties of their school.

We have hardly leisure to mention other works referring to later epochs of Lombard history, such as "Igilda di Brivio," and "L'Orfanella della Brianza," "Caterina Medici di Brono," &c. &c., even though the last mentioned was written, it is attested, under inspection and with assistance of Manzoni, and certainly in strict imitation of his works.

We shall not, however, omit to give our tribute of praise to a fair Romance-writer, (for Italy also has her Gores and Maberlys,) the Signora Teresa Perversi, author of an interesting novel on a most interesting subject,—the religious wars and revolutions of Valtellina, 1620. Few of her countrymen ever made choice of a nobler or more original theme; and the liberal and enlightened spirit with which she viewed the great religious question of Catholicism and Protestantism, was hardly to be expected from a lady in a country where those of her sex are fettered by fashion, even when not by government, to the assumption and affectation of religious bigotry.\*

We find also the name of our old acquaintance, Defendente

"Paolo de' Conti di Camisano, Storia tratta da Antiche Memorie Cremasche." 4 vols. Milan. 1839.

"Brazzo da Milano, Manoscritto del Secolo XVI, pubblicato da Federico Borella." 2 vols. 8vo. Milan. 1841.

"Teodote, Storia del Secolo Ottavo, di Defendente Sacchi." Milan. 1832.

"Novelle e Racconti di Defendente Sacchi." Milan. 1836. 2 vols. 8vo.

\* "Evelina, Racconto di Teresa Perversi." 1 vol. Milan: Stella. 1840.

Sacchi, among historical novelists; though most of his recent productions in that line are not of as large dimensions as "Oriele," his master-piece in the *piagnoloso* style. Sacchi seems to have grown stout and merry as he advanced in age, and in his two last volumes of "Racconti e Novelle," we find, among graver narratives, historical accounts of the origin of some popular proverbs, such as "E' fatto il becco all' oca," "Non è più tempo che Berta filava," as well as "Origine della Polenta," "Arlecchino e Compagnia," "Est, Est, Est," and similar stories, evidently of a humorous description.

Our curiosity has also been attracted by four or five anonymous publications, issued from the Milanese Press, without a date, beautifully printed and illustrated, all probably from the pen of one and the same author. The object of this unknown writer is to illustrate by his tales some old scraps of Lombard songs, apparently without meaning, commonly used since time immemorial by the Lombard children in their plays. These songs are placed as if by way of epigraph on the title-pages. The tales are cleverly and amusingly written, and as they display more originality of style than any other of the works we have hitherto reviewed, they seem likely to constitute a new branch of popular literature.\*

\* "We transcribe the title-pages of these singular productions :—

" Laminee,  
Cicca,  
Berlicca,  
La forza t' impicca,  
Leon,  
Speron (col rest,)  
Indovina se l' è quest.

Cronaca Stravagantissima Milanese Stata scritta da un Cameriere di Giovan Galeazzo Sforza." Milan: Bravetta.

(It relates to the times of Luchino and Azzo Visconti, and ends with the battle of Parabiago, in which Lodrisio Visconti was defeated by his fortunate kinsmen in 1338.)

" Antoniolo de' Landriani, Capitano di Ventura, Scene Storiche del Secolo XIV.

Togn! Togn!

Pela rogn!

Pela fig!

Capitani di formig,

Capitani di Soldaa,

Indovina chi l' è staa."

Milan: Colombo. (1842.)

" Le Ca' dei Cani, Cronaca Milanese del Secolo XIV, cavato da un manoscritto di un Canatiere di Bernabò Visconti." Milan, no date. (Relating to the atrocities committed in the Kennel of Visconti, who was said to feed his hounds with human victims.)

" Guarda, guarda la Vecchia; Bizzarro intrecciamento di casi ridicoli e compassionevoli, colla Storia di una stranissima Congiura del Popolo Milanese avvenuta nel 1754." Milan, no date.

" La Scommessa col Diavolo, Leggenda Fantastica." Milan, no date.

The history of Venice is not without illustrators, though not so numerous as those who have written on the history of Lombardy. A. F. Falconetti undertook to make every age of Venetian history the subject of as many successive novels, and to our knowledge he followed up his idea to a considerable length. The first of his productions, "*Irene Delfino*," is a romantic chronicle of Venice before the election of the first Doge in the sixth century. "*La Villa di San Giuliano*," and "*La Naufraga di Malamocco*," continue the vicissitudes of the rising Republic during the seventh and eighth centuries.\*

Falconetti is, like Varese, a professed imitator of Scott. He even avows that his first thought of mythologizing on Venetian subjects was suggested to him by the perusal of the "*Chronicle of the Canongate*." We are not informed whether the author carried his plans to any further extent, as since the publication of his last works, in 1830, no other novel bearing his name has yet reached England. Those three first essays had, however, sufficient merit to cause us to regret the interruption of the promised series; nor were they unworthy of a subject as fertile in heart-stirring incidents as Venice in the days of Candiano, Delfino, and Orseolo. They are, it is true, rather too minute and explicit—too plausible in their descriptions of the manners of a race so far removed from us, and whose deeds are only registered in a few bare and barren chronicles. The author's fancy runs rather too free and intemperate; we miss in his works that severe cast of antiquity, inseparable, in our minds, from the sayings and doings of a people whose very language is a matter of doubt and perplexity to us. But the fault lies, perhaps, more with the subject itself, than with the poet who undertakes to handle it; and we have reason to doubt, for example, whether the author of "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," placed in analogous difficulties, was much more successful in overcoming them. Clytemnestras in a *Pompadour toupet*, and Agamemnons in a *bobwig à la Louis XV.*, are not phenomena unexampled even in recent times.

"*La Regina di Cipro*" is the only Venetian narrative in our hands, besides Falconetti's works. The subject is sufficiently implied by the title. It contains the vicissitudes of that fair Adrian Bride, whom the Republic adopted as its own daughter previous to her marriage with the sovereign of Cyprus and last

\* "*Irene Delfino*, *Storia Veneziana del Sesto Secolo*." Venice. 1829. 2 vols.

"*La Villa di San Giuliano*, *Storia Veneziana del Secolo Settimo*." Venice. 1830. 2 vols.

"*La Naufraga di Malamocco*, *Storia Veneta del Secolo VIII*, di A. F. Falconetti, autore di '*Irene Delfino*' e della '*Villa di San Giuliano*.'" Venice. 1830. 2 vols.

titular King of Jerusalem, in order to inherit that fairest of the Mediterranean islands, after her abdication in 1470.\*

Bologna, that town so rife with tumult and strife in old republican days, nor, indeed, very tranquil at any time, could not escape the attention of our romantic writers. Our friend, Defendente Sacchi, who, even in his new historical capacity, cannot divest himself of his old *penchant* for sigh-clouded willow-groves, and cypress-shadowed cemeteries, has laid hold of the most doleful story of mediæval Italy, and related at full length the tragedy of love-sick Imelda throwing herself on the bleeding body of her wounded lover and sucking death from his poisoned wounds. The civil wars of Scacchesi and Rampanti, in the fifteenth century, have been told by Carlo Rusconi in his "Giovanni Bentivoglio." The same writer has quite lately printed a new novel under the title of "Charles V. at Bologna."†

The King of Naples and the Pope have so actively exerted themselves to prevent the free circulation of books between the North and South of Italy, that of a very large number of works published in the Two Sicilies, especially on national subjects, very few succeed in crossing the Papal frontier, and fewer still are enabled to make their way beyond the Alps. Defective as our catalogue of Neapolitan novels must consequently be, we shall not fail to notice such as have, almost providentially, reached our hands; and these are—"Joanna of Naples," by Giacinto Battaglia, a Milanese writer; and "The First Viceroy of Naples," by E. Cappoccio di Belmonte, a Neapolitan exile in Paris.‡ This last, a work of considerable merit and highly valued, is intended as a description of the Southern Kingdom of Italy during the first occupation of the Spaniards at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

One of its most important episodes is that combat between thirteen French and as many Italian men-at-arms at Barletta, on the 13th of February, 1503, which Massimo d'Azeglio adopted as a subject of his first novel, "Ettore Fieramosca."

We have thus been led to him, among the novel writers of Italy, who won the widest popularity, and displayed perhaps the

\* "La Regina di Cipro, Romanzo Storico dell'Avvocato Girolamo Florio." 1 vol. Mantua. 1838.

† "I Lambertazzi e i Geremei, o Le Fazioni di Bologna nel Secolo XIII, Cronaca di un Trovatore pubblicata da Defendente Sacchi." 2 vols. Florence: Molini. 1831.

"Giovanni Bentivoglio, Storia Bolognese del Secolo Decimo Quinto compilata da Carlo Rusconi." 2 vols. 12mo. Florence: Usigli. 1835. 2nd Edit. of 6000 copies.

"L'Entrata di Carlo V. in Bologna, Romanzo Storico di Carlo Rusconi." 3 vols. 18mo. Florence. 1841.

‡ "Giovanna Prima, Regina di Napoli, Storia del Secolo XIV, di Giacinto Battaglia." Milan: Pirotta. 1835.

"Il Primo Vicerè di Napoli, per E. C. di Belmonte." Paris. 1838.

highest aptitude to that style of composition. "Ettore Fieramosca" is undoubtedly the happiest subject any historical novelist ever hit upon. An episodic narrative, strictly historical, and yet perfectly separable from history; a long forgotten page in Guicciardini and Giovio, revived at the very moment that the Italian people felt most painfully alive to every circumstance bearing on their national character; an illustrious deed, and yet performed by second-rate and otherwise obscure individuals, on whose private circumstances fiction was, therefore, at liberty to build as wild an edifice as it liked;—such is this "Disfida di Barletta," second in interest to no work produced by the school to which it belongs.

Not, indeed, that the Italians could ever be at a loss for historical incidents and characters on which to ground their tales, for every page in their chequered annals is in itself a romance; and we know of no novel more entertaining than the sixteen volumes of "The History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages," by Sismondi. But not every romantic event in history is equally reducible into the circumscribed limits of a separate narrative. A work by its nature intended for the mass of common readers, must be brought down to the level of their limited capacity. The subject can very seldom be so cleverly abstracted from all its associations of cause and effect, from all concomitant interests, that the author may not be compelled either to rely on a larger store of knowledge on the part of his readers than they will eventually be found to possess, or to supply its want by long prefatory dissertations, and occasional illustrations, calculated to arrest at every step the development and to destroy the interest of the romantic part of the narrative.

Hence the work will appear to some clever even to obscurity, to others plain even to insipidity. Erudite researches, such as matter-of-fact history has long disciplined us to, because essentially meant to instruct, will become utterly unbearable when introduced into a style of writing of which the object is to excite and amuse.

Nothing, in fact, can well be more difficult than the choice of themes fit for so anomalous a production as the historical novel. There is danger in too familiar a subject, for long habit may have hardened us to all impression derivable from its exhibition; danger in too remote a subject, for, besides its abstruseness, sympathy will not soon arise in favour of any object not immediately belonging to us by some ostensible bond of common feeling; the subject must not belong to too ancient a period of history, for a larger share will be left to imagination than is consistent with sober probability; neither must the date be too

recent, lest stubborn facts should pin down fancy and allow no free scope for invention.

These rules, which were laid down a thousand years ago for heroic poetry, are, however, grounded on natural laws of universal æsthetics, and therefore equally applicable to historical romance; and as they gradually discouraged modern poets from attempting epopées, so they will ultimately banish our more recent amalgam of truth and fiction from the republic of letters.

"Ettore Fieramosca," as we have said, most happily shunned this Scylla and Charybdis of the historical novel. Its story may stand by itself. It had been so completely lost sight of as to be quite new at its re-appearance; so simple and circumscribed as to be comprehended by the very illiterate; so intensely important as to rivet the attention of the busiest scholar; and its interest is, further, of a recent date. As long as the armies and fleets of Spain were commanded by Farnese, Savoy and Doria, or those of France by Strozzi and Ornano, and the Lombards of Spinola were the best soldiers of Philip II.; even as long as the armies of Beauharnais and Murat behaved so bravely in Spain, Germany and Russia,—there was no great chance for a panegyrist of national valour. But after the events of 1820 and 1831, when all Europe raised an outcry against Italian faint-heartedness, and doomed to perpetual servitude a nation which seemed unable to fight for its own liberties—was it not by divine inspiration that the novelist reminded his countrymen that, in another epoch, the misfortunes of Italy had been ascribed to want of military firmness on the part of her children; and that, on that occurrence at least, the bitter taunt was forced down the throat of those who had uttered it, by a fair combat, in the face of the sun, in the presence of the three mightiest nations in Christendom, in a trial, the issue of which was left to the arbitrament of God's own unerring judgment? Those bones of Fieramosca, which had been left to bleach undisturbed on the wild shore on which they had been cast by tempest, are now gathered together and enshrined; they are paraded in procession before a crushed race, to remind them that they are born of men who had sinews and muscles, and warm and stout hearts, as any of the brutal Northerners who trample on them; and that, whenever they seek it, they will find in their own arms and breasts the same nerve and courage, sufficient to bear them through an equal experiment.

The mark of genius is printed on the very title-page of such a work; and though it may be said that it was evidently the production of a young mind, that the fancy was not always sufficiently chastened, and some of the episodes not always judiciously

managed, D'Azeglio's first novel has the greatest claims to the gratitude as well as to the admiration of Italy.

The second essay by the same author, "Nicolò de' Lapi," is at the present day the delight of all Italian readers. D'Azeglio did not shrink from a competition with Guerrazzi, whose "Assedio di Firenze" already enjoyed an unequalled popularity.

Several works had already been published on the subject of Florentine history. Besides Rosini's "Luisa Strozzi," above noticed, a short but powerful narrative was produced by Nicolò Tommaseo, an eminent name among the living authors of Italy.\* Still the appearance of Guerrazzi's high-wrought performance eclipsed that, and any other publication, in any manner coming within range of his subject. Guerrazzi was already illustrious for his "Battaglia di Benevento," a chivalrous novel in four volumes, illustrating one of the most momentous periods of general Italian history—the downfall of the dynasty of the Swabians under the thunders of the Vatican and the sword of Anjou.† The "Assedio di Firenze" was printed under the name of Anselmo Gualandi; and the Tuscan government, which had winked at its publication, used afterwards every diligence to suppress what proved to be a work of incendiary character. It was, however, immediately republished abroad, and circulated throughout the country with an enthusiasm which no effort of jealous despotism could control. The authorship of the novel was unanimously ascribed to Guerrazzi, who found himself in consequence exposed to reprimands, domiciliary visits, and other vexations without number, on the part of the Tuscan police, anxious to discover the MS., even several years after the publication of the obnoxious work—even long after the agitation created by its appearance had almost altogether subsided.

The "Assedio di Firenze" is the work of an enthusiast. The author himself confessed to his friend, Giuseppe Mazzini, "that he had written a book in sheer impossibility of fighting a battle." The work, in fact, breathes all the combative spirit by which the author was actuated. Few men ever displayed a stronger power of abstraction, few writers ever identified themselves more forcibly with their subjects, than this Gualandi or Guerrazzi, who seemed to live in the age he undertook to describe. He is indeed an old Florentine, one of the devoted champions of the beleaguered city.

\* "Il Duca d'Atene, Narrazione di N. Tommaseo." Paris: Baudry. 1837. 1 vol.  
 "Memorie di Bianca Capello, Granduchessa di Toscana, raccolte ed illustrate da Stefano Ticozzi." 1 vol. Florence. 1827.

† "La Battaglia di Benevento, Storia del Secolo XIII, scritta da F. D. Guerrazzi." 4 vols. Leghorn. 1840.

"L'Assedio di Firenze Capitoli XXX di Anselmo Gualandi." *Italia*. MDCCCXXXIX. 4 vols.



His own heart beats under the breastplate of the brave and unfortunate Francesco Ferruccio; he strikes with his arm, he bleeds from his wounds. This terrible earnestness, this incarnation of the poet's genius with the theme of his romance, completely won the Italians,—a class of readers always to be swayed by the display of imaginative powers. The "*Assedio*," with all its defects of unconnected and wayward plan, of turgid and declamatory style, rose at once to a degree of popularity which few novelists could hope, for a considerable period of time, to be able to share.

D'Azeglio, however, feared not to grapple with such a formidable antagonist, and even chose to meet him on his own ground. Florence in her death-struggle might, indeed, afford subject for more than two novels. Truly, although we have already stated our objections to that event for a work of fiction, we feel that a history of that siege is a work still unaccomplished. Contemporary writers have left us more than sufficient materials for such an enterprise, but the arrangement and valuation of such documents, and their description, require such powers of criticism and such mastery of style as are seldom found combined in the same individual. Meanwhile, for the present, to supply the want of a history, we have two historical novels; and both of them, if they can do no better, will have the effect of giving their readers a vague idea of the leading events of that fatal catastrophe, and create a longing for a more full and correct acquaintance with it.

The "*Assedio*" and the "*Palleschi and Piagnoni*" are models of two different branches of the same style of composition. In the former the historical element prevails, in the latter the romantic. In the one, private vicissitudes are only introduced as episodic, in the other public life is made subservient to individual interest; Guerrazzi's subject is Florence—Nicolò de' Lapi is D'Azeglio's hero. The former wrote more after the manner of Bulwer's latest performances,\* the latter more after the fashion of Walter Scott's earliest productions.

Of these two styles, if we approved at all of historical novels, we should decidedly give preference to the last; for historical events, when incidentally introduced, may indeed partially injure the effect of the main fiction; but when our attention has been from the first engrossed by the importance of historical personages, imaginary heroes will appear mean and contemptible, and their obtrusion untimely and cumbrous. The nobler objects may still

\* We say "after the manner," not in imitation of Bulwer, for the "*Siege of Florence*" appeared long before the "*Last of the Barons*," so that if there were imitation at all in the case, it would only be on the part of Sir Edward.

appear great and interesting, even when thrown into the background, but when they stand foremost in the picture, minor things shrink into utter insignificance, and the artist mars the effect of his canvass in proportion as he strives to force them on the attention of the beholder.

In short, we may feel less disposed to quarrel with D'Azeglio, who, having invented his tale, endeavours to dignify it by its association with some great historical epoch; but when we see Guerrazzi, after professing to derive his emotions from well-known sources, resort to fictitious episodes, we believe he has committed an act of voluntary self-degradation, not unlike that of a minstrel who consents to intersperse his noble strains with the vulgar scurrility of the *jongleur*.

"What!" cries, in his emphatic style, Mazzini, in his criticism of the "*Assedio*," "do you, Guerrazzi, feel equal to the task of receiving the last groan, the last record of Florentine liberty—to launch it, as a war cry, to the face of your countrymen—and you stoop, like a commonplace novelist, to patch together fictitious horrors of one Naldo, one Lucantonio, and their obscure associates? In presence of a city basely bartered, basely betrayed, trodden by Italian and foreign soldiery, do you attempt to engage our sympathy for the fate of a betrayed individual? and whilst we mourn with you over the death of a whole people—whilst we stoop on the corpse of Florence, to feel if with its last breath there should emanate the promise of a second life for us,—would you tear us from those sacred ruins, that we may be led to listen to the ejaculations of an ideal character, to his convulsive and frantic passions, to the ravings of his selfish hatred and love?"

But it is not by the form only that these two novels essentially differ. They are also animated by a different spirit. Not indeed that they view their subject with opposite aims, in as far as patriotic principles are concerned,—for on this point it is now-a-days hardly possible for two Italian writers to disagree. Both are equally ardent vindicators of the national cause; both derive from that last scene of the great democratic drama of Mediæval Italy,—from that final struggle in which all the religious and political creeds of the nation were for the last time brought into the field,—a word of admonition for their countrymen, to prepare them for that future strife which every man in Italy firmly believes to be at hand. But in Guerrazzi this patriotic idea develops itself in words of anger and despair. The patriot upbraids and denounces, fretting in a powerless impatience and indignation. D'Azeglio's warnings are uttered in a voice of sorrow and hope,—he soothes and comforts, and writes in a mood of calm though fervent sympathy.

By their taste and style, also, the two authors appear to belong to different schools. Guerrazzi, a Tuscan, is a classical—D'Azeglio, a Lombard, a romantic, writer. The former works more on the imagination—the latter speaks more to the heart. Trained in the school of Alfieri and Foscolo, at war with all importation of Ultramontane ideas, the author of the "*Assedio*" is an eloquent, but often a stiff and vapid, declaimer. Brought up in the more recent school of his father-in-law, Manzoni, familiar with the metaphysical literature of Germany, D'Azeglio is a tender and pathetic, even though sometimes a languid and diffuse, psychologist. The one is a rhetorician, the other a sentimentalist; the former has more nerve and muscle—the second more flesh and blood.

It would not be difficult to trace this difference between the Tuscan and Lombard taste back to the primeval ages, pervading every branch of literature and art, and owing, perhaps, to the Teutonic or Greco-Latin element prevailing in different proportions in the two distinct provinces. Certainly Titian, Correggio, and Tasso, are geniuses of a different stamp from Michael Angelo, Dante, or Machiavel.

We have hardly time to give more than the titles of the numerous Italian novels still remaining in our hands. We find among them a few containing illustrations of historical events in foreign countries.\* One of the most amusing was published anonymously at Milan, under the title of "*Franco Allegri*." This ideal personage, whose autobiographical memoirs are thus given to the public, was one of the many Italians whom political circumstances or love of adventure drove to foreign countries, during the frequent revolutions of the sixteenth century. Franco Allegri appears at the court of Mary Queen of Scotland, in the train of David Rizzio's band of musicians; and after having been a spectator and nearly a sharer of the fate of that unfortunate favourite, he repairs to the court of Catherine de' Medici, there to witness still darker deeds of treason and murder. The romance is written with spirit, and in a manner that reminded us of *Gil Blas*.

The downfall of the Order of Malta, in 1798, is well described, in two volumes, by an Italian lady, now in exile in that island. It is well known that Walter Scott himself, already with a foot

\* "*Franco Allegri. Racconto delle Avventure proprie e d' altri memorabili Fatti del Secolo XVI.*" Milan. 1833. 3 vols.

"*Gli Ultimi Giorni dei Cavalieri di Malta, Racconto di Igúenia Zauli Sajani.*" Malta. 1841. 2 vols.

"*Il Cavalier Bajardo, Racconto del Secolo XVI, narrato da Matteo Benvenuti.*" 1 vol. Milan. 1841.

"*La Casa Finarnos di Spagna, Romanzo nuovo originale di D. A. Ferrary Rodigino.*" 4 vols. Milan. 1841.

"*Racconti Storici d'Ignazio Cantù.*" Milan. 1838.

on his grave, was moved at sight of the castles and palaces of that last bulwark of Christianity; and was heard to mutter, that "it must go hard with him if he could do nothing of all that." He, however, most probably alluded to the siege of the island by the Turks, in the days of La Vallette; the last cowardly surrender of the degenerate Knights of St. John to Napoleon being rather a discouraging theme for a man of the heroic disposition of Scott.

We have, thus far, noticed no other style of composition than simply the historical novel. Not because a few essays on domestic fiction may not be found among the works before us;\* but because, with one or two exceptions, Italian romances on modern manners are by authors of secondary merit, and several of them utterly unreadable. It is not difficult to understand why, in a country in which private life is teeming with incidents full of romantic interest, men of genius have hitherto limited themselves to pictures of manners and passions referring to bygone generations. Independent of the feelings of sorrowful pride with which a fallen race must naturally dwell on the memorials of the past,—independent of the great moral, national scope, every author proposes to himself, of rousing the spirit of his fellow-bondsmen by his recital of their ancestral achievements,—the same political reasons which have given a death-blow to Italian comedy, must equally prevent the growth of what might be called the novel of life and society.

No author can abstract modern life from its religious and political associations, and no book can be printed in Italy containing any allusion to religious or political topics. In a country constituted on a basis of mutual toleration and freedom of inquiry, as England, politics become either a trade or a luxury;

\* "Conal, Storia novissima di Virginio Soncini." 2 volumes. Milan: Stella. 1835. (An ideal story belonging to modern times; the scene, Switzerland; the hero, an Italian; some account of Napoleon's wars in Spain.)

"La Capanna della Vendetta, Racconto di Bartolommeo Signori." 1 vol. Milan. 1835. (The scene in England or Wales, modern times.)

"Avventure dei Gemini Fratelli Azor e Savo, e del loro Erede Clodoveo, Figlio di Azor, del Dr. G. Silvola di Milano." Milan. 1832. (Modern times, the scene at Constantinople.)

"Ettore Santo, Autobiographia di un Galantuomo come gli altri, pubblicata da Giuseppe Torelli." Milan. 1829. 1 vol.

"Il Vecchio Soldato, ossia alcune Scene del Secolo XIX del già Capitano Italiano A. F." 2 vols. Milan. 1831. (Interesting military anecdotes of Napoleon's campaigns.)

"Una Scena della Vita comune, Racconto di Benedetto Bermani." Milan. 1836.

"Michelina, Scena Milanese del 1836, narrata da Temistocle Solera." 2 vols. Mil. 1841.

"La Donna, Racconti Storici di Angelo Usiglio." Brussels. 1838.

"Angiola Maria, Storia Domestica di Giulio Carcano." Milan: Manzoni. 1839. 2 vols.

they are reduced to a mere shifting of power from hand to hand—to a mere display of shallow partisanship or personal abuse. Every citizen feels that he and his fellow-subjects are essentially free; that the vessel of the state must sail progressively, however awkward the man, however obnoxious the party, whom popular favour may happen to entrust with the helm. Each of us may afford to go to sleep in our berth, or if we must needs watch the manœuvre or occasionally lay hold of a rope's end, we do it in perfect security, like bustling passengers, glad enough of any occupation that will enable them to kill the time.

But in Italy, politics are a matter of life and death. Every thinking being feels assured that his country can only exist by independence, union, and liberty,—that a prolongation of the present state of things is little better than a lingering agony. There is no division of opinions in Italy, or it is only a matter of calculation and expediency. There is not a man, from the patriot who dies on the scaffold to the judge who pronounces his sentence and the headsman who executes it, but would unhesitatingly join the national cause, could he only see the practicability of a revolutionary attempt. Hence we invariably find the most trusty ministers of the wary despot secretly allied with the most daring conspirators; hence we have witnessed two revolutions in 1820, and three in 1831, effected with an almost incredible unanimity, without one drop of blood.

These feelings of civil and religious liberty being so decidedly uppermost in every mind and heart, whosoever attempts to portray modern life, will find it impossible to get rid of those two prominent features. An author must either speak of Italy to the Italians, or say nothing. And what chances the novelist may have of handling such subjects under the censorship of the police, the fate of Guerrazzi, Amari, Tommaseo, and a hundred others, banished for their authorship of works which had even been printed with the approbation of government, may satisfactorily demonstrate.

It is indeed singular, but true, that some indulgence is shown to those who write on old historical topics; and that D'Azeglio's works, for instance, breathing the warmest patriotism, have not yet procured for their author the crown of martyrdom. It seems almost understood that the Italians are to be allowed the full benefit of the past; but let a novelist only drop a hint about *Carbonarism*, the *Black Pin*, the *Adelphi*, the *Italic Legion*, *Young Italy*, or any of those subterranean associations which are gradually undermining, and eventually will, if they learn unanimity and firmness, overthrow the throne of Austria and her crowned Lieutenants, and he will soon see whether the *Piombi*

*e Pozzi* of Venice, or the dungeons of Spielberg, have yet any vacant room for his accommodation.

This circumstance accounts for the almost universal preference given to historical subjects in Italian novels. We might, indeed, wonder why the forbidden subjects are not at least treated by the many exiles living and writing abroad. But, not to take into consideration the danger of exposing their friends at home, such works would have little chance of making their way into Italy, and less of securing the attention of foreign readers. Something of that kind we lately perceived in a long series of papers in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, entitled "Memoirs of an Italian Exile," and containing an account of the revolutions of Central Italy in 1831. Those papers, however, attracted hardly any notice, and have been most probably discontinued.

The only novel on a recent subject which may be said to have won the suffrage of Italian readers, and of which we were enabled to obtain a copy, was "*Angiola Maria*," by Giulio Carcano, a very young Milanese, already known for some exquisite verses in the style of Manzoni. The heroine is a pure-minded, ingenuous girl, growing up unconscious of the charms of her loveliness in her father's home in the country, who, brought into contact with a fascinating stranger, an English nobleman, bestows upon him the treasure of her affections, only to be rewarded with base desertion, and to die of a broken heart. The novel, as may be expected, is somewhat tinged with that ill-concealed animosity which the absurd conduct of our vulgar travellers has roused against the English name in many a generous heart on the Continent.

Three other works of fiction on analogous subjects were lately published ;—the first at Naples, bearing the title of "*Ginevra de' Palmieri*;" the two others at Paris, "*Il Siciliano in Parigi*," and "*Casilda*;"—but none of these, which we have seen highly eulogized in Foreign Reviews, are to be found in England.

Such is Romance in Italy. Less fertile, no doubt, less amusing, less multiform, than in England and France; having almost nothing to correspond to our fashionable narratives by Blessington, Gore, and Hook, to our popular literature by Dickens, Hood, or Slick, or to our *psychologie en action* by D'Israeli and Bulwer; but free from the flippancy, from the exaggerations and conventionalities of the first school—from the hideous distortions, from the grotesque vulgarity of the second—from the obscurity and morbid transcendentalism of the last; but eminently lofty and pure—aiming at a great and worthy, however arduous, object—steadily and efficiently proceeding towards its final accomplishment.

ART. III.—*Histoire de Pape Léon XII., par M. le Chevalier Artaud de Montor, Ancien Chargé d’Affaires de France à Rome, Officier de la Légion d’Honneur, Chevalier-commandeur de l’Ordre de Saint Grégoire-le-Grand, &c. &c. &c.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1843. (History of Pope Leo XII., by M. le Chevalier Artaud de Montor, &c. &c.)

THE papal authority has never recovered the shock it sustained from Napoleon: the sanctity of the city of Rome was then violated; it proved unable to protect itself from foreign violence; and its ancient “prestige” was lost for ever. All the actions of the pope whose biography is before us, Leo XII., were, however, directed to reclaim this lost authority, and, as far as he could, to regain the power. Foreign Roman Catholics were to be convinced that the head of their church still held and still exercised his dominion—that it was uncontrolled, that it was undiminished; and that the popedom, both temporal and spiritual, was unchanged. Hence, in the absence of greater proofs of power, bulls, briefs, beatifications, and the jubilee. We will, however, proceed regularly with the biography before us, and our readers will not fail of seeing fully the truth of the statement we have made.

Annibal-François-Clement-Melchior-Jerome-Nicholas della Genga, the sixth of a family of ten, was born at the Chateau de la Genga, in the territory of Spoleto, on the 22nd of August, 1760. At the age of thirteen he was placed at the College Campana d’Osimo, then under the superintendence of Bellini, who was elevated to the bishopric of Loretto by Pius VII. After spending there five years of well-directed study, he went to the Piceno College, and afterwards to the Academy of the Church, where he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Pius VI., during one of the official visits of that pontiff. The handsome features and noble bearing of the young Della Genga first drew upon him the notice of Pius, who, on entering into conversation with him, was so pleased with the shrewdness and cleverness of his answers, that he at once nominated him *cameriere segreto*. On the 21st of December, 1782, he was ordained sub-deacon; became deacon on the 19th of April in the following year; and on the 14th of June, in the same year, a dispensation having been procured on account of his not being of the canonical age, he was fully admitted to the office of priest. In 1790 he was selected to pronounce the funeral oration for the Emperor Joseph II., which was delivered in the Sistine Chapel, in the presence of the pope and the sacred college. It was a task of considerable difficulty, requiring the most cautious tact and

treatment. The emperor must of course be praised, otherwise a funeral oration would be worse than mockery,—and yet Joseph had shown himself no great friend to the Church of Rome. The journey of Pius to Vienna had been productive of promises, but of promises which had never been fulfilled; while the minister of Joseph had received him with a studied coolness. And in the serious question relative to the suppression of convents in Belgium, a heavy blow to the Romish Church, Pius had met with no consolation. The orator, however, must tell the truth, but no offence must be given to the Austrian cabinet. In this delicate business, Della Genga acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his auditors, who were delighted with the clear and musical tones of his voice, as well as with the chaste elegance of his language. A circumstance attending the last moments of the emperor, selected by our author as deserving the highest praise, seems to us scarcely meriting the eulogium passed upon it. M. Artaud de Montor is a bigoted, if not a pious, Romanist; and unless he thinks it a matter of indifference on what subject a dying man's thoughts may be occupied, the following statement is rather startling:—"Quoiqu'il en soit, ses derniers momens feront éternellement honneur à sa mémoire, et l'orateur pouvoit louer un monarque qui, en face de la mort, avoit voulu être revêtu de son grand uniforme et de ses ordres, comme pour prendre un congé solennel de ses généraux et de l'armée dont il était particulièrement chéri."\*—(Vol. I. p. 6.) Among his last sayings, the following, which is much commended, appears to us to savour more of reproach and satire, than of kindness:—"Je ne regrette point le trône," disoit-il, "un seul souvenir pèse sur mon cœur; c'est qu'après toutes les peines que je me suis données, j'ai fait peu d'heureux et beaucoup d'ingrats."†—(Ib.) One of the thousand calumnies heaped upon the murdered Marie Antoinette is thus solemnly denied by Joseph:—"Je n'ignore pas que les ennemis de ma sœur ont osé l'accuser de m'avoir fait passer des sommes considérables. Prêt à paroître devant Dieu, je declare que cette inculpation est une horrible calomnie."‡—(p. 7.)

But to return to Della Genga: honours continued to be accu-

\* "However this may be, his last moments will for ever do honour to his memory, and the orator could eulogize a monarch, who, with death immediately before him, desired to be dressed in his full uniform, with all his orders, as if to take a solemn leave of his generals, and of the army, by which he was particularly beloved."

† "I regret not the throne," said he, "one thought alone weighs upon my mind; which is, that after all the pains I have taken, I have made few people happy, but many ungrateful."

‡ "I know that the enemies of my sister have dared to accuse her of having transmitted to me large sums of money. Ready to appear in the presence of God, I declare that the charge is a vile calumny."



mulated upon him : in 1792 he was private secretary to Pius VI. and canon of St. Peter's. In the year following he was consecrated Archbishop of Tyre, by Cardinal York, previously to being sent as nuncio to Lucerne ; and in 1794 he went in the same character to Cologne. In 1805 he was selected to attend the diet at Ratisbon, as extraordinary nuncio from the pope, to hear and endeavour to mitigate, if not to remove, the complaints which the members of the Romish Church made against the Protestant princes of Germany. Della Genga made himself thoroughly acquainted with the matters in dispute, but thought it necessary to return to Rome to consult with Consalvi. Buonaparte, to whom he had been represented as firm and intractable in his views, took advantage of his absence to request that another nuncio might be sent ; and in order to secure the person whom he wished, recommended—which he thought, as coming from him, would have the force of a command—that Bernier, bishop of Orleans, should be appointed to that office. A compliance with the recommendation would have been, in fact, deputing a person to represent the Romish Church who would sacrifice her interests to the wishes of France. Pius VII. resolutely told Napoleon in consequence, that he had rather his interests should be watched by one of his own subjects, than by one who was the subject of another power, and over whom he could not exercise the necessary control. Della Genga returned to his mission, and by his conduct gained the esteem of all with whom he mingled.

In 1808 the affairs of the church took him to Paris, but so uncompromising a defender of the papacy was but coolly received at the seat of empire : the points which he came to discuss were never settled, the conferences were broken off, and he returned to Rome to witness the persecutions which befel Pius VII. Of these he was not an unconcerned spectator,—sparing neither remonstrances nor personal exertions to ameliorate the condition of the pope, and to avert the insults which were offered to his benefactor and his sovereign. His efforts continued unabated till the forcible abduction of the pope took place, when he retired from the turmoil of public life to the privacy of the Abbey of Montecelli. A great change of employment here awaited him : with ready versatility he directed his talents to improve the performance of the services in his little chapel, taught the peasants the Gregorian chants, and gave instruction on the organ to such as manifested a taste for music. Filial affection led him to erect a monument to the memory of his mother ; while to humble his thoughts, by having a memento of his mortality constantly before him, he caused his own grave to be prepared, and lay down in it that it might be perfectly fitted for him. In the abbey, and thus occupied, he expected to end his days ; the influence of his

church was almost destroyed, and the power of Pius VII. seemed parted from him for ever; and his own lot for weal or woe was inseparably connected with that of his superior. Other and unexpected events, however, changed all his views; the oppressor of Pius VII., whose vaulting ambition overleaped itself, was thrust from his imperial sway, and became as powerless as he once was mighty. Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors: Della Genga had quitted his retirement, and, in an unguarded moment, and without considering the consequences, was sent by Pius on a mission of congratulation to the restored monarch. Consalvi was, however, already in Paris, accredited by all the sovereigns, managing the affairs of the Popedom with consummate skill, and not unnaturally considered the visit of Della Genga—under whatever pretence—an uncalled-for intrusion.

The new envoy had an early audience of leave, and bade farewell to Louis and to Paris. Whether from chagrin at his compulsory departure from Paris, or from other causes, cannot now be known—but Della Genga was, from illness, unable to proceed further than Montrouge. Louis testified his high respect by sending M. de Perigord, archbishop of Rheims, to inquire after the health of the archbishop. After a tedious journey he reached his favourite abode, Montecelli, where he remained till the re-establishment of his health. On the 8th of March, 1816, he received the rank of cardinal, being the first among the numerous promotions of that day. To this was shortly added the bishopric of Sinigaglia; over this diocese he presided five years, "*cependant*," says our author, "*il ne peut jamais y aller résider*." This non-residence is easily accounted for—his own future interests rendering it far more important that he should continue in the capital. In 1820 he succeeded Litta as Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, an office which confers upon its possessor the whole spiritual care of that diversely populated city. In the fulfilment of the duties of this office he appears to have acted upon a policy somewhat different from that of Consalvi; the latter being, perhaps, more anxious to increase the temporal power of Rome, than to examine too closely into the morals of its inhabitants.

The year 1823 brought with it the fatal accident which accelerated, if it did not occasion, the death of Pius VII. As soon as his danger became imminent, the attention of all was directed to the consideration of a successor. The sacred college was at that time divided into two parties: the one had the greatest aversion both to the policy and the person of Consalvi, whom they not only rejected as a candidate for the papal throne, but whom they wished to see removed from the powerful station of secretary of state. Consalvi had with consummate wisdom, and

with a perfect knowledge of the spirit of the times, refused to confer any office on such men as Cardinal della Somaglia, De Gregorio and others, who were insane enough to attempt to restore the ecclesiastical authority of the Romish Church as it had been in darker times; an effort which would have been fatal to its power altogether. These, with the zelanti, were anxious for the elevation of Cardinal Severoli, bishop of Viterbo—a man strongly impressed with lofty views of the power of the church, and whose character was reported to be stern and inflexible. To this party Della Genga was attached. The other wished for a pope who would be prudent and moderate in his conduct, and who would persevere in the policy of Consalvi, which, by its freedom from all those inordinate views which once influenced the papal cabinet, had insured the favourable opinion of the different European powers. These fixed their choice on Cardinal Castiglioni. The sovereigns of Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and France, concurred also in this choice—France ostensibly, but after events proved not in reality.

On the 20th of August, 1823, Pius VII. died; and immediately after the termination of the “novendiali,” the nine days devoted to the funeral obsequies of the late pope, the sacred college proceeded to the business of electing his successor. These nine days, however, had not been passed in idleness by those interested in the election. Indeed, as soon as the pontiff’s danger became known, the representatives of the Roman Catholic sovereigns had written to their several courts for instructions, had made themselves acquainted with the numbers both of the inclusive and exclusive, and were preparing for their intrigues accordingly—for intrigue will have its sway even in the election of a pope. On the day following the death of Pius, letters had been sent to all the absent cardinals to summon them to the duties of the conclave. Visits of high ceremony were paid by the ambassadors—speeches of flattering condolence were made, and replies given in suitable terms; all was busy till the important day arrived on which the formal and canonical election was to commence.

Few, perhaps, of our readers are well acquainted with the ceremonies and observances attendant on the choice of an infallible head of the Romish Church; we will, therefore, as far as we can without obscurity, condense the account given by our author, which is much fuller than any hitherto published, and from which many errors committed by other writers may be corrected. M. Artaud de Montor expressly states that the secrets of the conclave have never before been so much disclosed.

The sacred college, from the members of which the pope must be chosen, when complete, is composed of seventy cardinals.

These are divided into three classes: the first contains the six suburban bishops, viz. those of Veletri, Porto Santo Rufino and Civita Vecchia, Frascati, Albano, Palestrino, and Sabino; the second contains fifty cardinal-priests, among whom are found archbishops and bishops of all countries; the third contains fourteen cardinal-deacons, among which number, however, are many priests. It very rarely, if ever, happens that the number of the sacred college is full. The cardinal-dean of the sacred college is the head of the bishops, and the oldest cardinal-priest and deacon are at the head of their respective orders.

With the general account of the proceedings on these occasions we must unite some of the events which took place at the death of Pius VII., so that we may combine with the history of the new pope those particulars which are common to all elections. In the present instance it was arranged that, instead of the conclave being holden in the Vatican, the long wing of the palace of the Quirinal should be substituted. To isolate this as much as possible, the street in which that part of the palace is situated was carefully closed to the north and south, while the pope's garden wall was to be the limit of the conclave on that side; the entrance to the garden itself being prohibited to all. This curtailing of liberty and comfort was for the purpose of accelerating the election as much as possible.

On the 2nd of September, fourteen days after the death of Pius, the cardinals entered the conclave. On the 3rd, clad in the croccia, a long violet-coloured mantle, they commenced the important business of their assembling. Little, however, was done till the 14th, when most of those who lived away from Rome had arrived. About this time the Duke de Laval and the Count Appony, the ambassadors of France and Austria, went on separate days, with great pomp, to deliver letters of condolence from their respective sovereigns. These were not admitted into the immediate presence of the cardinals, but had to deliver their letters, make their speeches, and receive answers, through a grating in a wicket door; each cardinal in turn passing in review and receiving the compliments and civilities of the ambassadors. These appear to have vied with each other in the display which they made—wishing to impress upon the inhabitants the respect of these monarchs towards the Holy See; and, after the manner in which poor Pius VII. had been treated by Napoleon, it was both politic on their part, and agreeable to the citizens of Rome.

The number of which the sacred college was composed at the time of this election was only forty-nine. The cardinal-bishops were full; but instead of fifty cardinal-priests, there were but thirty-three present, and of cardinal-deacons only ten.

The explanation of the business of one day will be sufficient

for all. Unless the pope be chosen by acclamation, as were Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V., the mode of proceeding is by scrutiny, to which is added, what we must borrow their own term to express, the *accesso*. These take place in the morning and evening of each day. Previously to the scrutiny, certain printed forms are prepared, so that each vote may be given in an uniform manner; the object of this is to ease the labours of the scrutators as much as possible, as well as to prevent trickery. It seems rather disrespectful to the sacred college to mention the word trickery; but if it is not to prevent it, why are such precautions taken. Each morning the cardinals are summoned by the master of the ceremonies, ("c'est une charge très importante à Rome que celle de maître des cérémonies," says our author,) ad Capellam Domini, where, on the first day, mass is performed by the oldest cardinal, according to the date of his elevation—all partaking of the holy communion. After the first day, the sacristan, assisted by the master of the ceremonies, performs mass. This concluded, extracts are read from the bill of ceremonial of Gregory XV. A table is placed before the altar, on which are two chalices and two basins. The oath which each cardinal must take before voting is also conspicuously placed upon it. Three scrutators are then chosen from the cardinals present, and three also to wait upon those who, though present, and forming part of the conclave, may, from the infirmity of age, or from illness, be unable to leave their cells. For their votes, a small box, with an opening at the top sufficiently large to receive the paper, is prepared, and which is kept by the scrutators carefully locked. In order that our readers may be put in full possession of every thing relative to the election, we subjoin the form of the voting paper employed :—

A. Ego cardinalis .....	
B. folded	
C. seal	seal
D. Eligo in summum Pontificem Rev. Dom. meum D. cardl.....	
E. seal	seal
F. folded	
G. a number	
a passage from Scripture	

These printed forms are about eight inches long and four broad: our author has given "*le modèle exact, absolument conformé aux cédules qu'on imprime pour les conclaves,*" and from which our own is scrupulously copied. The mode of filling up this paper is as follows:—In the space A, each cardinal writes his own name after the words "*ego cardinalis.*" B is then folded down, over which C is folded, and the whole is sealed. In the space D the elector writes the name of him whom he chooses for the future pope; this is also most carefully sealed down, and the space F is folded over it. G contains a number selected by the voter, and a passage from Scripture; this is again folded down, and the remaining space is left blank. To prevent any prying eye from discovering the name within, the back of the printed form is covered with an ornamental scroll, which renders the writing illegible.

When assembled for the election, the cardinal-dean presents himself before the table, takes a printed form from the first basin, retires to one of the numerous tables disposed in different parts of the open spaces of the chapel, and fills it up according to the directions given. After him, each cardinal, according to his rank, does the same. The forms being filled up, the cardinal-dean takes his paper between two fingers only, elevates it so that it may be seen by all, walks slowly towards the altar, before which he kneels, makes a short prayer, raises himself, and reads aloud the following oath, the words of which are conspicuously placed upon the table:—

"*Testor Dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem, secundum Deum, judico eligi debere, et quod idem in accessu præstabo.*" The oath having been pronounced, he places the paper on the paten of one of the chalices, turns it from the paten into the chalice, and goes back to his place. After him those cardinals follow who have been chosen to wait upon the infirm, though they may be inferior in rank to the others; and the rest follow in order. If any cardinal be present whose infirmities are not so great as to prevent his public attendance at the conclave, but who is nevertheless unable to walk from his place, either to take the paper or to deposit it in the chalice, the last elected scrutator presents him with the necessary paper, receives it when filled up, and places it in the chalice with the same ceremonies as the rest. In the mean time, the selected persons wait upon those cardinals who are confined to their cells, receive the votes, which are carefully deposited in the box we have before mentioned, and which is brought into the chapel. It is there opened by the scrutators, the papers are collected, and if the number correspond with the complement of the sick, they are placed one

by one in the chalice. All having given their votes, the senior scrutator shakes them in the chalice, now covered with the paten, draws them out singly, counts them, and puts them into the second chalice. If the number of papers does not correspond with the number of voters, the whole are immediately burnt unopened. If all is correct, the first scrutator takes one of the papers from the chalice, breaks the seal so as to see the name in the space D, and reads it in a low voice, writes it down, and passes the paper to the second scrutator, who does the same, passing it on to the third : this last reads the name aloud. Each cardinal is furnished with a list containing every member of the sacred college, absent or present ; in this he marks opposite the name mentioned the vote which he has obtained. As soon as the last scrutator has read the name, he passes a needle, to which a piece of silk is attached, through the space D, and when all the votes are registered, ties the ends of the silk, and the whole is placed in the first chalice. If the number declared in favour of any one cardinal be equal to two thirds of the voters present in the conclave, the papers are again carefully examined, and if no error be discovered, the pope is canonically elected. But if this should not be the case, they proceed to the *accesso*. Each cardinal now takes from the second basin a paper similar to that on which he recorded his first vote, with the exception that the word "accedo" is substituted for "eligo." In filling up this paper, the name must not be that of the cardinal for whom the original vote was given, nor must any name be inserted to which there had not been at least one vote at the scrutiny. If a cardinal desire no one except him for whom he first voted, the word "nemini" is written after accedo. The same ceremonies again take place, and the number of votes at the *accesso* are added to those of the scrutiny. If the united sum equals two thirds of the voters, the election is completed. If not, all must be begun again, and the former voting papers are burnt. The inhabitants and those who take an interest in the election watch a particular chimney very carefully ; if a smoke issues from that, they know there is no election.

On the occasion of which we are now speaking, the votes at first were chiefly divided,\* between Della Somaglia, Castiglioni, Severoli, and De Gregorio : of these Severoli always had the greater number, and on the morning of the nineteenth day he had obtained twenty in the scrutiny, and six in the *accesso*. This was

\* This we know from a table given by our author, who says in his preface, p. xxv., "On trouvera dans cet ouvrage un tableau du conclave de 1825 ; c'est la première fois qu'un semblable document ainsi disposé, est publié en France, et je ne crois pas qu'on en ait jamais publié ailleurs."

approaching rapidly to the thirty-four which would have ensured his election. His expectations and his hopes were however soon destroyed. The courts of France, Spain, and Austria claim and exercise the power of excluding one candidate who may be personally objectionable; "*cette pretension d'exclusion est contestée à Rome,*" says our author, "*mais elle y est respectée.*" It is necessary, however, that this exclusion be declared before the absolute election of any cardinal, otherwise it is useless; neither can it be exercised more than once. Ostensibly France and Austria supported Castiglioni. The ambassador of the latter power finding that, on the morning of the 21st of September, Severoli had twenty-six votes, and suspecting there was a probability of his obtaining the requisite two thirds in the voting of the evening, Cardinal Albani, who represented Austria in the conclave, addressed the following note, just as the electors were proceeding to fill up the papers:—

"*En ma qualité d'ambassadeur extraordinaire d'Autriche près le Sacré Collège, réuni en conclave, laquelle qualité a été notifiée à Vos Eminences et portée à leur connoissance tant par le moyen de la lettre à elles adressée par S. M. S. et R., que par la déclaration faite à Vos Eminences par l'impérial et royal ambassadeur d'Autriche, et de plus en vertu des instructions qui m'ont été données, je remplis le devoir déplaisant pour moi de déclarer que l'impériale et royale Cour de Vienne ne peut accepter pour souverain Pontife S. Em. M. le Cardinal Sévéroli, et lui donne une exclusion formelle, ce 21 Septembre, 1823. Signé, Albani.*"—In my quality of ambassador extraordinary of Austria at the sacred college assembled in conclave, which quality has been notified to their Eminences, and brought to their knowledge, both by the letter addressed to them by his imperial and royal Majesty, as well as by the declaration made to their Eminences by the imperial and royal ambassador of Austria, and, moreover, by virtue of instructions which have been given to me, I perform the unpleasing duty of declaring that the imperial and royal court of Vienna cannot accept as sovereign pontiff his Eminence Cardinal Severoli, and gives him a formal exclusion.—(Vol. I. p. 66.)

The excitement and anger caused by the exclusion of Severoli,\* were fatal to the interests of Castiglioni, whom it was meant to serve: this was shown by the decreased number of votes given to him. On the morning of the exclusion he had seventeen votes, in the evening only ten. From the 21st to the 28th of September, a series of solicitations and intrigues was carried on; but on the morning of that day, chiefly through the influence of

\* It was once proposed that Cardinal Fesch should be put in serious nomination, in order to secure the exclusion of France for him, and thus prevent any future exercise of the power against Consalvi. This, however, after some angry discussion, was abandoned.



the French cardinals, the votes in favour of Della Genga, who, for the first eighteen days, had never exceeded the number of five, and till that day had reached only sixteen, amounted to thirty-four. After the scrutiny had been confirmed, the election was complete. Della Somaglia and the Chancellor Pacca approached Della Genga, and the former thus addressed him:—"Acceptasne electionem de te canonice factam in summum pontificem?" After a slight refusal, on account of his infirmities, which was soon overruled, he accepted his election. Being asked what name he chose, he selected that of Leo, and was saluted as Leo XII.; this choice was contrary to the usual custom, which is for the new pope to take the name of him who created him cardinal. After the usual undressing and dressing, and putting on the fisherman's ring, the cardinals paid their homage, and permission was asked to make the public annunciation of their choice. This was received with loud acclamations by the assembled multitudes, and was speedily proclaimed through the city by the firing of cannons and by the ringing of the bells in all the churches. In the evening the pope repaired to the Sistine Chapel, where he received the second homage, or adoration, as it is called, of the cardinals. After various ceremonies he pronounces his first public benediction from the steps of the altar. The earliest act of power on the part of Leo, exercised even during the first homage of the cardinals, was to nominate Della Somaglia secretary of state, in the place of the hitherto powerful Consalvi: the new pope in this instance showed that he had not altogether forgotten Paris, and the slight put upon him when archbishop of Tyre. It seemed to hint also that the former liberal views of the late secretary would be entirely changed, for Somaglia was one of the most zealous of the zelanti. This removal of Consalvi was deeply resented by some of the most eminent and powerful men at Rome, both citizens and foreigners, who appear to have done all they could to render the post not a very pleasing one to Della Somaglia. Consalvi was appointed secretary of briefs and head of the Consulta, a board established for sanatory purposes. Our author mentions, that at one of the official masses, Consalvi, as cardinal-deacon, had to bear the sacred chalice to the pope.

"On ne peut pas dissimuler," continues he, "que des Protestans, présens à la cérémonie, semblèrent chercher à découvrir dans les traits du pape et de l'ancien ministre, quelques traces d'émotion et des souvenirs humains de tant d'efforts de l'opposition pour favoriser naguère un autre choix, et peut-être ailleurs des joies de triomphe; mais le visage du pape étoit calme et bienveillant, celui du cardinal satisfait et soumis, tous en même temps absorbés dans la grandeur du mystère sacré."—It cannot be concealed that some Protestants present at the

ceremony seemed to search the features both of the pope and of the ex-minister for some traces of emotion, and some human recollections of so many efforts of opposition lately employed to favour another choice ; and, on one side, perhaps, the exultation of success ; but the countenance of the pope was calm and benevolent, that of the cardinal contented and resigned ; both at the same time absorbed in the vastness of the sublime mystery.

We believe most fully that M. Artaud de Montor is wrong in this assertion, and that no Protestant would give either pope or cardinal credit, on such an occasion, for indulging feelings either of triumph or of mortification.

We will proceed no further with the ceremonies connected with the enthronement of the pope, except to lay before our readers the public declaration of his belief in the *intercession of saints*, and the *efficacy of the prayers and merits of the Virgin Mary*, as involved in the following words :—"Sancti apostoli Petrus et Paulus, de quorum potestate, et auctoritate confidimus, ipsi intercedant pro nobis ad Dominum. Precibus et meritis beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis, beati Michaelis archangeli, beati Joannis Baptistæ, et SS. apostolum Petri et Pauli, et omnium sanctorum, &c. &c."—"May the holy apostles Peter and Paul, on whose power and authority we rely, themselves intercede for us with God. And for the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, always a virgin—of the blessed archangel Michael—of the blessed John the Baptist, and the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of all saints, &c. &c."—(Vol. I. p. 88.)

The first year of the pontificate of Leo XII. threatened to be the last ; an illness seized him which the delicacy of his constitution rendered most alarming. A new election seemed at hand, and the latter end of the year 1823 saw Rome as full of intrigue, and the foreign ambassadors as busy, as if the pope were really dead, and the conclave preparing for its session. A dispatch from the Duke de Laval,—(Vol. I. p. 159,)—which is too long for insertion, displays the spirit which pervaded the whole body of the cardinals, as well as the representatives of foreign sovereigns. The zelanti, the party most anxious for the restoration of the authority of the church, embracing a policy well fitted for their views, were very strong ; but still France seemed to promise to herself,—at least the Duke de Laval encouraged her hope,—great influence in the supposed approaching election. "Si elle le veut, la France sera puissante au conclave."—(Vol. I. p. 162.) Consalvi was still thought of importance, "il n'a pas pris de couleur," says the Duke de Laval ; his health, however, was now far from strong, and his time seemed fully occupied in the trifling duties of his office, and in conversations with Thorwaldsen on the sub-

ject of the monument which he was about to erect to the memory of his friend and benefactor. After a while he retired to Portofino for the sake of better air, and to avoid discussions relative to the conclave. This, however, was not yet to be, nor was Consalvi ever again to take part in the business of an election.

The health of Leo XII., to the surprise of all, was sufficiently restored to enable him to transact some official business, and he sought an interview with Consalvi, who immediately left his retreat for the apartments of the pope. The conversation, of which some of the heads are given by the Duke de Laval, relate to several matters of the highest consequence to the court of Rome. There are two or three points which we cannot refrain from quoting.

“Votre Sainteté aura quelque peine à faire oublier par Louis XVIII. le voyage de Pie VII. à Paris : mais le frère du roi ne connaît pas ce voyage, ou l’a oublié. Il faut devenir l’ami le plus intime du frère du roi.”—“Nous n’avons pu sous Pie VII. célébrer le Jubilé—le terme est bien près ; il faut annoncer le Jubilé en 1824, et le célébrer en 1825 ; il y aura des obstacles de toute nature ; moi-même j’ai comme promis de m’opposer à cette mesure, si on me consulte ; mais un pape comme vous n’a pas à penser comme moi. Ne cédez pas si vous croyez le Jubilé indispensable à la religion.”—“*Il faut relativement à la Russie une circonspection qui ne dorme pas un seul jour.*”—“Your holiness will have some difficulty in making Louis XVIII. forget the journey of Pius VII. to Paris ; but the king’s brother is unacquainted with this journey, or has forgotten it. You must become the most intimate friend of the king’s brother.”—“We were not able under Pius VII. to celebrate the jubilee, the period is very near ; the jubilee must be announced in 1824, and celebrated in 1825 ; there will be obstacles of every kind ; I myself have in a manner promised to oppose the measure if I am consulted ; but a pope like you has not to think as I have. Do not give way if you believe the jubilee indispensable to religion.”—“As to Russia you must use a watchfulness which ought not to slumber for a single day.”—(Vol. I. pp. 167, 169.)

The days of this strong-minded cardinal were now fast drawing to a close ; he caused himself to be conveyed to the palace of the Consulta, where, sensible of his danger, he desired Castiglioni, the grand penitentiary, to obtain for him the papal blessing. Leo XII. was deeply affected at the message—he had just received bad news of the health of a favourite sister ; “Je n’y tiens plus, la mort me presse de tous côtés ; ma sœur que j’aime tant ! le Cardinal Consalvi à l’extrémité ! Comment souffrir tant d’afflictions !”—(Vol. I. p. 175.)

The health of the pope in the mean time was slowly but gradually amending, and his attention to public affairs became proportionably greater. To the surprise and discomfort of Somaglia,

Leo corresponded with many persons, both at home and abroad, without consulting him. The confidant in all these matters was the secretary of Consalvi,—thus paying, by this selection, the highest possible compliment to the talents and policy of the deceased cardinal.

The loss of Consalvi was severely felt by the Romish Church; but for him, Rome probably would have ceased even to occupy her present diminutive position. Deeply as we should have regretted to see her removed from Christendom, we must say her recall to power being attended by the return of the Jesuits to Rome, from which the wise Ganganelli had expelled them, and who is reported to have fallen a victim to this deed of mercy equally to Rome and mankind—their recall after thirty-seven expulsions from nearly every kingdom of the earth—her complete resumption of her antient attitude—her concealed but yet assured design for the revival of the Inquisition—these form fearful drawbacks on her rise to life. She has now, however, the opportunity in Ireland of silencing the factious priestly rebels. A report is prevalent that she has interfered with that arch-rebel, Dr. Higgins, which, however, we fear is untrue. She has the opportunity of showing the sovereigns of Europe that she is no disturber of the principles of kingly rule and of subject obedience. If she let it pass, it will never again return; and it is the only measure in her power to show her respect for the law of the Scriptures, and to conciliate to her the surest supporter of her temporal power. Were England so disposed, Austria could not stop her from putting an end to the Popedom. Italy alone will one day do it. *Verbum sat vel Papæ.*

Three other deaths took place at Rome this year; the rank, character, and talents of the parties widely different—the Infanta of Spain, (Duchess of Lucca, formerly Queen of Etruria), Miss Bathurst, and the Duchess of Devonshire. The former had been confined by Buonaparte in a convent of Dominicans, and at her death, by way of showing respect to those with whom she had so long dwelt, she was, according to the abominable and revolting custom of the country, exposed to the public gaze on an immense catafalque, dressed in the habit of a Dominican. The lamentable loss of Miss Bathurst, so young, so talented, so amiable, and so beautiful, caused a sensation of such deep and general sorrow, as has scarcely ever been felt. The subject is too well known and too painful to dwell upon. The Duchess of Devonshire shortly followed, full of years, and greatly beloved for her charities, hospitality, and her love and patronage of literature and the fine arts. These events seem to have affected the pope, whose health was still continuing to improve. On the 5th of

May, 1824, he published his encyclical letter, in which we find the following passage on the translation and distribution of the Holy Scriptures :—

“ Vous n'ignorez pas, vénérables frères, qu'une société vulgairement dit Biblique se répand audacieusement par toute la terre, et qu'au mépris des traditions des Saints Pères et contre le célèbre décret du concile de Trente, elle tend, de toutes ses forces, et par tous les moyens, à traduire ou plutôt à corrompre les Saintes Ecritures, dans les langues vulgaires de toutes les nations ; ce que donne un juste sujet de crainte qu'il n'en arrive dans toutes les autres traductions, comme dans celles qui sont déjà connues, savoir : Qu'on y trouve, par une mauvaise interprétation, au lieu de l'Evangile du Christ, l'Evangile de l'homme, ou, ce qui est pire, l'Evangile du démon.”—“ You are not ignorant, venerable fathers, that a society, commonly called the Bible Society, spreads itself audaciously over all the earth ; and that in despite of the traditions of the holy fathers, and contrary to the celebrated decree of the council of Trent, it is striving with all its power, and by every means, to translate, or rather to corrupt, the Holy Scripture into the common languages of all nations ; which excites a just cause of fear lest there should be in other translations what there is in those already known, viz. that instead of the Gospel of Christ, we should find, in consequence of a bad interpretation, the Gospel of man, or what is worse, the Gospel of the Devil.”—(Vol. I. p. 206.)

We leave this without comment. Twelve days after this, by way of pendant to the above, the brief in favour of the Jesuits was published. Leo XII. restored to them the Church of St. Ignatius, the college, the museum (largely stripped of its valuables by the French), the library, and the observatory ; he further assigned to them the sum of twelve thousand Roman crowns annually, and accorded to them the privilege of conferring the degrees of doctor in theology and in arts. “ M. le Cardinal Pacca étoit chargé de mettre les Pères en possession du collège dans le mois d'Octobre, afin qu'ils pussent commencer leurs leçons en Novembre, sous les auspices de la Sainte Vierge et des autres saints.”—(Vol. I. p. 210.) Besides these marks of his favour, he wished yet further to increase their influence and their numbers ; for this purpose he gave them a villa at Tivoli, which was to be occupied by them as a school for the young nobility of Rome, the scheme of tuition being entirely under their direction and control. In this year also the brief was published, which announced that the jubilee would be held in 1825, and that the holy doors would be opened. In 1800, the proper year for its observance, Pius VII. had been unwilling to issue the necessary bull, which he knew would be unavailing. On this occasion the pope and the zelanti were exceedingly anxious for its celebra-

tion ; but, says our author, "Quant aux opinions des conseillers de Léon XII., elles n'étoient pas toutes aussi déterminées que celle du pape."—(Vol. I. p. 366.) We have already recorded the opinion of Consalvi ; the governor of Rome, the treasurer, and the representatives of many of the foreign courts, were adverse to the measure. The pope, however, was resolved, "Si dirà quel che si dirà ; si ha da far il Giubbileo,"—(p. 369),—was his assertion ; and we are further informed, "qu'il prenoit tous les jours devant Dieu, dans le saint sacrifice de la messe, l'engagement d'accomplir l'œuvre de l'année sainte."—(Vol. I. p. 401.) A brief,\* notifying the intended celebration, was drawn up with the greatest care, undergoing the repeated revisions of the pontiff, and was finally sent forth to the world.

The history of the first jubilee, which took place in 1300, during the pontificate of Boniface VIII., is involved in considerable obscurity. The personal feelings which Dante entertained towards this pope, he took no care to dissemble. He represents Pope Nicholas III. as buried head downward in hell, there awaiting the arrival of Boniface VIII., to be thrust still deeper. A clear intimation, as this was the mode of burial assigned to murderers, that he believed both popes to labour under that imputation. Dante calls Boniface, in the 27th Canto of the "*Inferno*," "The prince of modern Pharisees." But Clement the Fifth was to thrust Boniface down deeper still upon Nicholas. Of him Guicciardini says, "he was a good pope ;" but adds, "I do not mean apostolical goodness ; for in these days *he was esteemed a good pope that did not exceed the wickedness of the worst of men.*" What a canto is this 19th of Dante ! What daring boldness did it require to write the lines !—

"Di sott' al capo mio son gli altri tratti,  
Che precedetter me simoneggiando," &c.

"Hid 'neath my head in durance vile, are now  
Those who before me practised simony,  
Within the stony fissure dragg'd below ;  
And in my turn I downward shall descend,  
When he arrives whom I took thee to be,  
What time I made so sudden a demand.  
— After him, more impious and unjust,  
Shall come a lawless shepherd from the west,  
By whom still deeper shall we both be thrust."

*Infern. XIX.*

Not the least remarkable point, and one to which we beg to

\* The difference between a bull and a brief may not be generally known to our readers ; they are of equal authority, but the former has the leaden seal attached, whereas the latter is sealed with the fisherman's ring.

direct the attention of M. Artaud de Montor, who knows Dante well, as we have shown in a previous article, is the application of Rev. xviii. 2, 3, to the corruptions of the Roman Church. But to return to Boniface and the jubilee. Whatever may have been the cause, in the beginning of the year above-mentioned, an immense number of persons, from all parts of Europe, assembled at Rome, to offer their prayers at St. Peter's, present their oblations, and receive the papal benediction. A similar occurrence was said to have taken place at the commencement of the previous century. The pope, who of course reverences tradition, called together some of the oldest men, and heard from them that there was a report that there had been such an assembling at the time spoken of; and on this tradition the jubilee was founded. Villani states, that at the celebration under Boniface, upwards of 200,000 pilgrims visited the holy city. Dante alludes to this great throng in the following lines:—

“Come i Roman, per l' esercito molto  
L'anno del giubbileo, su per lo ponte  
Hanno a passar la gente modo tolto;  
Che dall' un lato tutti hanno la fronte  
Verso 'l castello, e vanno a Santo Pietro;  
Dall' altra sponda vanno verso 'l monte.”

“So o'er the bridge the concourse to convey,  
Which flocks the year of Jubilee to Rome,  
Means are devised to form a double way,  
That on the one side, all preserve in front  
The Castle, to St. Peter's as they throng—  
All on the other, journey to the Mount.”

*Infern. XVIII.*

During the time of the jubilee, as Dante shows in this extract, Boniface divided the bridge of St. Angelo by a partition, so that on one side all had before them the Castle of Adrian, and on the other Mount Aventine. He issued a bull, granting full and complete pardon for all sins to any one who should visit the churches of Rome once every day, during the space of fifteen days for strangers, and thirty for the Romans. The great alms collected appear to have been the chief inducement of this follower of Simon Magus. Ventura relates that 2,000,000 persons attended in 1300, which, as the pilgrims are stated to have alone equalled 200,000, is not improbable. The pope, he adds, received an immense sum of money, since two priests stood, day and night, holding rakes in their hands, and raking together money without end. The indulgence Boniface designed to be centenary. An observance which must have been productive of so much benefit to the revenues of the Church of St. Peter, and to those of Rome itself,

was too good to be discontinued. The advantages were felt and appreciated by the shrewd pontiff, who arranged, as far as he could, for the celebration of the next. This took place under Clement VI.; but he, in the second year after its conclusion, directed the jubilee should be every fifty years; alleging as a reason for the change, that the interval of a hundred years was so great, that many pious persons must be prevented from participating in the invaluable benefits and blessings attendant upon the indulgences granted. Urban VI., by a bull, dated April, 1386, fixed the term at thirty-three years, (making the period correspond with the time of our Saviour's dwelling upon earth); and, for the last change, under Sixtus IV., it was appointed to take place every twenty-five years. In 1500, Alexander VI. introduced the custom of commencing the ceremonies of the jubilee by opening what was called the holy door, which was kept carefully walled up from jubilee to jubilee. The bull itself is too long for insertion, but we recommend it to the perusal of those of our readers, if there be any such, who require to be shown how unaltered are the doctrines of papal Rome, and how futile must any attempt be to effect a union with a church, which holds unchanged and unmodified the same opinions which she held when the mercy of God raised up those who saw her errors, exposed them to an astonished world, combated and defeated them, and finally left her communion—and how unprotestantized indeed we must become before we can even approach to her. “*Tendimus in Latium*,” is a cry not perhaps needlessly raised in these times, because it becomes the vigilant watchman to give the first warning even of seeming danger; but still we fear not: some, whose bounden duty it is to stand up manfully for our church, and for her doctrines, may, by keen subtilties, weaken what they ought to make firm—and some may even fall away. There are, however, left, many a seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal; this number is maintaining its law of increase instead of decrease. The novelties and the arrogance will pass away, and leave with us only a feeling of regret that such things should have been. Let the heads of our church be all as firm as some have shown themselves, and as all ought, without attempting to revive, bereft as they are of the church's sanction, the obnoxious canons of 1640, which cost King Charles and Archbishop Laud their lives; let them shun the evil of a formalist church, and all will yet be well.

So much of M. Artaud de Montor's book is filled with briefs, dispatches and letters, interesting only to members of his own church, and of importance but to few, that we must necessarily pass over a large part of his work without notice. One para-



graph, a postscript of a letter to Louis XVIII., is perhaps worthy of a smile. After a long dispatch, the following P.S. is added, de la main du pape. "Que votre Majesté use d'indulgence, si nous n'avons pas écrit entièrement cette lettre de notre propre main ! Nous avons à cause de sa longueur et de notre malheureuse écriture, préféré la dicter et la faire écrire par une main sûre et d'une bonne écriture, pour la moindre gêne et la plus grande commodité de vôtre majesté."—"We trust your majesty will excuse us for not having written the whole of this letter with our own pen. We have, both on account of its length and of our own wretched writing, preferred to dictate it and cause it to be written by a sure hand and in a good character, for the less trouble and greater convenience of your majesty."—(Vol. I. p. 239.)

Between the publication of the bull for the jubilee and its commencement, little of importance occurred at Rome. The news indeed of the death of Louis XVIII. reached the pope, and from the very cool manner in which it was received by Leo, we must either conclude that the pope was ungrateful, or that our author must have dozed when he penned the account. Louis had shown particular civility and personal kindness to the pope on his ill-judged visit to Paris when archbishop of Tyre, and it was through French influence mainly, that his election was secured ; and yet all he is reported to have said upon the occasion is—"Comment ! vous n'avez pas de meilleures nouvelles à nous apporter !"

The year of the jubilee at length arrived ; the holy doors were opened with great pomp, and the whole ceremonies of the commencement most carefully observed—pilgrims flocked from all quarters, and were received with a hospitality equal to any of former years ; and during the period of its continuance, there were lodged at the Hospice de la Trinité 23,090 men and 15,754 women.—(Vol. II. p. 137.)

It would be hardly correct to omit, though our author does not mention the fact that at the washing of the pilgrims' feet, that pious Roman Catholic, Don Miguel, was most assiduously busied.

Besides the celebration of the jubilee, the year 1825 afforded Leo XII. an opportunity of renewing a long disused custom of the court of Rome ; this was to send the *Berettone* and the *Stocco* to the Duke d'Angoulême, who, in consequence of the expedition into Spain, is dignified with the title of the Conqueror of Cadiz. The *Berettone* is a hat shaped like those worn in the middle ages, and the *Stocco* is a sword of state ; they are neither of them worn by the person to whom they are given, but are

carried in state before him. They are never given—(Vol. II. pp. 43, 44)—to any but generals who have distinguished themselves in important actions. They were bestowed upon John of Austria after the battle of Lepanto—on Sobieski after the rescue of Vienna—and on Prince Eugene for his crowning victory over the Turks, and to these was now to be added the Dauphin of France. To the Duchess d'Angoulême the pope sent the silver hammer with which he had opened the holy door; and to the Duchess de Berri some agate cameos, and two relics,—the one *a piece of the wood of the sacred manger*, and the other a piece of the tomb of the holy Apostle.

That no power or privilege of the holy see might be left unexercised during his short pontificate, we find—(Vol. II. pp. 89, 90)—Leo pronouncing the decree of beatification\* on three members of his church, for each of whom medals were struck, “*qui rappeloient les vertus du bienheureux, et les miracles opérés par son intercession.*”—(Vol. II. p. 92.)

The time had now arrived when the holy year had reached its termination, and when the sacred door must again be closed. On the 24th of December, the pope, accompanied by a number of cardinals, walked in grand procession to St. Peter's. We will pass over the graver business of the veneration paid to the relics, and the adoration of the host, and proceed to the mummeries—for what else can they be called?—performed on the building up of the holy door. Having come to the spot, the pope ascended his throne till the dignitaries and others in attendance had arranged themselves according to their ranks and duties. He then descended, —blessed the mortar and tiles about to be used,—was girded with an apron by the master of the ceremonies,—knelt down upon the sill of the door,—received from the cardinal grand penitentiary a silver trowel,—placed some mortar on the middle of the sill, saying (we give the very words, Vol. II. p. 138)—“*En foi et vertu de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, fils du Dieu vivant;*”—then placing a second trowel of mortar to the right,—“*qui a dit au prince des apôtres, tu es Pierre;*”—then doing the same to the left, adds,—“*et sur cette pierre je batirai mon église.*” Laying a brick upon each piece of mortar, he says of the first, “*Nous plaçons cette pierre première;*”—of the second, “*pour fermer cette porte sainte;*”—of the third, “*qui doit être ouverte chaque année du jubilé.*” Then, after depositing some medals,

\* In order that the word beatification in the Roman Catholic Church may be properly understood by our readers, we give the explanation of it from the Dictionnaire de l'Académie:—“*Acte par lequel le pape déclare qu'une personne dont la vie a été sainte et accompagnée de quelque miracles, jouit après sa mort du bonheur éternel.*”

a hymn is chanted, and he re-ascends his throne, throws off the apron, washes his hands in some water presented to him by the Prince de Gravina, wipes them with a towel given him by the senior priest, and the ceremony concludes with responses and prayers.—(Vol. II. p. 138.) The crossing and genuflections almost at every other word, we have omitted. We have dwelt upon this and other observances practised at Rome, that our readers may perceive the expansion of that religious atmosphere which the *British Critic* so unceasingly extols. When the owl and the eagle take one common flight, then will the children of light consort with this offspring of gloom, superstition, and bigotry. Rome must be worked up to Protestantism, not Protestantism debased to her decrepit childishness. One superstition more, and we have done. In the year 1826, an Iroquois chieftain of the name of Teoracaron, accompanied by a priest, visited Rome. The pope received him with marks of great distinction, and on his departure made him many presents, among which was “*un corps saint qui seroit transporté dans une église de son pays.*”—(Vol. II. p. 185.)

The health of Leo XII., which had always been a source of anxiety to his friends, was gradually becoming more feeble, though his attention to the duties of his station continued unabated. In the beginning of February, 1829, in the sixth year of his pontificate, and in the 69th year of his age, he was conscious that his career was nearly run. The subject which naturally most occupied his thoughts, was the approaching emancipation of the Roman Catholics of Ireland; but the news of this event, which has so lamentably disappointed those who had hoped the best from it, he was not destined to receive. The Marquis of Waterford has apparently found it anything but a source of tranquillization. The Irish are even too much for the somewhat uproarious marquis himself, and Tipperary seems to preserve its ancient character, of a spot where landlords are bagged as fast as partridges. We cannot refrain from quoting some remarks of our author relative to this act,—what, in his opinion, was the cause, and what have already been the effects, and what further consequences he anticipates:—

“On se demande aujourd'hui d'où vient le Puséyisme; on se demande d'où part cette doctrine d'Oxford, par laquelle tant de professeurs savans, et de bonne foi, semblent dire ‘Tendimus in Latium;’ on se demande à quoi il faut attribuer ce retour. Le premier ébranlement fut donné au commencement de ce siècle, lors du séjour à Rome de Lord Hervey, Comte de Bristol, évêque protestant de Derry, père d'Elizabeth Duchesse de Devonshire.”—“A question is asked at the present time whence came Puseyism, and from what source the Oxford

doctrine arises by which so many learned and sincere professors seem to say, 'We are going towards Rome.' It is asked to what we can assign this change? The first movement was made at the beginning of the century during the residence at Rome of Lord Hervey, Earl of Bristol, Protestant bishop of Derry, father of Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire."

Few of our readers, we imagine, will ascribe much influence to the conduct of that eccentric being; his strange vagaries would rather have had a tendency to throw disrepute upon the religion which he professed, than to benefit any other. In this he somewhat resembles the fraternization of Dr. Wiseman\* with the Ultra Puseyites, which appears too like a bear's hug, or, we regret to say, a Spanish *réunion*, to excite pleasure in the recipient. "En 1808, les déclarations de Pie VII. sur l'état de la religion catholique en Irlande furent plutôt agréables que dangereuses pour le ministère Anglais. En 1814, les Anglais abondèrent à Rome: Consalvi les accueillit avec une singulière faveur: on construisit dans la Chapelle Sixtine des échafaudages immenses, pour qu'un grand nombre des femmes Anglaises assistassent à nos cérémonies de la semaine sainte."—"In 1808, the declarations of Pius VII. on the state of the catholic religion in Ireland were pleasing rather than alarming to the English ministry. In 1814, the English swarmed at Rome: Consalvi treated them with particular attention. Spacious galleries were erected in the Sistine Chapel to enable the English ladies to witness the ceremonies of the holy week."—Though we are not disposed to ascribe quite so much as M. Artaud de Montor does to the last mentioned circumstance, yet there is some weight in it. One would suppose that a residence at the very seat of error, with a constant opportunity of seeing it in operation, would have the effect of creating an increased abhorrence of it. In a well regulated mind, where a solid foundation of truth has been laid, such must be the result; but where there is no such foundation, the consequences are far different. The pomp and pageantry, the rich dresses, the stately processions, attract and please the eye, while the ear is delighted with the exquisite music of the services; and thus the senses become to a certain degree enlisted in its favour. Thus does a religion

\* We are rather surprised that one so cunning—one selected to give Mr. Sibthorp satisfaction on all doubtful points—should have committed the imprudence of writing to the Pusey party. We know Rome feels this a false step, and that the approach of Dr. Wiseman to the papacy has been lessened many degrees by this imprudent and premature exposition—a point which the Bishop of Rochester has justly seized, and which has caused great searching of hearts amid the few Reubenites who would leave the fold of Judah.

which abounds so much in gaudy shows, and in which outward form seems to usurp the place of inward devotion, become at first tolerated, and we fear subsequently admired by those who gladly prefer any external observance as a substitute for inward purity and holiness of mind. We know several instances, and doubtless others may be supplied, where a long residence in Roman Catholic countries has been productive of this sad result. "Pendant ce temps-là Mgr. Poynter, évêque de Londres, étoit connu pour n'agir qu'avec une circonspection digne des plus grands éloges : l'Europe connoissoit le zèle impétueux de M. O'Connell ; voilà les circonstances dans lesquelles on publioit une déclaration d'évêques et une adresse de catholiques les plus distingués par leur rang. Tous ces faits s'enchainent ; ils doivent amener le grand acte de l'émancipation, et l'acte d'émancipation dispose les docteurs Anglois les plus savans à considérer leur position, à douter de leurs droits, à désirer une réunion qui apporte la paix, le bon ordre, la confiance, et le flambeau de la vérité au milieu de tant de dissidences ténébreuses qui désolent depuis trois siècles le Christianisme."—"During this time M. Poynter, (titular) bishop of London, conducted himself in a manner deserving the highest praise : Europe knew the fiery zeal of M. O'Connell. Under these circumstances there was published a declaration of the bishops, and an address of those catholics most elevated in rank. All these facts are connected : they could not fail of bringing on the great act of emancipation, and the act of emancipation disposes the most learned of the English teachers to consider their position, to doubt of their rights, to desire a reunion which would bring peace, good order, confidence, and the light of truth in the midst of so many schisms which have afflicted Christianity for three centuries past."—(Vol. II. p. 212, *seqq.*) Whatever may be the results of the passing of that act, we feel assured that these expectations were never more remote from realization than at the present moment. How can it be otherwise, when Rome seems like the Veiled Prophet, cursed with a desire to inflict on us every hideous anti-christian, anti-church feature, and almost to drive us on the denunciation of her apostacy from the faith in many matters, and to the exposition of her schismatic pretences to rule both in England and Ireland ? But to return to Leo XII. : on the 8th of February, he requested that the last rites of religion might be administered to him ; and on the morning of the 10th, after having remained many hours in a state of unconsciousness, he breathed his last. His epitaph, composed by himself, was found among his papers ; and it is somewhat singular, that he who arrogated to himself the title of the head of the church of Christ on earth, should have left as a memorial of

himself, and which he meant to descend to future generations, an inscription in which no trace of Christianity can be found :—

“ LEONI MAGNO  
PATRONO CŒLESTI  
ME SUPPLEX COMMENDANS,  
HIC APUD SACROS CINERES  
LOCUM SEPULTURÆ ELEGI  
LEO XII., HUMILIS CLIENS,  
HÆREDUM TANTI NOMINIS  
MINIMUS.”

The “*Deo erexit Voltaire*” had certainly, with all its false boast, and Pharisaical righteousness, at least the merit of the mightiest name. The curse of the intercessory character given to man hangs around Rome to the last, whether in life or even death—nay, even beyond death. We say this in sorrow rather than in anger; we deeply regret the fatal sin that seems, almost like a judicial infatuation, to hang around Rome, and which alone will prevent any union, until she purify herself of her pollution and her plagues. Who obstructs Catholic union? *Ecclesia Romana*. *Quantum mutata ab antiqua luce, ab primitiva veritate!*

ART. IV.—*Reise durch Russland nach dem Kaukasischen Isthmus.* (Journey through Russia to the Caucasian Isthmus.)  
Von Karl Koch. 2 vols. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1843.

THE Caucasian Isthmus, as it has, of late years, in Germany, become fashionable to designate the countries situated between the Caspian and the Black Sea, though not now so much a *terra incognita* and land of fable as it was to the ancients, may still be looked on as a very imperfectly explored region; and the work of a German professor of great erudition, who, after spending two years in exploring the country, and four more in preparing two goodly volumes for the press, comes forward to entertain us with the result of his observations and researches, can scarcely fail to be received with a strong feeling of interest and curiosity. Many circumstances contribute to heighten this feeling. Sacred and profane history point alike to the Caucasus, and the adjoining plains, as the theatre of events of the highest interest to mankind at large; while poetry has chosen the same regions as the scene of many of those fables of classic antiquity, amid whose lovely mists the early history of civilization so gracefully veils herself from our view. These fables were naturally placed in regions

respecting which the inventive chroniclers of infant Greece felt least apprehensive of being tutored by their auditors ; and few countries, in this respect, were better suited to the poet than those which stretched away from the eastern coast of the Black Sea. Their existence was, indeed, known,<sup>†</sup> and their ports, no doubt, were occasionally visited by the adventurous trader ; but a fatal climate, added to the ferocity of the mountain tribes, sufficed to deter strangers from venturing into the interior, and the chronicler might give the reins to his imagination, without any danger of being rebuked for the extravagance of his statements.

Of the geography of this part of Asia the ancients had the most confused ideas. This may be seen from the strange routes by which the Argonauts are stated to have returned from Colchis to Greece. The Caspian Sea, though described with tolerable accuracy by Herodotus, was by the later geographers of Greece and Rome believed to be a part of the great northern ocean,—an error which remained uncorrected till the days of Ptolemy ; nay, even in modern times, so little was known respecting this portion of the Old World, that, until a survey of the mighty lake had been made by order of Peter the Great, the Caspian was supposed to extend in length from East to West, in which manner it will be found laid down in all maps of an antecedent date. It was only when the countries around the Caucasus acquired a political importance in the eyes of the Russian government, that Europe began to obtain authentic information respecting them.

Within the last ten years the Caucasus has been invested, for the world at large, with a new interest. We have seen a nation of mountaineers, who, though at various periods of their history they had yielded a kind of feudal homage to the several empires that had successively risen, flourished, and declined around them, yet had never owned a foreign sovereign, nor had ever been ruled by any code but the oral decisions of their assembled elders, promulgated to meet a passing emergency. This nation, and the land which they inhabit, we have seen handed over, by a sovereign who never exercised power over them, to a sovereign who, with immense resources of every kind at his command, has not yet been able to subject them to his rule. He has harassed them, indeed, by frequent inroads, he has isolated them from the rest of mankind by erecting forts at the entrance to their several valleys, he has reduced their numbers by a sanguinary system of warfare, and he has visited their homes with famine by periodical forays to lay waste their harvest fields and carry off their cattle ; nevertheless, after a war of ten years, waged with the same systematic cruelty that characterizes the *razzias* of the French in Algiers, we still behold the Circassians as resolute in their re-

sistance as on the first day when they were surprised by the intelligence, that a sultan, who had never been their master, had given them away to an emperor whom they were resolved never to obey.

In a struggle of this nature the sympathy of mankind can be engaged only on one side. When we see a dwarf doing battle against a colossal antagonist, however little doubt we may entertain respecting the issue of the contest, our wishes and feelings can scarcely fail to be with the weaker of the two combatants. It would be so even were the justice of the cause doubtful; how much more, when the avowed object of the struggle is to subject to the will of the most arbitrary government in the world, a race of men who have enjoyed their wild freedom since the remotest period reached by the annals of history. It will not do to tell us that the Circassians are "mere semi-barbarians, whose darling occupation is robbery and plunder, and who seem to be radically deficient in most of the *requisites necessary* to form a civilized and flourishing community;" nor, that "their subjugation, by a civilized government, will be a material service to the cause of humanity;"\* every man of generous feeling turns with indignant disgust from a decision as false as it is ungenerous, and despises equally the *liberal* (!) effusion, and the slip-slop style in which it is penned. A high degree of civilization, we are aware, has not yet shed its softening influence over the mountaineers of the Caucasus; and their notions of *meum* and *tuum*, with respect to the cattle grazing on the lowlands beyond the Kuban and Terek, are not more refined than were those of many of our own Highland chiefs a century and a half ago; but we should as soon, on that account, have thought of devoting our own brave Celts to extermination or colonial slavery, by way of correcting their morals, as we should wish to see the Caucasus "tranquillized" by the deadly influence of Russian discipline. Nay, it may even be doubted whether the people of the plains, if left to themselves, would not find an occasional foray from the hills a less evil than that security which Russia boasts she has given to the tribes that consent to live in vassalage under her sceptre. Even in the work before us, written throughout in the most friendly spirit possible to Russia, abundant proofs may be found that the military civilization, brought by Cossack lances into the Caucasian Isthmus, is any thing but an unqualified blessing.

Dr. Charles Koch, Professor of Natural History at the University of Jena, seems to have long entertained an ardent desire to

\* *Vide* M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, vol. i. p. 612 and 614,—a work which, though it contains many well written articles, is, upon the whole, a very unequal compilation, and far from deserving the popularity for which it stands indebted to an over-friendly press.



visit the Caucasus, with a view to botanical and geological investigations, and, in 1836, circumstances permitted him to carry his contemplated expedition into execution. He left Jena in May, and passing through St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the country of the Cossacks of the Don, he reached Stavropol, the capital of Ciscaucasia, on the 22nd of August. He visited the principal towns occupied by the Russians, along the Kuban and Terek, crossed the Caucasus by the Pass of Dariel, where the road, it seems, has been so much improved by the Russians, that, at the cost of a few accidents to wheels and axletrees, a light carriage *may* travel along it, and arrive in perfect safety at Tiflis, though not without being frequently tormented on the road by the fear of being picked up and carried away into the mountains by some roving party of hostile Circassians, of whom our author appears frequently to have heard very terrible tales, that effectually deterred him from seeking their nearer acquaintance.

Tiflis became the professor's head-quarters, whence he made excursions in all directions as far as Russian protection appeared likely to afford him security. He visited Imeria, Mingrelia, Grusia, and Armenia; saw something of the Russian forts along the Black Sea; crossed the Turkish frontier to examine the ruins of Ani, once the capital of a mighty empire, but now presenting nothing to interest the traveller, but the recollection of its former greatness; and he even ventured occasionally into parts of the highlands, occupied by tribes that, for the time at least, were not at open hostility with the Russians. Of the Circassians he saw little or nothing; and his account of them is taken chiefly from the works of Bell and Longworth, with such corrections as he was able to collect from the Russian officers, and occasionally from friendly chiefs. One winter our professor spent entirely at Tiflis. The following summer he was thrown on a sick bed by a *coup de soleil*, which confined him again at Tiflis during nearly the whole of the autumn of 1837. In December of that year he started on his return to Germany, where, early in March, 1838, he was able once more to resume his professional duties at Jena. The journey itself occupied the author less time, however, than did the preparation of his narrative; the second and last volume of which was not published till the present year (1843), or nearly five years after his return. Since then he has, we believe, started again for the Caucasus, where, no doubt, he is at the present moment prosecuting his botanical inquiries, which, in due time, we presume, will furnish him with materials for volumes as bulky and as valuable as those which we propose to ourselves to render some account of in the present article.

Of Professor Koch's remarks respecting St. Petersburg and

Moscow, our readers will scarcely desire to be informed. He had it in contemplation to revisit the Caucasus, and could not, therefore, be expected to speak of the Russian capitals, otherwise than in terms of unqualified eulogy. At Tiflis or Stavropol, or at the court of a Mingrelian prince, a traveller may indeed presume to censure, so he do it gently; and he may even deplore the abuses that are but too apt to slip into the administration of such distant provinces, so he soften the asperity of his remarks on a subordinate officer, by lamenting that the excellent intentions of a paternal government should not always be carried out; but on the Neva or the Moskwa his admiration of all he sees must be unbounded, unless he have renounced all idea of ever visiting those happy regions again. All despots, be they the autocrat of all the Russias, or the sovereign people of the United States, must have their adulation administered in unsparing doses; and he who alloys his flattery with reservations and conditions, will win as little favour on such occasions, as if he had startled the ears of power by the unwonted language of truth. Passing over, therefore, the first eighty pages of the professor's book, we will start with him from Voronesh, on his journey to the country of the Cossacks of the Don. Here, for the first time, we find him abandoned to his own guidance, for till then he had been accompanied by a good-natured young officer, whose acquaintance he had made in the diligence, and who seems to have been untiring in his endeavours to contribute to the comfort and accommodation of the stranger. This kind solicitude on the part of Russians to show all imaginable courtesy to strangers, has so frequently excited the admiration of travellers, that we may in fairness esteem it to be a national characteristic; time alone can show whether so amiable a feeling will not be weakened or modified in proportion as civilization extends itself more generally among all classes of the people.

Immediately on leaving Voronesh, we find Professor Koch affording us evidence of two features in his character that are not at all calculated to heighten our esteem for him. These are a quickness to apprehend danger, and an over-solicitude for his personal convenience. His postilion, willing to make a little more profit than he was entitled to, seems to have driven the professor to the door of some unlicensed farmer, instead of the regularly authorized postmaster; whereupon Mr. Koch immediately fancied himself to have been betrayed into the hands of assassins and banditti, and was evidently in a terrible fright. We pass his adventure with a feldjäger, in whose "agreeable company" our professor arrived at Novo-Tsherkask, the capital of the Don Cossacks, where he made but a short stay; but as

during his subsequent residence in the Transcaucasian provinces he had constant opportunities of acquiring authentic information respecting the habits and customs of this military peasantry, his account of them may be received with some confidence.

It is only since the wars to which the French revolution gave rise, that the Cossacks have become generally known to Europe; and it is since about the same time that they have become firmly attached to the sovereigns of Russia. Under Catherine they were still held in subjection more by fear than affection; and even now they look back with pride to the period, not a very remote one, when they ruled with undisputed sway over the greater part of the territory now comprised in what are called the southern provinces of European Russia. The popular ballads of the Cossacks are full of the heroic deeds of their ancestors; and many of these ballads, we have been assured, would, if committed to writing, afford an interesting view of the ancient habits and annals of the Steppes.\*

The Cossacks on the Don form military colonies, governed by institutions partaking somewhat of a feudal character. The system of serfage which prevails in other parts of Russia, is unknown among them. They are free proprietors of their lands, which they hold directly from the emperor, on military tenure, each *stanitza* or village being bound to furnish a certain number of recruits, who remain with their regiment for six years, are then allowed to return to their homes for six years, at the expiration of which they are liable to be called on for a second term of service. A pulk of Cossacks may not be so formidable in battle as a well drilled regiment of lancers or dragoons; but considered individually, the Cossack is far superior to any other of the soldiers that compose the Russian army. The soldier of the line is a slave who quits the service of one master for another, with only a very remote hope of surviving the twenty-five years which he is doomed to spend in the emperor's uniform. The Cossack, on the contrary, is often the owner of more land than he requires to cultivate for the maintenance of his family; looks on his six years' service as a rent paid for the farm, on which his family meanwhile is residing in comfort; and his period of service is one, the termination of which he may anticipate before age and hardship have disqualified him for farther exertion. The common Russian soldier is lost to his family the moment he is accepted as a recruit. To his native village he is thenceforth a dead man. He can scarcely hope ever to return there; and certainly those he leaves, never expect to see him again. A few men of iron constitutions

\* We refer our readers to this curious literature, as embodied in the *Piesni Ukrainskie* wydane przez P. Maxymowicza w Moskwie. 1834.

may survive their five and twenty years of service, in spite of harsh treatment and insufficient food; but on the day of his discharge the veteran is perhaps thousands of versts from the home of his childhood, with which, for a quarter of a century, he has neither had connection or intercourse, and he is but too happy to accept of any employment that may offer—long habits of order and submission having particularly qualified him for a servile occupation. Not so the Cossack. Those of his own *stanitza* serve in the same regiment with him, and new recruits are constantly arriving to bring him tidings of those he loves, while those who have completed their six years' service depart and carry a greeting to the inmates of his hut. He is never long without news from home, and his family are seldom long without hearing from *him*. Then his comrades are his friends and neighbours,—men whose good opinion he is anxious to maintain in the regiment, that he may enjoy their respect, when they have all returned to their ploughs and their cabbage fields. From early childhood he has looked forward to the day when he is called on to join his regiment. His temporary service is anticipated with pleasure, rather than dread, for it is the time during which his character as a man is to be made. The boy is already an embryo soldier, and spends his time chiefly in exercises calculated to fit him for his future career. As soon as he can sit upon a horse, he is taught to ride; and as soon as he can handle a lance or a musket, he is instructed, perhaps by his own father, in the use of those arms. A soldiery composed of such elements, will ever be the most formidable that can be brought into the field for guerrilla warfare; and the Cossack is not, probably, so much at fault as some have imagined, when he vaunts himself to be the best sinew of the Russian empire.

A force thus composed was the only one with which Russia could hope to make any permanent impression upon the Circassians, against whom the attacks of regular troops have rarely been attended with much success. We find, accordingly, that the colonizing of the plains, north of the Caucasus, with Cossack villages, became an object of solicitude with the Russian government, as soon as the subjugation of the mountain tribes had been seriously determined on. These new Cossack villages are called the Cossacks of the line.

The designs of Russia on the Caucasus go much farther back than is generally supposed. Already in the sixteenth century we find some of the Circassian tribes placing themselves under the protection of the Moscovite sovereigns; and among the troops of the Czar John the Terrible, a large body of Circassians co-operated in the conquest of Astrakhan, and appeared in the following

year in Livonia, as a part of the Russian army. In the ensuing century, the successes of Sultan Akhmet I. in Asia nearly annihilated the influence of Russia in the Caucasian countries; and it was not till Peter the Great turned his attention to that quarter of his empire, that the system of encroachment and aggrandizement was organized, which the successors of that monarch have since so steadily pursued.

In 1711, the first foundation was laid of the Cossack line at the northern base of the Caucasus, and five Cossack villages were peopled by fugitives from different parts of the country. Under Peter's feeble successor, the Russians lost ground in the Isthmus; but Catherine the Second had no sooner ascended the throne, than she turned a large share of her attention to the Caucasus, where fortresses were built and Cossack villages established—while, by a judicious interference in the frequent quarrels among the native princes and tribes, the empress was constantly extending her power, till, by the treaty of Kutshuk-Kainardji (1774), the country of the Kabardians was handed over by Turkey to Russia, upon principles precisely similar to those that seem to have governed the transfer of Circassia by the treaty of Adrianople. The Kabardians flew to arms, but were not able to protract the contest long; and the *tranquillization* of their country was soon followed (in 1783) by the reduction of the King of Grusia, and the annexation of his dominions to those of the Russian sovereign. This conquest made it necessary to secure a road over the Caucasus. The Pass of Dariel was selected for the purpose: at some expense of money and labour it was made practicable for the conveyance of artillery, and the fortified city of Vladicaucasus (Lord of the Caucasus) was erected as a key to the pass.

Every succeeding Russian sovereign appears to have added to the number of forts and Cossack villages or stanitzas, along the Kuban and Terek rivers, chiefly with a view to restrain the incursions of the mountaineers into the plains, and partly to secure the roads over the mountains to the Caucasian Baths, as they are called, which enjoy great favour with the Russian nobles of the present day, and were frequently visited, in happier times, by the princes and nobles of Circassia. Even in the years 1836 and 1837, no less than 10,851 individuals, composing 2075 families, were removed from the interior of Russia, for the purpose of strengthening the Cossack villages along the Caucasus.

When the present emperor visited the Caucasus, in 1837, the Cossacks of the line composed nine regiments, consisting of 260 officers, 687 non-commissioned officers, and 12,208 privates. Besides these, there were three companies of artillery, consisting

of 12 officers, 46 non-commissioned officers, and 390 privates. The strength of each regiment varies according to the population of the villages that belong to it; thus while, at the period of the emperor's visit, the Terki-Semein regiment numbered only 646 men, the Caucasus regiment mustered 2118. The male population of the villages belonging to the former of these regiments was 2025; of those of the latter, 12,103. Professor Koch affords us statistical returns respecting each regiment, showing the extent of land enjoyed by the stanitzas, and the number of male and female inhabitants in each. Some of these stanitzas are new, and peopled by recruits from the interior of Russia. These are Cossacks in name only, for the Russian peasant is long before he enters into the spirit of the new life to which a government decree has removed him; his sons, however, are almost sure to be genuine Cossacks, without a trace of the Moscovite serf either in their manners or appearance. Presuming that our readers will feel some curiosity about the internal composition of these regiments, we will take one of them, and give the details respecting it nearly in the words of the professor.

The Mosdok regiment occupies lands along the northern banks of the Terek, to the west of the territory of the Greben regiment. The lands of the regiment extend to 2000 square versts; but those near the Terek are liable to frequent inundations, while the more remote possessions in the steppe can be cultivated only by a system of artificial irrigation—the water being obtained from wells, constructed with considerable labour. Agriculture is not, however, neglected by the Mosdok Cossacks,\* though their chief revenues are derived from their herds of cattle and the produce of their fisheries. Their vineyards, of which they are said to have planted nearly 2000, have never been very successful.

Six stanitzas are included in the Mosdok regiment, and the following table shows the relative importance of each:—

	Houses.	Male Inhabitants.	Female Inhabitants.
Kalinoffsk . . .	359	1041	1167
Mekenei . . .	142	684	694
Naur . . .	544	1449	1530
Ishtshorsk . . .	432	1361	1473
Stoderefsk . . .	220	550	571
Kolyugai . . .	247	706	758
Total	1944	5791	6193

\* So averse are many of the Cossacks to agriculture, that some of the regiments let out nearly the whole of their lands to the Tartar cattle owners, and are content to live on the rent, devoting their leisure almost wholly to hunting and fishing.

Of these 5791 male inhabitants, 1664 were on active service, and liable, at a moment's notice, to be ordered away from their villages;\* 621 were doing garrison duty at home, and 3496 were at liberty to attend to the agricultural labours of the community.

This regiment is one of the most ancient along the whole line,—the stanitzas dating back as far as 1770,—and the reputation gained by the heroic bravery of the original colonists has been preserved unblemished by their descendants. The stanitza Naur is particularly celebrated for the gallantry with which its inhabitants defended themselves on two occasions. The first was an attack by Kalga Sultan, in 1774, at the head of 8000 Tartars of the Crimea; but though the stanitza contained little more than 2000 inhabitants, and was surrounded only by a line of palisades, the Tartars were beaten off with a loss of 800 men. The second defence, in 1788, was more brilliant still. In that year Sheikh Mansur, who gave himself out for a prophet sent by God for the destruction of the Russians, found means to raise a fearful tempest in the Caucasus. Nearly 20,000 men attacked the stanitza, but were unable to take it. On this occasion the Cossack women fought by the side of their husbands and brothers, and so delighted was the Empress Catherine to hear that in one of her frontier villages there were so many women of a spirit akin to her own, that she ordered every one of the ladies of Naur to be placed on the pension list.

Many of the other stanitzas have their heroic traditions; and the constant skirmishes with the Circassians afford the Cossacks of the line frequent opportunities for the display of personal valour, even when they are not on active service with their regiments. The stanitzas of the nine regiments form a line of fortified posts, sufficiently near to each other to protect the plains of Ciscaucasia against the inroads of the mountaineers. The line extends 500 versts in length. The force on active service, as we have seen, consists of 13,000 men; but in case of a great emergency the reserve may be called out, when upwards of 38,000 Cossacks, it is believed, would assemble fully armed and mounted at the several points along the line.

The establishment of this line, however, is only one of the colossal operations which Russia has carried on of late years with a view to the subjugation of the Caucasus. In 1837, on the

\* In this respect the Cossack of the line enjoys an important advantage over the Cossack of the Don. The latter, when on active service, has to join his regiment many hundred versts away from home. The Cossack of the line, on the contrary, is almost always employed in the vicinity of his own stanitza, and is but rarely detached on distant expeditions.

line north of that mountain range, no less than 41,000 regular infantry were stationed, besides thirteen regiments of Cossacks of the Don, of Tshernomor, and of Little Russia. The whole military force employed along the northern base of the Caucasus amounted, according to the official return, to 70,167 men and 146 pieces of artillery; and making a reasonable allowance for deficiencies in the *cadres* of the several regiments, the disposable force will not have fallen short of 60,000 men.

We have made mention of the Tshernomor or Black Sea Cossacks. These belong to a colony founded by Prince Potemkin in 1778. They obtained large grants of land, but the pernicious climate that prevails along the eastern coast of the Black Sea carried off the greater part of the settlers. So much were their numbers reduced in 1809, that during that and the two following years, 22,000 fresh colonists were sent to fill up the ranks of the Tshernomor Cossacks. In 1820 the same expedient was again had recourse to, and 25,000 young men were sent to sicken and die amid those pestilential marshes. These *strong* measures have, however, been attended only with a very partial success, for in 1837 the whole population of the Tshernomorian district scarcely exceeded 60,000 men.

Leaving the stanitzas of the Cossacks, our professor prepared to set off for the Pass of Dariel, by which he intended to cross the Caucasus. On leaving the Line, travellers enter upon a country over which the mountaineers are free to roam; and here, of course, no Russian will think it safe to travel without an escort. The general practice seems to be, to wait for an accumulation of travellers, and then to send them forward under the protection of a party of Cossacks,—the travellers themselves, by their numbers, contributing, in some measure, to their own safety. It was with a caravan of this sort that Professor Koch started for the mountains. He is at some trouble to assure us that he is not apt to be frightened by trifles, or to take a gnat for an elephant; nevertheless, he owns that the formidable preparations that were going on around him, made him feel that he was about to enter on a perilous enterprise; and when he did start, he took care to have a sabre by his side, his double-barrelled gun over his shoulder, and a long dirk and an odd pistol stuck into his girdle, besides which he slyly put a pair of small *bulldogs*, loaded to the muzzle, into his pocket. “Not to appear ridiculous,” in this formidable array, he changed his coat for a Circassian wrap-rascal, and stuck a Circassian bonnet on his learned pericranium; and yet we would lay odds, that, after all, the poor professor must have presented a very quizzical spectacle, in his half-German—half-Caucasian costume, encumbered with arms, his gun no doubt



at full cock, his finger on the trigger ready for immediate action, and his restless eyes peering out right and left through his spectacles, in search of the redoubtable Circassians, whom he expected to see start forth from behind every tree and stone by the roadside. It is evident, from several remarks that unconsciously escape the professor, that his travelling companions thought him "a sight," and quizzed him about the formidable preparations he had made for their defence.

Among the motley elements that composed the caravan, were about 70 Polish recruits, on their way to their several regiments. Russians of all ranks dread the Caucasus, and the regiments stationed there are usually recruited by Poles—the few Russians sent thither being mostly men who have been guilty of some offence at home. To bring these recruits in safety to their place of destination, is a task of no small difficulty to the officer to whom they are given in charge; and if he arrives without losing any considerable number by desertion on the way, he seldom fails to obtain a recompense, and sometimes even a decoration. So much is the Caucasus dreaded, that attempts to desert are constantly made; though the poor Poles, unacquainted with the country, are generally retaken, and have then to undergo a fearful punishment. A few only succeed in getting into the mountains, where they become the slaves of the first Circassian they meet; and though treated with kindness, they are cut off for ever from all intercourse with their native land, and forced to share in all the hardships and privations of a mountaineer's life. Yet such is the wretchedness of the Russian soldier's existence, that an escape to the mountains, and slavery among the Circassians, hold out to him a prospect of comparative enjoyment. Our professor expresses his surprise more than once, that in a country swarming with game, particularly with pheasants,\* the garrisons of the frontier fortresses content themselves with the miserable fare given them by the government: did it never strike him that the officers might not think it safe, either to absent themselves from their men, or to allow the latter to roam at large over the plain?

We shall pass over the three chapters which the professor devotes to a geographical and ethnographical description of Circassia. He never visited the mountaineers on their own ground; and though he devotes nearly 300 pages of his first volume to the subject, all that he tells us must either have been picked up at Tiflis, among the Russian officers, or has been avowedly borrowed from Bell and other English writers. To M. Dubois de Mont-

\* The unchanging character of Nature is remarkably developed in this point. From the Phasis of Colchis we derive our term pheasant, and also the bird itself, which was an Argonautic importation thence to Europe.

péreux, whose work, we believe, is still in course of publication at Paris, and who went over nearly the same ground as Professor Koch, the latter is also much indebted. The German work has one advantage over the French, indeed, in being less voluminous; but, on the other hand, the Atlas of M. Dubois, in the publication of which he is assisted by the Russian government, is a work of high value; and we must own that many things that appeared obscure and unintelligible to us in Professor Koch's work, became perfectly clear on referring to M. Dubois, whose book, nevertheless, is not likely to have a very extensive circle of readers. Five volumes we have already seen. How many more are to follow we know not. The beauty of the Atlas will, no doubt, obtain for it admission to public libraries and the collections of the wealthy, but there are few readers who will have the courage to encounter six or seven thick octavo volumes, descriptive of a tour to Tiflis and back through the Crimea.

We left our heavily armed professor in company with a numerous caravan on their way to the Caucasus. Strangely enough, these precautions, which were deemed necessary on the plains, were considered wholly superfluous as soon as the travellers had reached the entrance to the mountain pass. The road to the Dariel Pass (known to the ancients as the *Porta Caucasica*) ascends the valley of the Terek, and at the highest point reaches an altitude of 7000 feet over the level of the sea. On descending from this point, the road follows the course of the Aragua, a rapid stream that falls into the Kour, a few miles above Tiflis. The road has been much improved by Russian engineers, and may now be passed by carriages; but it is still a difficult and dangerous place, and few years pass away without accidents, often of a fatal character. From robbers, however, the mountain road appears to be perfectly secure. The valley of the Terek and Aragua are the property of ten mountain chiefs, whose attachment the Russian government has secured by handsome pensions, for which they undertake to maintain the police of the road; and this, with the assistance of a small detachment of Cossacks, they have now done, in an exemplary manner, for several years.

The most striking object seen in passing through the *Porta Caucasica*, is the Kazbek, rising proudly among the surrounding peaks of the Caucasus, to a height of 14,730 feet. The whole of the mountain range is full of traditions and legends; but of these the Kazbek has even more than an ordinary share, for the Kazbek, like the Elbruz and Ararat, is deemed a sacred mountain, and neither Christian nor Mussulman, among the surrounding tribes, ever turns to one of these mighty piles of Nature's building,

without making the sign of the cross, or devoutly inclining his head. It is firmly believed throughout the country, that on the summit of the Kazbek is an ancient church; that within this church the cradle of our Saviour is preserved; and that the tent of Abraham, unsupported by post or beam, is spread out over the church.

"This legend," observes Professor Koch, "originated probably about the time when the Arabians were preaching their religion with the aid of fire and the sword. The marvellous suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the air, may have induced the Christian priests to invent a corresponding wonder for the gratification of their flocks. As the legend goes on to say that an immense treasure is buried by the side of the cradle, many attempts have been made to reach the summit of the Kazbek, with a view to the possession of this treasure. Either none of these attempts have succeeded, or those who have reached the summit have been more disposed to confirm the superstition of their countrymen, than to expose themselves to their derision. Some old people assured me that in the last century the church could still be seen from below, but that a rock had since then fallen into a position to conceal the sacred edifice from the eyes of the now heathenish Ossetians. In the days of Heracleus, the last but one of the Grusian kings, two monks, father and son, presented themselves, and undertook to bring down the treasure. In the cathedral at Tiflis they received the blessing of the archimandrite, and thus equipped they started on their arduous journey. Fourteen days afterwards the son returned alone, and brought word that the time for raising the treasure had not yet arrived. He, on account of his sins, had not been able to reach the holy place, but his father had been more fortunate, and had brought him a piece of the cradle, and a piece of marble from the altar, in token of success. The marble still bore marks of the blood of Jesus. Having delivered these relics, the father had returned to the summit, to devote the remainder of his days to the service of the church. Probably the old man had fallen into some ravine, and the son was cunning enough to turn even his misfortune to account. This confirmation of the existence of the treasure soon stimulated two Ossetians to renew the attempt. After waiting several days for their return, people were sent out in search of them, and the unfortunate adventurers were found wandering about, utterly helpless and blind. Their calamity was universally looked upon as a divine visitation on their sacrilegious design. An old Ossetian assured me of the truth of this anecdote. Probably the blindness of the poor treasure-hunters had been occasioned by the reflection of the sun from the snow."

There is no lack of tales of wonder in any part of the Caucasus. On one of the peaks of the Kazbek, beetling over the Pass of Dariel, stand the ruins of a fortress of extreme antiquity. These ruins existed even in the time of Pliny,\* and are mentioned by him. The people of the country ascribe the fortress to Alexander the Great, to whom many wonderful things are ascribed by the Caucasians; and they manifest the greatest astonishment and indignation when German professors and other erudite travellers express a doubt whether the Macedonian hero ever visited the *Porta Caucasica* at all.

In Tiflis, the professor was most hospitably received by all the principal authorities. On leaving St. Petersburg, some of his friends had had interest enough to procure for him a passport declaring that he was travelling in the emperor's service; and this not only secured to the privileged traveller the marked courtesy of governors and military commanders, but entitled him to a multitude of little advantages which the professor was not slow in turning to account. He was free from the payment of tolls; might demand an escort of Cossacks whenever he thought proper to venture his valuable person upon dangerous ground; and in those towns and villages in which no house of public entertainment existed, the magistrates were bound to provide him with suitable accommodation, even though to do this they had often to begin by ejecting the owners and inmates.

On his first visit to Tiflis, Professor Koch remained there only a few days. The governor-general was about to start on a tour of inspection, and the professor thought it advisable to avail himself of what remained of the fine season to undertake a journey to the country of the Ossetians, and thence through Imeria and Mingrelia to the shores of the Black Sea.

On the first evening after leaving Tiflis, an adventure occurred so characteristic of the professor's selfishness, that we shall not venture to relate it otherwise than in his own words.

"Evening had set in before we reached the capital of the country of *Karthli* (*Gori*), where we were immediately surrounded by a multitude who gazed upon us with evident curiosity. The captain of the circle was absent, and it was some time before we could find out the principal magistrate of the town. This man was a native of the country, and immediately ordered a poor

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\* *Ab iis sunt portæ Caucasæ, magno errore, a multis Caspiæ dictæ, ingens naturæ opus, montibus interruptis repente, ubi fores obditæ ferratis trabibus, subter medias amne* \**Dyriodori fluente, citraque in rupe castello (quod vocatur Cumania) communito ad arcendas transita gentes innumeras: ibi loci, terrarum orbe portis discluso, ex adverso maxime Harmastis oppidi Iberum.*—*Plin. lib. VI. cap. XI.*

widow and her family to turn out of their house, and give it up for my accommodation. The poor woman resisted the order for some time, and gave vent to her indignation in a torrent of eloquence, of which, fortunately, I understood not a word. Her children were crying, and the mob that had collected in front of the house seemed to be laughing at the scene. My interpreter made me acquainted with the state of affairs, and as I could not resolve to spend the night in the open air, I took possession of the tenement of the poor ejected family. This Turkish fashion of turning the owner out of his own house, I had to witness repeatedly in the course of my journey, and much as it afflicted me, I was obliged to take advantage of these arbitrary proceedings of the magistrates."

It is needless to make any remarks on such a confession of heartless selfishness ; but it is surprising that a man could sit down and write the above passage, and probably correct the proof of it as it went through the press, and all the while be utterly unconscious of the contemptible position in which he was placing himself before his readers !

From Gori, our worthy professor ventured, with an escort of Cossacks, to ascend the mountains occupied by the Ossetians. These people had been lately brought to submit to Russian rule, and he might, he was soon convinced, even without his escort, have been tolerably safe among them. They inhabit the southern declivities of the Western Caucasus, as the Circassians do the northern. The country of the Ossetians is everywhere rude and precipitous, the valleys few and narrow, the soil in general very unproductive, and yet their district is considered to be one of the most populous in the whole Caucasian Isthmus. Professor Koch calculates that, deducting glaciers, and completely barren rocks and ravines, their country presents a surface of 50 German (1000 English) square miles, and maintains upwards of 40,000 souls,—a density of population more than four times that of Ciscaucasia, even if only one half of the land of that province be supposed capable of contributing to the support of man. There is in this, however, nothing that ought to surprise us. In countries where violence and despotism have long held sway, it is among the mountains that men feel most secure. The denizens of the plain are the ready prey of every hand strong enough to assail them, but among glens and ravines a handful of resolute men may hold the legions of a satrap at bay ; and the harvest, though more scanty than on the rich banks of the majestic stream, carries at least this advantage with it,—that it is likely to be reaped by the hand that sowed it.

The Ossetians appear to have made a favourable impression upon the professor.

“ Whenever I found myself among the dreaded Ossetians, and contemplated these interesting inhabitants of the Caucasus, I felt myself at home among the strangers, and found myself, in a way I had never before experienced, drawn towards these worthy fellows, who in the plains are looked on as mere banditti. The same vigorous and handsome forms that I had so often seen in the Thuringian forest appeared to meet me with a friendly greeting. Such must have been the ancient Germans, and the misty recollections that had remained to me from Tacitus seemed here to spring into life. The Ossetians are a handsome race, and for personal beauty may certainly vie with the Circassians and Georgians, though very different from the latter,—as much so as the Germans from the Italians. They are not slender, but rather thickset, yet muscular and active. Their hair is brown or blond, their eyes large and blue, giving to the women a mild, and to the men a tranquil expression, forming a complete contrast to the wild look of most of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, and particularly of the Circassians.

“ Good-nature is the characteristic of all mountaineers; and the Ossetian may certainly be called a good man, due allowance being made for the relative position in which he stands to neighbouring nations. The first of virtues in his eyes is manly vigour, and whoever displays this virtue in the highest degree, exercises an unrestricted authority over his whole tribe in all cases of emergency, and may reckon on a numerous troop of followers, in any foray to which he may offer to lead them. Civilization has not yet established among the Ossetians those fixed and distinct ideas of property that are recognized among us, and what we look on as robbery and plunder is no crime in their eyes. ‘The man who is robbed,’ they argue, ‘was at liberty to guard his own and defend himself; and if we allow ourselves to be plundered in return, we blame none but ourselves.’ The Circassians make their predatory excursions in large numbers, and trust more to force than cunning. Not so the Ossetians, who often venture out in small bodies, and rely chiefly on stratagem for success. Terrible as they are in the field, they are kind and affectionate at home, and the several members of a family live together in a state of harmony that constantly reminded me of the patriarchal scenes in the Bible. Every stranger that comes to them is hospitably received, and not only supplied with food, but is deemed entitled to the same protection as a kinsman. Their bravery in battle is not to be surpassed. Upon one occasion, seven Ossetians defended one of their native fortresses against a whole battalion of Russian infantry, and did not surrender till four of them had been killed, and the survivors all wounded.

“ Two tribes only of the Ossetians are governed by princes. The father of each family exercises a patriarchal authority which is never disputed by his sons, even when these are married, and have become themselves the fathers of adult children. On the death of the father, this authority devolves on the eldest son, and if the family remain together they form a *kau*, united by consanguinity and mutual engagements to defend each other. The more numerous the *kau*, the more

loose, in general, is the bond that unites them; and if discord arises in the little community, separation is the usual consequence, and this is followed by the establishment of a new *kau*. Such has been the origin of the numerous *kau*s that at present exist in the Ossetian valleys. The newly formed *kau* does not, however, break off all connection with that from which it has seceded. The members recognise the ties of consanguinity, and are ready to afford each other succour in case of danger. Thus arise the *brotherhoods* of which I have already spoken in my account of the Circassians.\* A brotherhood retains, in many points, the character of a large family, and occupies generally a separate valley, where it seldom tolerates strangers, and the inhabitants of one valley are rarely otherwise than in a state of hostility with those of the valley adjoining. Thus an Ossetian holds it no sin to plunder his own countryman, if not bound to him by the ties of blood; and in his turn lives, of course, in the constant apprehension of violence from others. If he would hold his own, he must at all times be ready to repel whatever enemy may come to attack him. To this lawless condition it has been owing that the Ossetians have never become formidable as a nation, and that the Russians have been able to reduce them with comparative ease.

“Although there is no political union among the several brotherhoods, certain conventional laws recognized by all are not wanting. The respect due to age, the duties of hospitality, and the rules of blood revenge, though not to be found in any written code, are not the less strictly defined and universally recognized. The law of blood revenge, which will sometimes continue between two families for centuries, has been carried farther among the Ossetians than among any other of the Caucasian tribes. The Circassian demands only that blood be expiated by blood, but for every insult offered to an Ossetian, blood must flow. He who is charged with the execution of a blood revenge, spends day and night in meditating on the means by which he may carry out his intent. He participates neither in the games of his friends, nor in their excursions in search of booty, for his life is now too valuable to be lightly risked. He quits the family roof, and guided only by his murderous purpose, he roams abroad. Like a beast of prey he steals into the vicinity of his victim, and is indefatigable in the patience with which he watches for a favourable opportunity to glut his vengeance. In this condition he continues, perhaps, for years, nor can he free himself from the mission he has undertaken, till he has fulfilled it. Should he at length succeed, he returns in triumph to the paternal roof, and offers up a sheep or a goat upon the grave of him whom he has avenged, and whose soul is supposed to pass to a better existence the moment his remains are touched by the blood of the sacrifice. The avenger now resumes his place among his companions, who receive him with loud demonstrations of joy, but from this moment he becomes

\* These brotherhoods, that form so remarkable a characteristic of Caucasian life, are well described by Mr. Bell, in his account of the Circassians. Professor Koch gives a very detailed account of them, but for most of his facts he is indebted to Mr. Bell.

himself a doomed man, for the duty of blood revenge now devolves upon the nearest relative of him who has been slain. It is not, however, an easy task among the Ossetians to execute such an act of vengeance. The different brotherhoods rarely hold communion with each other, and he who has been marked out for revenge becomes an object of constant solicitude and care to his kinsmen.

"In Giavi the place was shown me where an act of blood revenge had just been committed, the spot still bearing sanguinary traces of the deed. It was the fifth victim that had fallen in a feud between two families during a period of 40 or 50 years. The man who had just been murdered had shot the father of the murderer about 20 years previously. The latter, at the time of his father's death, had been only two or three years old; nevertheless, it was on him that the task of vengeance devolved, and his mother reared him up with the idea of murder constantly before his mind, though she knew that by fulfilling his task he would in turn devote himself to an all but certain death. Several years he had been watching for an opportunity to effect his design, and at last he had succeeded, by concealing himself at night in a barn opposite his enemy's house, and shooting him as he stepped out of his own door early in the morning.

"In their respect for the rites of hospitality the Ossetians even go beyond the Circassians. Among the latter, the stranger received in a family is looked on as a member of the family, and is protected accordingly. Among the Ossetians he is not an equal but a superior, and once adopted as a guest, even crimes of a serious character will not always make him forfeit the rights he has acquired. I was told of a stranger who, having slain the only son of a poor widow, and being pursued, took shelter in her house. He ran up to her, and touched the nipple of her breast with his lips, by which act he became her adopted son. She received with dismay the fatal tidings of her bereavement, but when her friends would have delivered up the criminal to well-merited punishment, she cried out—'What would you do? Is it not enough that I have just lost one son? Would you kill the other also?'

"With respect to religion, the Ossetians belong to the very few nations who cannot be said to have any practical devotion among them. One or two tribes profess Islamism, but pay little attention to its precepts; the remainder look with scorn and derision alike on Moslem and Christian, ridiculing the former for abstaining from pork, and pitying both for their long and frequent fasts. Yet the Ossetians were Christians once. Not only tradition tells us so, but the fact is confirmed by the numerous ruins of churches to be seen in all parts of the country. At present, however, their religious creed extends no farther than the recognition of a Supreme Being. Certain superstitious observances prevail among them not the less. In a thunderstorm the Ossetian bares his head and makes the sign of the cross; certain caverns and rocks, and even some old buildings, are looked upon as sacred; and the practice of offering up sacrifices seems to have been preserved even from the most remote ages."



On leaving the Ossetians, our author proceeded to Imeria, passing through scenery which he describes as far superior in magnificence and natural beauty to any he had ever beheld in Switzerland. He particularly instances the valley in which the eastern and western arms of the Rion form a junction, as one whose glories could not be matched by any Alpine scenery. In the fifteenth century, the kings of Imeria were powerful princes, and continued to be so till the middle of the last century, when the governors of Mingrelia and Grusia made themselves independent. Weakened by their defections, the Imerian sovereigns, to save themselves from Turkish aggression, placed themselves under the protection of Russia. This happened in 1804. In 1810 they attempted to relieve themselves from this protection. The attempt failed, and Imeria became a Russian province. The early history of this country, which embraces the history of the larger portion of all the Transcaucasian provinces, has been written by one of the kings of Imeria. Of this history, Dubois informs us, only three manuscript copies exist: one is in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, another is in one of the public libraries of Germany, and the third is in the private collection of a Russian nobleman. Klaproth, in his work on the Caucasus, gives long extracts from this ancient and interesting chronicle, but, strangely enough, in the French edition of the book these extracts are all suppressed.

Koutaïs, the capital of Imeria, is now an insignificant place, with only 2500 inhabitants; and the most interesting object about it appears to be a French lady, who leads a life of complete seclusion, at a solitary house, a few miles from the town. No traveller who visits this part of the Caucasian regions fails to visit Mademoiselle Gamba, who has not the least aversion to these occasional calls, but on the contrary does all in her power to make her visitors comfortable, who can bring her nothing that she receives with more pleasure than the last French periodicals and new books. Her native language is the only one she speaks, and though her present manner of life is one of her own choosing, she takes a lively interest in all that goes on in Europe, and particularly in France. "What then can have induced her," asks our learned professor, "to fix her home in one of the primæval forests of Imeria, where she lives, cut off from all the world, and surrounded\* only by one faithful servant?" And after this very ambiguous interrogation, our professor launches forth into a series of very abstruse speculations on the lady's motives, coming at length to the sagacious conclusion, that disappointed love could alone have led her to adopt so desperate a resolution. Yet the

\* *Nur von einem treuen Diener umgeben.* This, however, is only one instance among many of the author's careless manner of writing.

lady's history is simple enough. Her father was French consul in Tiflis, and in his lifetime published an interesting account of the Caucasian provinces of Russia. He had very sanguine ideas of the improvements that would take place in the country, and speculated largely in the purchase of land. He offered to establish a model farm, and the Russian government readily assisted him in the colossal plans in which he immediately engaged. He was not, however, a good practical agriculturist, and the people whom he sent for from France, at a great expense, turned out to be useless, or quitted him for more profitable occupations elsewhere. The upshot was, that after Mons. Gamba had spent every penny he was worth in the world upon this hopeful scheme, besides all the money that he had been able to induce the government to advance, he found himself a ruined man, and at his death left nothing but his precious farm, on the scanty produce of which his daughter has since contrived to live in independence, though in any thing but splendour. Our readers, should they be disposed to undertake a journey to the Caucasus, merely for the sake of paying their devoirs to the solitary maiden of the Fort of Roses, as the farm is called, must not expect to meet a young lady of a very tender age; Mdle. Gamba must now be about 46 or 47 years old, and may therefore be considered to have taken her place, "for good and all," among the honourable sisterhood of antiquated spinsters.

From Koutais, Professor Koch proceeded to Sugdidi, the capital of the *reigning* prince of Mingrelia, an independent sovereign under Russian protection. Our Indian experience has taught us what these protected sovereignties are; and the government of Mingrelia appears to surpass, in its oppressive character, even the worst administered of the dependant states of Hindostan. All travellers that have visited the country deplore the wretchedness of the inhabitants, who would probably long ago have shaken off their tyrants, were these not riveted upon them by the protection of Russian bayonets. Since Klaproth exposed the atrocities of Prince Dadian and his family, strangers are not encouraged to visit the Mingrelian capital. Professor Koch, travelling "in the emperor's service," was not treated quite so brutally as Dubois, still he had no reason to congratulate himself on any courtesy shown him by the tyrant. When the professor had been introduced, and had explained his botanical views in visiting the dominions of this redoubtable potentate, "Why," exclaimed the prince, "did not the emperor let me know this? I would have sent him as much hay as he could have desired, but I wish to heaven he would keep all his men of science away from me."

Several younger members of the Dadian family have, at va-

rious times, entered the Russian service, and have founded noble houses in different parts of the empire. Some of these younger branches, we believe, are highly esteemed in Russia, but the reigning prince and his wife are celebrated only for their crimes; and the general hope seems to be, that the fantastic tricks of a worse than Oriental despotism will at length compel the Russian government to interfere, and extend some of its protection to the people as well as to the prince.

Passing over the professor's ecstasies about the beauty of Prince Dadian's daughter, we must now accompany him to the forts on the coast of the Black Sea. He went botanizing from one to the other, as far as Fort Nicolas, on the extreme frontier of Turkey, and then returned overland to Tiflis. These forts, erected for the purpose of preventing the Circassians from receiving warlike supplies by sea, are placed at the entrance to the valleys, and form a complete blockading line, which, however, is maintained only by a frightful and continual sacrifice of human life, owing to the extreme insalubrity of the climate. At Poti, when the professor visited it, out of a garrison of 400 men, about one hundred had died during the year, about the same number lay sick in the hospital, and another hundred were reported to be convalescent, though still unfit for duty. Of those that were considered to be in health, moreover, there were few whose pale and haggard features, wasted forms, and tottering gait, did not announce that they would, in a little time, become candidates for admission to the doctor's list. At Fort Nicolas, every man of the garrison was lying sick, and the commandant just at the point of death! The prevalent diseases were intermittent fever, and various affections of the liver and bile; and "every person," says Professor Koch, "whose digestive organs are not in irreproachable order, goes to certain death in this part of the Caucasian regions. Every case generally commences with violent headache,—so violent, indeed, that the physician unacquainted with the country, is apt to treat all his patients at first for a *coup de soleil*. Even animals are affected; for I saw at Fort Nicolas a hen in an evident fit of the ague—her feathers stood erect, all her limbs were drawn convulsively together, and her trembling was excessive and continuous." We can easily believe what our author further tells us, that bad as the climate is, it would not operate so fatally on the Russian troops, were they better lodged and better fed. In a damp and marshy country, the huts of the soldiers are little better than rude erections of basket-work, that afford very little shelter against either rain or cold. None of these miserable wigwags have windows or stoves, or any other floor than the bare earth. Yet large forests of timber are close at hand, and reeds for thatch may be had to almost

any extent. Bad food, however, contributes even more than bad lodgment to aggravate the naturally insalubrious character of the climate. A little reform in this respect, the professor says, and no doubt truly, would lessen the annual mortality on the coast by many thousands. The acid rye bread he believes to be injurious in a southern climate; but the most pernicious effect of all is produced by the habitual consumption of tainted meat, for the soldier of these sea-side garrisons rarely receives his rations otherwise than in an advanced state of putrefaction. The country round, meanwhile, is swarming with pheasants and other descriptions of game!

Professor Koch returned through Gurriel, and over Koutaïs, to Tiflis, where he arrived on the 21st of December, with the intention of wintering there. Tiflis, "the Paris of Transcaucasia," is the capital of all the Russian dominions beyond the Caucasus, and is rapidly laying aside its Oriental characteristics, to assume the appearance of a Russo-European city. Mountains surround it on three sides, but on the fourth it opens on a plain; for a more correct idea of the place, however, we may refer our readers to the plates contained in the Atlas of M. Dubois de Montpéreux, whose drawings convey a very lively idea of the romantic environs of the Georgian metropolis. The Russian returns make the population 60,000. This is, no doubt, an exaggerated statement; but Dubois is probably quite as far below the mark, when he assigns only 25,000 inhabitants to Tiflis. In fact, the population fluctuates greatly. Some thousands of the lower classes live like the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*, without any settled homes; and the Georgian nobles come sometimes, with numerous retinues, to the city. Whether the destructive ravages of the cholera, in 1831, have had any permanent effect upon the population, is a question upon which none of our recent travellers throw any light. The Russian custom-house regulations, however, have unquestionably exercised a disastrous influence on the prosperity of Tiflis. After the peace with Persia, the Russian custom-house line was drawn along the base of the Caucasus, and the countries beyond that mountain range enjoyed all the advantages of an unfettered commerce. Tiflis was, in consequence, rapidly becoming the centre of an immense overland trade between Persia and the Black Sea; and it is difficult to say to what extent that trade might ere this have grown, had not the jealousy of the Russian manufacturers found means to induce the government to extend the Russian tariff and custom-house line to the Turkish frontier. This unfortunate step destroyed the commercial importance of Tiflis at a single blow, and blighted the prospects of the many thousands of Armenians who had been induced to quit the Turkish territory, to settle under the protec-

tion of the Russian eagle. The overland trade immediately took a new road over Trebizond and Erzeroum; and Tiflis since then depends chiefly on the expenditure of the Russian civil and military officers, and of the Georgian nobles, who are attracted by the winter gaieties of the capital, or by the far-famed virtues of the mineral baths, the reputation of which has now endured for nearly 2000 years.

Public morals appear to be at a very low level. The Russian government has put a stop to the revolting commerce, by which the harems of Turkey were, for many centuries, supplied by Georgian beauties; but the man who is prevented from shipping off his daughter on a venture to Constantinople, is often just as ready to speculate upon her finding favour in the eyes of some wealthy Russian; and those whose daughters are not yet ready for the market, are equally willing to lend their wives "for a consideration." We cannot here enter into all the details of Professor Koch's statement; but we fear there is little reason to believe that one disposed to place the effects of Russian civilization in the most favourable light, should, on such a subject, have indulged in any exaggeration: of society in the higher circles we are presented with a more pleasing picture.

"The Russian is sociable in a high degree, and has not been slow in creating for himself in Georgia a circle in which he moves as familiarly as at St. Petersburg. It is not easy to penetrate into the recesses of Georgian domestic life; and were it less difficult, the educated ladies of Russia would probably find few charms in the conversation of the ignorant beauties of the East; but the civil and military officers at Tiflis are numerous enough to form, with their families, a very agreeable European circle, and already some of the Georgian nobles have begun to imitate the manners of their new rulers. Baron von Rosen, the commander-in-chief at the period of my visit, kept an open table, and his lady had a *soirée* every Thursday evening. Balls and concerts were frequent, and the latter were really good in their kind. The baroness herself was not only fond of music, but was artist enough to be the instructress of her own daughters. Prince Constantin Suvoroff, who generally led at every musical *réunion*, was a distinguished player on the piano, and the lady of Colonel Shtshipin might have maintained her place as *prima donna* at many of our best theatres. M. Feh, a gentleman who in consequence of a duel had been banished to the Caucasus, was our tenor, and a very excellent one he was."

We cannot afford room for the professor's graphic account of a splendid ball in honour of Baron Rosen's 25th wedding day, (*silberne Hochzeit*), nor for a *catalogue raisonnée* of the notabilities of Tiflis. There are many reasons, however, why society should be agreeable there. Political misdemeanours not deemed sufficiently grave to warrant exile to Siberia, are generally punished

in Russia by affording the imprudent offender an opportunity of admiring the natural beauties of Caucasian scenery, and of atoning for past inadvertencies by the display of his bravery in battle with the Circassians. The consequence is that many of the best and most intelligent men in Russia are constantly to be found among the officers employed in this part of the emperor's dominions. Several names highly distinguished in Russian literature appear upon the list of officers who have perished in the various expeditions against the Circassians. Bestusheff, the Russian poet and novelist, was among the lions of Tiflis at the time of the professor's visit. Bestusheff began his literary career as editor of the *Polar Star*, the first annual ever published in the Russian language. He was at that time an officer in the imperial guard, and his poetical effusions obtained great popularity; but it was his *History of Russian Literature*, which appeared shortly afterwards, that confirmed his reputation as an author. Allowing himself to be involved in the political movement of 1825, he was forced to witness the execution of many of his dearest friends, and was then degraded to the rank of a peasant and banished to Siberia. There many of his most popular works were written, and after an exile of five years he was allowed, as an especial favour, to enlist as private in a regiment stationed near the Caucasus. His superior officers were anxious to afford him every opportunity to obtain promotion, and he was soon able to pass through the inferior grades to the rank of ensign, which entitled him to re-admission among the class of nobles. In 1837 he made part of an expedition against the Circassians, and pressing forward, in his eagerness to distinguish himself, he was cut off and slain by the mountaineers. All his works written while stationed in the Caucasus, were published under the name of Marlinsky. His best production is considered to be his tale of *Amaeth Beg*, a translation of which, if we remember rightly, appeared, not long ago, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Among the leaders of ton at Tiflis, there appear, however, to have been some celebrities of a more ambiguous character, run-away adventurers from Runjeet Sing's army, who probably found entertainment from the Russian government in the anticipation that their knowledge of Indian affairs might at some future time be found useful. Among these, Professor Koch particularly mentions a Baron Dieskau and a Major Möbius, one originally a journeyman shoemaker, and the other a merchant's clerk—men whose achievements would, in England, have been deemed a qualification for Norfolk Island or Millbank, but who at Tiflis wore their honours without a blush.

The Russians appear as yet to have introduced few agricultural

improvements into Georgia. A few German colonies have been established near Tiflis, and some of these have prospered, while others, whose lands are less favourably situated, are described as in a state of most abject poverty. It is melancholy to read of the sufferings experienced by these poor people before they got settled in their new homes, and even then their trials were not at an end. In the last Persian war most of these colonies were overrun by the Persians, and the settlers carried away as slaves. At the peace many of them obtained their liberty, but many are still supposed to be living in slavery.

With the return of spring our professor recommenced his botanical excursions, and in April he started for the Turkish frontier, passing through Russian Armenia, and pleasing himself with the hope of attaining the summit of Mount Ararat,—an achievement which, according to the people of the country, has never yet been performed; for Parrot, they maintain, ascended, by mistake, the lower of the two peaks of which this majestic mountain is composed.

Humri or Gumri, the capital of Russian Armenia, has risen to considerable importance since the last peace with Russia, and would have become much more prosperous than it is, but for the unfortunate measure of placing Transcaucasia within the Russian custom-house line. It contains about 8000 inhabitants, mostly Armenians, and has completely the air of an Oriental city—even the houses of the Russian *employés* being built in the Turkish fashion. It is its military importance, however, that probably gives to Gumri its chief value in the eyes of the Russian government. In case of a war with Turkey, all Armenia can be overrun from this place with ease. Kars can be occupied by a march of fifteen hours, and Erzeroum by one of three days. Both these places have citadels, it is true, but these remote places are little thought of by the Turkish government till the hour of need comes, and would probably be taken at the first outbreak of hostilities, without the expenditure of a single shot.

From Gumri, Professor Koch made one of a numerous party to cross the Turkish frontier, and visit the ruins of Ani, once the residence of the kings of Armenia, but now an untenanted waste.

“ From Hoshevank a short hour's ride brought us to Ani, and we passed unquestioned through the fortress gate, over which was carved the figure of a lion. Along the whole way we had seen continually heaps of stone, and I have no doubt that the ruins we were contemplating were those of the citadel only, and that the city itself extended a considerable distance into the country. At the time when Ani comprised 1000 churches and 100,000 houses, the city probably extended

to Hoshek, and included within its walls the convents and churches which we had passed on our way. I shall say nothing here of the history of the capital of the Armenian kings, because the subject has been fully treated by St. Martin in his 'Historical and Geographical Memoirs of Armenia,' and more recently by Ritter in his last published volume of the Geography of Asia. I shall therefore confine myself to a description of the present condition of the city, and this the more, as I am not aware that, with the exception of Ker Porter and Hamilton, any European has in modern times visited this deserted spot. The city lies close to the Barley River (a tributary of the Araxes) which here makes a considerable bend. The banks rise to a perpendicular height of 200 to 300 feet, and afforded no doubt stronger means of defence than the walls themselves. A wall, the greater part of which has fallen down, but still in most places from 20 to 30 feet high, surrounds the city on the land side, and is interrupted at every 24 paces by a square turret topped with battlements. Only one gate leads into the ground inclosed by this wall, but there must have been a second gate at the river side, for at one place, where the bank was lower, I thought I saw distinct traces of a bridge. Within the fortress nothing is to be seen but churches and confused heaps of stones. I counted ten or twelve churches, a mosque, and two minarets. The churches are large, and bear unquestionable testimony to the wealth and luxury that must have prevailed here about the tenth century. All of them had splendid columns adorned with arabesques, but ravens and pigeons alone dwelt in the holy fanes, where thousands had been wont to assemble for prayer. I ascended one of the minarets, in which I found a staircase still practicable. Eighty-four steps remained, and by their aid I was enabled to reach the upper gallery. On the spot whence in days long past the mollah summoned the faithful to prayer and thanksgiving, I now stood and gazed upon the remains of departed splendour. Weeks would not have sufficed for copying the Armenian, Persian, and Arabic inscriptions that presented themselves on every side, so I thought it wisest, as my time was very limited, not to attempt to copy any."

Erivan, towards which city our professor next directed his steps, appears to have greatly declined since its transfer from Persia to Russia. The trade, formerly considerable, is now insignificant, and the stranger may visit its bazaar without the least apprehension of being inconveniently crowded. These are the effects of high tariffs and commercial restrictions. At present, the population, rather less than 12,000, occupy themselves chiefly with the cultivation of orchards and vineyards.

"Nowhere," says our author, "have I seen more beautiful gardens than in Erivan, and I doubt whether a second city could be found in Asia where horticulture is equally well attended to. Hussein Khan, the last Persian governor, had an aqueduct carried through the



mountain, at immense expense, by means of which even those gardens that are situated at the greatest elevation receive their necessary supply of water. I did not taste any fruit there, but the wine was excellent, and had more fire than the Georgian. In flavour and colour it resembled Madeira."

It was shortly after quitting Erivan, and while anticipating the pleasure and glory of ascending Mount Ararat, that Professor Koch drew upon himself a sudden and severe illness, by imprudently exposing himself to the noonday sun. He was at this time in a wild part of the country, and many days elapsed before medical assistance of any kind could be obtained. When it came, the malady had already taken a favourable turn; but many weeks passed away before he was well enough to be carried back to Tiflis, where he gradually recovered, though he continued to be tormented by frequent and severe headaches, which he was told would not leave him till he returned to his native air. This assurance probably accelerated his departure for Europe, and induced him to decline an advantageous offer to undertake the direction of an expedition to the Caspian Sea.

During the professor's second stay at Tiflis, the small community was thrown into no little commotion by the arrival of the emperor. For several days the excitement and suspense appear to have been quite in the superlative degree, and one evening some wag had the audacity to hoax the whole population, by letting up a rocket on the road, the signal agreed on as an announcement of his majesty's approach. The practical joke might have cost its author dear if he had been discovered. On the following day, however, the mighty monarch really appeared.

"All the surrounding nations had sent their representatives to Tiflis, not even excepting the highland tribes most hostile to the Russians. The Erivan square was full of a dense mass of human beings, and I thought myself fortunate in having a convenient place provided for me in Colonel Shtshipin's balcony. At one in the afternoon, Baron von Rosen appeared in the square, to make all ready to receive the illustrious guest in a suitable manner. Georgians, Armenians, Tartars, and Caucasians, in their splendid national costumes, dashed through the crowd, to form two lines of honour, through which the emperor was to pass to the castle. At length the bells poured forth their peals. This was a signal that the emperor must be entering the city. Distant acclamations were now heard. All eyes were turned in one direction, and a deathlike silence prevailed all around. The emperor had arrived, but had entered the cathedral to return thanks for his safe arrival. The Georgian church varies in some points from that of Russia; nevertheless, since the occupation of the country, the two churches have been declared to be one and the same, and the Georgians were not a little pleased to find the emperor thus publicly declaring himself a member

of their church. At length a movement was perceived at the entrance to the square, and dense masses pressed slowly forward. Single acclamations became audible, but at the moment that the sovereign appeared in person, the *hourrah* of the Russians, and the *hee-hee* of the Transcaucasians rose at the same moment from thousands of throats. There are few men whose appearance on such occasions is more calculated to awaken or heighten enthusiasm. *Wash imperator maladetz* (your emperor is a rare man), said some hostile Kabardians to me a few hours afterwards. They were known, and yet were allowed to remain unmolested in the city.

"That day no one was received. The emperor immediately retired to the apartments prepared for him, and continued in conference with his generals till a late hour of the night, deliberating on measures intended to promote the welfare of the country. It is inexplicable to me how this extraordinary man is able to go through the fatigues he imposes on himself. The whole day he is actively employed, and at night he allows himself only a few hours sleep.

"On the following day there was a grand reception, after which the emperor visited the gymnasium, the arsenal, and the other public establishments. The evening was spent like the preceding one. On the third day, mass was heard in the church of St. George, the patron saint of the country. A grand review followed, the barracks and hospitals were then inspected, after which the emperor returned to dinner, and all civil and military officers, down to the rank of colonel, had the honour of being admitted to his table.

"On the fourth day a parade was held on the Madatoff square, where I witnessed a scene I shall not easily forget. The emperor stood with a serious and awful mien in the middle, and gave the word of command. There was an oppressive stillness, for every ear listened to the voice of the commander, which was answered ever and anon by the warlike drum. At length the parade was over. Suddenly the emperor raised his voice. 'Generals, colonels, and officers,' he said, 'draw near me, and listen to what I am about to say. I am forced to raise my arm in chastisement where it most grieves me, but I should follow the same course, though the offender were my own son. Let Lieutenant General Braiko strip Prince Alexander Dadian\* of the insignia of his rank, and let a feldjäger immediately accompany him to the fortress of Bobruisk, where a court-martial will consult as to his farther disposal. All of you, gentlemen, take this as a warning, and be assured, that an outrage against a private soldier, or against any inferior, shall be visited with the utmost severity, nor shall the highest rank protect a criminal.'"

The rank of which Prince Dadian had been deprived was con-

\* This officer, a relative of the Prince of Mingrelia, was charged with having applied to his own use the money that should have been expended for his regiment. The charge is made pretty generally against most Russian colonels, but perhaps the Mingrelian was not aware how far he could carry operations of this kind with security.

ferred on Baron von Rosen's son, but this mark of favour was little calculated to dispel the gloom that had been cast over the baron's family. Prince Alexander Dadian had but a few weeks before been married to the baron's daughter, and while the parents were forced to be all smiles and affability to their sovereign, their child was already on the road to share the captivity and disgrace of her husband. He was eventually degraded to the rank of a peasant, and banished to Siberia, whither his wife followed him, and where she is probably still softening by her affectionate devotion the bitterness of merited disgrace. The Russian law, indeed, looks on a man banished to Siberia as politically dead, and his marriage is dissolved, and his wife at liberty to contract a new alliance; but to the credit of the Russian ladies be it said, few avail themselves of this law, and the victim of imperial anger, though stripped of all his worldly possessions, and shunned by those who had once sought his friendship, has but rarely to mourn over the desertion of her who had plighted her troth to him in marriage.

That same evening a splendid ball was given by the nobility of Tiflis in honour of the emperor. About a thousand invitations had been issued, and Professor Koch was among the honoured and happy guests. The scene must have been gay enough. The officers with their stars and epaulettes were mingled with Turks, Tartars, Circassians, Persians, and Armenians, all in rich oriental costumes, and many greatly excited by a scene so unusual to them. A number of Georgian ladies had been prevailed on to partake of the festivity, and sat in silent, stately rows, but all blazing with jewels. The Baroness von Rosen, who had that morning bid adieu, probably for ever, to her child, was obliged, as wife of the commander-in-chief, to do the honours of the ball, and to dance the opening *Polonaise* with the emperor. Both her unmarried daughters, too, in compliance with etiquette, were obliged to appear at the ball, and both, in the course of the evening, were honoured with the emperor's hand. The professor is surprisingly eloquent in his praises of this display of imperial affability, this solicitude to pour balm into a wounded spirit, by making the bereaved mother and sisters dance jigs and cotillions with an emperor!

The emperor remained only two hours, and during his stay everything went on well enough, but the Georgians, according to all accounts, are tremendous drinkers, and as the night advanced the fun grew so fast and furious that most of the ladies deemed it advisable to make an early retreat.

On the following day the emperor left Tiflis to return to his European dominions, and Professor Koch followed his imperial

majesty over the Caucasus a few weeks afterwards—the autocrat to resume the reins of government at St. Petersburg, and the professor to re-ascend his chair of natural history at Jena, and in due time to publish the work of which we have here endeavoured to place an abstract before our readers. The book is one that cannot fail to command a large circle of readers, for the country described in it has been but seldom visited by travellers capable of conveying to the reading part of the world any fair idea of scenes of such high and varied interest. The botanical part of the work, consisting, however, merely of lists of the plants found at each place, will also, no doubt, be valuable in the eyes of those who devote a large share of their time and attention to such studies. Still, on the whole, the feeling which the book will leave behind, upon nearly every reader, will be one of disappointment. A traveller who chooses the personal narrative as a vehicle for conveying the result of his observations, ought to be a very pleasant fellow, or the constant reiteration of the first personal pronoun soon becomes intolerably wearisome. Now our professor is not a lively writer, and his adventures in the Caucasian Isthmus either were in themselves extremely monotonous, or he seems carefully to have suppressed whatever might have been amusing if related, and to have confined himself to an enumeration of his sufferings from the attacks of fleas, &c., in the wretched tenements in which he was often compelled to pass the night. Another disagreeable effect produced by the work, is the sentiment, the very reverse to respect, with which one is gradually inspired towards the author. We have given one or two instances of the selfishness with which he seems at all times to have been ready to sacrifice the comfort of others to his personal convenience, and we seek in vain for any generous action or sentiment that might have claimed our sympathy or esteem.

Had M. Dubois de Montpéroux, who visited the Caucasus nearly at the same time as Professor Koch, published his book in a less voluminous and a less expensive form, the professor's would have had comparatively few readers. Following the Frenchman, however, in the order of publication, M. Koch has been able to introduce into his own work much of what was most valuable in his predecessor's, and thus to present a more marketable commodity to the public, which, till a traveller better qualified for the task follow in the track, will probably be looked to as an authority in matters relating to this interesting portion of the globe.

- ART. V.—1. *Essai sur les Causes de la Révolution et des Guerres Civiles de Hayti.* Par le Baron de Vastey.
2. *Réflexions Politiques.* Idem.
3. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution de Saint Domingue.* Par le Baron Pamphile de Lacroix.
4. *Notes on Hayti.* By Charles Mackenzie, Esq.
5. *Brief Notices of Hayti.* By John Candler.
6. *Sketches of Hayti.* By W. W. Harvey.

THE recent extraordinary and bloodless revolution in Hayti has once more made that island an object of great and wondering interest to all who seek to trace one governing principle of national philosophy in the struggles and progression-state of different countries and people.

It is not, to-day, a question of colour with the Haytians ; for although the march of civilization has not yet sufficiently overcome ancient prepossessions, to have altogether removed the social distinctions which, during the former insurrections at St. Domingo, so deeply embittered the position of two-thirds of the population, the late movement was one of national expediency, wholly independent of personal prejudice ; and in treating of the remarkable manner in which the whole fabric of a government, existing for the last forty years, was overthrown in the brief period of three or four months, by the resolute courage and moral energy of a handful of daring spirits, the business of their historian is not to record the gradations of their colour, but the motives, principles, and hopes by which they were actuated. Nor can it willingly be doubted that the influence of increased and still increasing civilization, and the beneficial effects of a more general and more judicious system of education, assisted as they must henceforward be by the proud feeling of national and moral independence, will ere long eradicate every remnant of such puerile and unworthy jealousy.

Fragmentary accounts of the overthrow of Boyer's government, together with translations of certain official documents, have appeared from time to time in the daily journals ; but these were necessarily so crude and disjointed as to convey a very imperfect idea of the unprecedented manner in which it was accomplished : while the little that is known of the island itself by the generality of those who have perused the statements in question, has caused them to be passed over in most cases with utter indifference. It is true that Victor Hugo, in his "Bug Jargal," has given

a glowing description of Saint Domingo, as regards its natural productions and its exquisite scenery—deifying the chiefs of one party, and investing the whole chapter of Haytian history which he has taken for his text with a halo that might well have won for it a longer memory;—that Victor Jacquemont, the naturalist and traveller, declared it to be unrivalled in picturesque landscape by any country that he had visited within the tropics; and that very recently the pen of Miss Martineau has enshrined the prowess of Toussaint, and the beauty of the land for which he bled. Notwithstanding the romance that these writers have flung over the island, there has been little or no sympathy excited in the public mind in England for Hayti, even although she might well feel and acknowledge an interest for a country in whose struggles she had assisted, and whose independence she had been mainly instrumental in achieving.

Even as America liberated herself from the authority of Great Britain, did Saint Domingo free itself from the thrall of France; but there the parallel ceases. The United States, assisted in their revolt against the mother country by French bayonets and French gold, were sufficiently strong to maintain the advantage they had gained, and boldly to defy the power to which they had hitherto been subservient: while the Haytians, after having, with the help of England, driven the French from their island, and caused the sacrifice of many thousands of their finest troops, were compelled, after the departure of their British allies, and the general peace of Europe, to the payment of a heavy and exhausting indemnity by the French Government, which, from the depreciated value of their produce, they are ill able to meet.

In order, however, that the position of Saint Domingo at the present moment may be thoroughly understood, it will be necessary to take a rapid glance at the past; and to point out as succinctly as possible the vicissitudes to which the Haytians have been subjected from time to time, and the efforts that they have made in their own behalf; as, without a brief *résumé* of their political history, the merits of the present outbreak could never be appreciated by the casual reader.

Accidentally discovered by Columbus in December, 1492, on his return from the Bahamas, he gave to the island now known as Saint Domingo, or Hayti, the name of Hispaniola; and Mr. Mackenzie, Consul-General for England in that colony in 1826, in the 2nd volume of his "Notes," thus describes its general appearance:—

"Its greatest length, from east to west, is about 160 leagues; and its greatest breadth, from north to south, nearly 40 leagues: while its circumference, including the sinuosities of the coast, is estimated at

350, but the actual line of sea-coast does not fall far short of 600. The surface is calculated to extend over 2450 square leagues.

"Three principal chains of mountains (from which emanate smaller mountain arms) run from the central group of Cibao.\* The whole of these are described as fertile and susceptible of cultivation, even to their summits, affording great variety of climate, which, contrary to what is the fact in the plains, is remarkably healthy. The soil of the plains is, in general, a very rich vegetable mould, exceedingly fertile and well watered. There are several large rivers, and an immense number of smaller streams, some tributary, and others independent. The ports are numerous and good. Timber of the finest description is most abundant ; and mines of gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, and rock-salt, besides other mineral productions, are said not to be wanting. The French are, therefore, fully borne out in designating this magnificent island, 'La Reine des Antilles.' There are also three considerable inland lakes.

"Several islands immediately adjacent to Hayti, such as Gonave, Tortuga, Isle des Vaches, Saona, and others, which are either wholly or nearly uninhabited, form the dependencies of the republic."†

Another modern writer bears equal testimony to the fertility and beauty of Saint Domingo before the ravages of war had defaced nature, and the evil passions of men had spread partial ruin about them :—

"The interior of the island presented, before the original commotions, scenes of the greatest interest and prosperity. Its natural scenery is that of surpassing beauty and grandeur : its valleys, rich and fertile, are diversified by gentle ascents and declivities, spread over with the most luxuriant vegetation ; the plains are magnificent in their

\* "The peak of Cibao is 7200 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains bearing the names of La Selle, Le Mexique, and Le Maniel, are parts of the same range terminating on the southern coast. La Selle has an elevation of 7000 feet, and bears south-west of Port-au-Prince, at a distance of 40 miles. The La Hotte mountains rise in the neighbourhood of Cayes, some of which are said to be as high as those of La Selle and Cibao. Besides these, there are the mountains of Monte Christo, running from the north of the island eastward to the peninsula of Samana, from the summits of which Columbus gazed with astonishment at the extent and fertility of the plains below, since that period deprived by death and massacre of its original inhabitants, and now known by the expressive name of *La despoblada*, or the unpeopled. The other ranges are those of Cahos and Los Muertos, which are rather hills than high mountains, having a mean elevation of about 2500 feet. 'This configuration,' says Moreau de St. Méry, 'and the height of the mountains, is the cause why, notwithstanding the great extent of many of its plains, the island, when viewed from seaboard, appears mountainous altogether, and that its aspect is so forbidding. But the observer,' he continues, 'who contemplates these vast chains, and all the branches that diverge from them, and pursues their ramifications over the surface of the island, will see at once the cause of its fertility : they form an immense reservoir for the waters which are distributed to the soil by rivers without number : they temper the heat of a burning sun, arrest the fury of the winds, and multiply the resources of human industry to an astonishing extent.'"—CANDLER'S *Brief Notices of Hayti*, pp. 3, 4.

† Notes on Hayti, by Chas. Mackenzie, Esq., vol. II. pp. 2, 3.

extent, and productive in their soil ; and both are bounded by mountains of prodigious altitude, which have their sides covered with perpetual verdure,—adorned with the fig-tree, the palm-tree, the cocoa-nut, and the anana. ‘ In these delightful spots,’ says the Abbé Raynal, ‘ all the sweets of spring are enjoyed without either winter or summer. There are but two seasons in the year, and they are equally fine ; and the ground, always laden with fruit, and covered with flowers, realizes the delights and riches of poetical descriptions.’ In addition to the beauties presented by nature, the improvements of art gave to the scene an interest and a loveliness beheld only in tropical climes. The valleys, plains, and sides of mountains were in a state of the highest cultivation ; the plantations of sugar, coffee, and cotton, were as flourishing and productive, as they were numerous and extensive ; and the magnificent mansions of the proprietors, contrasting with the huts of the slaves which were scattered over the estates, gave additional variety to the prospect, and rendered these spots the most enchanting that the West India Islands can exhibit.”\*

It will be readily believed that the Spaniards were not suffered to remain in undisturbed possession of the fair island in which they had located themselves ; and accordingly, “ even from the period of its first discovery,” they were harassed by the buccaniers, and by the attempts of Drake and others to dislodge them : but they defied all the attacks of their enemies until 1625, when the former drove the Spanish colonists from Tortuga, which lies about two leagues to the north of Port de Paix ; and from this advantageous position the intruders pursued their depredations until 1665, when they effected a formal settlement, under the sanction of the French Government, and the immediate command of a French gentleman named Dogeron.

From that period until the end of the 17th century, the warfare between the two rival colonies was incessant ; and the buccaniers having, in process of time, extended their aggressions to the principal island, it was found necessary, in order to put an end to the constant collisions of the conflicting parties, that the courts of Madrid and Versailles should determine the boundaries of their several possessions. This was accordingly done in 1776—the Spaniards retaining nearly two-thirds of the territory, while their opponents equalized their local advantages by a population nearly six times as numerous as that of the original conquerors of the soil. Nor did French policy end even here ; for, while Spain abandoned this,

“ Its first American colony, to its own resources, the French government and nation, on the other hand, regarded their portion as their most valuable colony ; and while depression and languor pervaded the one, activity and riches distinguished the other ; yet both were slave

\* Sketches of Hayti, by W. W. Harvey, Esq., pp. 243, 4.



colonies—differing, however, very essentially in the relative proportions of the different classes of the community, as well as in other circumstances. The free Spaniards of all complexions much exceeded the number of slaves, while the French slave population very largely predominated; and there seems to have existed as marked a difference in the treatment of the subordinate castes by the dominant one, on the two sides of the boundary.”\*

Under Spanish rule, the Haytians appear to have led a life of as much comfort and security as was compatible with a state of slavery; and the mildness of the laws by which they were governed enabled them not only to support their lot with patience, but even taught them, in many instances, to disregard the value of the freedom that they had lost; for we are assured, by the same writer, that—

“Although Spanish merchants were in the habit of taking their slaves with them, when carried by business into territories of the neighbouring republic, there is no instance of any one of the latter having abandoned his master, although the moment he passed the frontier, he was, ‘*de facto*,’ free.”†

The fate of the unfortunates, who were by the “*Traité des Limites*” declared to be the property of the French, became meanwhile more difficult to bear; and tales of wanton and barbarous cruelty are recorded against them, with which we will not sully our pages; while the yearly importation of fresh slaves from Africa maintained among the black population an excitement as injurious to their own comfort as it was inimical to the interests of their masters. There were also by-laws, all founded upon distinctions of colour, which must have been deeply galling to those upon whom their influence pressed the most heavily; and, even among the whites themselves, great and dangerous jealousies were fostered, which scarcely required the stimulus afforded in 1789 by the fearful drama enacted in the mother-country; and which, in addition to local heart-burnings, originated another point of disunion among the colonists, and separated the whole body into the opposite factions of royalists and republicans.

Nothing can tend more fully to prove the moral progression of the Haytians, than the strong contrast afforded by the revolution of 1789, and that which has just taken place. The former was a work of cruelty and blood,—the one just witnessed has been effected with moderation, equity, and judgment; persons and property, whether native or alien, have been alike respected; and thus the contempt that was entertained, and the prejudices

\* Mackenzie’s Notes, vol. II. p. 6.

† Ibid. vol. II. p. 7.

that were encouraged, all over Europe against the semi-barbarous Haytians, during their first insurrection, when the page of their history was defaced by superstition, bigotry, and misrule, have been rendered untenable by the consistency, order, and humanity, which, in the late instance, have enabled them to vindicate their claim to that civilization of which they had previously been considered incapable.

An historian of 1789 thus records the effect of the French Revolution upon the excited spirits of the Haytian colonists:—

“As what is imitative is always exaggerated, the phases of the revolution were reflected at Saint Domingo with the intensity of a burning-glass.

“The national colours, which had been adopted with enthusiasm in France, were hoisted with fury under the heaven of the Antilles. An inhabitant of Cayes \* having answered, by some insulting comment on the revolution, to the reproaches which were addressed to him, for showing himself in a public place without the new cockade, was instantly shot, and his head carried on the point of a pike; while the authorities either would not, or could not, offer any opposition.”†

We shall not enter into any detail of the excitement produced in Hayti by the excesses perpetrated in the French capital, and the unmeaning *fanfaronnades* of wordy sentimentalists, in favour of the emancipation of the black population, and an equalization of rights; for although many and big words were uttered by the Gallic orators, nothing effectual was attempted; but it is necessary to remark, that,

“It was at this conjuncture that Lord Stanhope, Drs. Price and Priestly, Messrs. Sharp, Slade, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, who had for several years formed a philanthropic association, under the name of ‘The Friends of the Blacks,’ began to agitate, in the English Parliament, the great question relative to the state of the slaves.”‡

Paris followed the example of England and the United States, and established a similar society, among whose members were

\* “The city of Cayes is situate close to the shore, and was built in its present form about 1720. The streets are tolerably regular; and though exposed, and consequently bad in wet weather, are clear, and without holes such as disgrace the capital. The houses are also of a superior class, but generally of wood. The whole plain is considerably cooler than Port-au-Prince, and there is a regular sea-breeze; but from the plain being alluvial, there is considerable sickness in all directions. \* \* \* The city was the principal place of the coloured population under Rigaud. \* \* \* The way-side of the avenue that leads to the principal entrance of the town, has many very neat suburban cottages, to which the more opulent citizens retire after the labours of the day have ceased. Their distribution renders the approach exceedingly lively, as they generally have some garden around them, and they are painted of as many colours as a Dutch summer-house.”—MACKENZIE’S *Notes*, vol. I. pp. 74, 5—80.

† *Rapport sur les Troubles de Saint Domingue*, par Garrin-Coulon, tom. I. p. 74.

‡ *Révolution de Saint Domingue*, par le Baron Pamphile de Lacroix, tom. I. p. 16.

enrolled the names of Pétion, Brissot, Mirabeau, Clavière, the Abbé Grégoire, and Condorcet ;\* while the capture of the Bastille intoxicated the colonists to so powerful a degree, that they became, in their turn, the aggressors, and compelled a French functionary to leave the island, and withdraw to his own country, by demanding from him an account of his official acts, for which he was responsible only to his sovereign. The decree of the National Assembly, of the 8th of March, 1790, was a new and powerful agent of irritation, and at the time it reached Saint Domingo,

“ Two hundred and thirteen representatives of the colony had met at St. Mark’s,† and created themselves into a General Assembly ; and one of their first acts was a declaration that all the whites would prefer death to sharing political rights with a bastard and degenerate race ; and they voted themselves the only lawful representatives of the colony. On the 28th of May they issued a declaration of their rights, which many moderate members refused to sign, and withdrew. Freed from their embarrassing presence, they proceeded to organise committees of war, of marine, and even of diplomacy ; and ventured to summon the heads of the colonial government.

“ The Governor-General Peynier, finding his authority to totter, endeavoured to uphold it by secretly encouraging the coloured party, who, under such sanction, did not omit to press their pretensions.

“ From these dissensions there arose two governments,—one consisting of the governor-general, assisted by the superior council of Port-au-Prince, and the other of the General Assembly. The latter

\* Harvey, in his “ Sketches,” adds those of La Fayette and Robespierre.

† “ The approaches to St. Mark are good, though the immediate entrance through a dilapidated gate is paltry. The town itself is strikingly contrasted with any thing I had previously seen. Though filled with ruins, they were ruins of magnificence ; and some of the houses, especially those that face the sea, are of a very superior order, being built of freestone, which had been prepared and sent out from France. The town, though always small, must have been really very beautiful, and there are abundant materials for restoring it, if not to its former beauty, certainly to a state of comparative grandeur. \* \* There are also about the town some fortified places, among others Fort Churchill, which were erected by our army during our occupation of the Island.”—MACKENZIE’S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 134.

“ The seat of the republican government was Port-au-Prince, a place next in magnitude and importance to Cape François. It is situated towards the south-western extremity of the island, at the farther end of a beautiful bay, along the borders of a plain of great extent, which is bounded by mountains of prodigious altitude. But though built on a similar plan to the capital of the northern districts, especially in the width and regularity of its streets, it is greatly inferior to that place in its buildings—the greater part of the houses consisting entirely of wood. And besides being in many parts in a state of ruin, its southern aspect, and the flat swampy grounds in its immediate neighbourhood, render it one of the most unhealthy places in the island.”—HARVEY’S *Sketches*, pp. 351, 2.

“ The city is partially fortified landward, and is commanded in the rear by ‘ Forts Belain and Alexandre,’—the last so named in honour of Pétion ; and the harbour is protected by a battery on a small island, at a very short distance from the shore.”—MACKENZIE’S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 6.

attempted to settle the dispute by voting their opponents to be traitors, opened the ports to all nations, and organised troops, holding out inducement to those in the king's service to abandon their colours. They also succeeded in corrupting the crew of the *Leopard*, then in the bay of Port-au-Prince.

"These acts of violence induced the governor to dissolve the General Assembly, alleging the treasonable acts as the cause of doing so. Violent proceedings on both sides followed ; and at last the Assembly embarked in a body on board the *Leopard* for France, to lay their grievances before the National Assembly. On their departure the governor convoked the primary Assemblies ; but some did not meet, and others re-elected their old deputies."\*

The tocsin was now indeed sounded : Hayti no longer strove against a foreign foe, but warred upon herself ; and a succession of abortive measures ensued on both sides. The execution of Ogé and his brother, with their allies the Chavanes, appeared to rend asunder the last link between the whites and the coloured population ; and although partial insurrections took place both in the west and south at nearly the same period, they were soon suppressed. The commotion created by the decree of the French National Assembly, dissolving the General Assembly on the plea of unconstitutional acts, was not, however, to be so readily appeased ; and the arrival at Port-au-Prince of two French ships of the line conveying troops "to maintain order in the colony,"† completed the disaffection of the opposite party ; and scenes of barbarity and bloodshed ensued over which we eagerly drop a veil. Suffice it to say, that within a very short period a third of the northern province was reduced to a heap of ruins ; and that human lives were wantonly sacrificed, without pity, and apparently without remorse.

"It was amid the horror of all these circumstances," says the Baron de Lacroix, "that the New Assembly, which always substituted the term *General* for that of *Colonial*, commenced its sittings. Bewildered alike by prejudice and suffering, its first hopes did not turn towards the country to which it attributed all its disasters,—it disdained even to make them known there ; and in order to prevent the government from doing its duty in this respect, it laid an embargo upon all the vessels in the colony."‡

This remark is called forth on the part of the French historian, by the fact, that many of the measures of the mother-country having tended to alienate the attachment of the colonial proprie-

\* Mackenzie's Notes, vol. II. pp. 1617.

† Mackenzie's Notes, vol. II. p. 13.

‡ Révolution de Saint Domingue, tome I. p. 95.

tors, the counter-revolutionists gladly availed themselves of the circumstances at this period, to endeavour to wrest the island from the power of its *soi-disant* protector, and to place it under the safeguard of Great Britain. Proposals were accordingly made to Sir Adam Williamson, then governor of Jamaica, to this effect; and the negotiations were carried on by Colonel Charmilly, whose misrepresentations induced the General to accede to his propositions, and to dispatch, in September, 1793, a small force under Colonel Whitelocke, to occupy the distant posts of Jérémie\* and Cape Nicholas Mole.† All expectation of co-operation from the inhabitants, fully as it had been guaranteed, was soon, however, proved to be hopeless; a few royalists did their best to redeem the pledge of the crafty Charmilly, but their numbers were insufficient to render efficient aid; and after five years spent in distasteful and disastrous struggles, the British troops under Sir Thomas Maitland, who had succeeded to the command, evacuated first Port-au-Prince, and lastly Cape Nicholas Mole, leaving behind them the bones of thousands of their victimised countrymen, and an enormous treasure—and carrying away nothing save disease, heart-burning, and regrets. This must have been the more galling to the baffled and discomfited little army, as it is evident that at that period the English as a nation exhibited little interest in the contention between France and her disaffected subjects of the Antilles: and it is on record that Mr. Pitt, on learning the dissensions which had grown up between them, ironically observed—"It appears that the French will be

\* "The Jérémie district has some attractions, from recollections of buccaniers, and from the fact that the first division of our ill-fated expedition, at the beginning of the revolution, landed there."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 84.

† "The harbour is first-rate, being completely land-locked, so that the water is as still as that of a pond, and of great depth close to a very bold shore." \*  
Cape Nicholas Mole, as is well known to every one conversant with the revolutions of St. Domingo, was fortified at great expense by the French government; and after we obtained possession, it was rendered one of the strongest in the world, seaward. And even now the ruined works retain the names which we had given them. After an enormous expense had been fruitlessly incurred, the late Sir Thomas Maitland entered into a convention with Toussaint in 1798, and delivered up the fortifications to him, with so much pomp as to call forth the sneers of the French writers. When Christophe and Pétion divided the French portion of the island, the Mole retained its fidelity to the latter. The former besieged it in 1812, and after the governor, General Lamar, had been killed, and his immediate successor had blown out his brains on despairing of succour, it fell into the hands of Christophe, who butchered some of the survivors, razed the works, and even cut down the trees that adorned the suburbs—a melancholy monument of his vindictive fury. The destruction of the trees was an act of very wanton ferocity, as they afforded almost the only shade in that neighbourhood, the country being remarkably arid and bare. The city is now reduced to the lowest state—there being no trade, notwithstanding its fine situation. In the event of war it would still be an invaluable military position, which would probably not be overlooked either by America or France."—*Ibid.* vol. I. pp. 48-9.

compelled to take their coffee with barley-sugar;" and that he vouchsafed no other comment upon the matter.\*

It is a singular feature in the history of the Haytian Republic, that at no one trying epoch of her fate has she failed to find among her population some prominent and fearless individual, who, whatever might be the darker traits of his character, had nevertheless outgrown his countrymen in intellect as well as ambition. Agé was her first political champion; and although his career was short, it was nevertheless as consistent as it was spirited; and the firmness with which he met the dreadful death of the wheel, proved that even when overpowered he was still unconquered. The next Haytian who aspired to free his country from the thrall of the whites was Jean François, who assumed the title of Grand-Admiral of France,† while the reproach of wanton cruelty, which has been brought, and with too much justice, against the colonists of Hayti, of whatever denomination, was shared, it must be remembered, equally with their opponents. The struggle was one of blood and barbarity on both sides; and the army of Jean François, although encouraged in their attempt at emancipation by the Spanish colonists, and above all by the priesthood of both that country and France, who in the war of extermination waged between the adverse parties found a means of indulging their own passions, and furthering their own avarice, as well as of increasing their own strength, showed at least an inclination towards greater clemency,—a fact rendered evident in the letter addressed by its principal officers to General Blanchelande, of which one of the passages runs thus:—

"In order to prove to you that we are not so cruel as you may believe, we desire, with all our hearts, to conclude a peace; but it must be on the condition that all the whites, both of the plains and heights, retire to join you, and thence return to their own homes, thus abandoning the Cape (Haytien)‡ without one single exception: let them take with them their gold and their jewels; we only pursue that dear liberty which is to us so precious an object."

An intestine struggle, based upon a fallacy like that which distracted this unhappy island, was perhaps the most fearful visitation to which it could have been subjected—for it was on all sides a war of principle. The black population, even while defying and endangering the French authorities, still considered

\* *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en France*, tom. I., p. 285.

† His lieutenant Brassou, took that of Generalissimo of Saint Domingo.

‡ This city, called by the Spaniards Guarico (its aboriginal name), and since known as Cabo Santo, Cap François, Cap Republicain, Cap Henri, and latterly Cap Haytien, was originally the seat of government, and was the handsomest city of the Republic. It was utterly destroyed by the earthquake of May 7, 1842.

themselves as faithful subjects to the mother-country, and as contending only against local abuses; while their adversaries, divided between anger and contempt at what they held to be a harassing and profitless opposition to their rights, as masters of the soil that they had conquered, endeavoured by every means, however barbarous and uncompromising, to resume the sway which had been so rudely shaken. But the most fearful feature of this insular contention was the hostile collision into which the question of colour brought all links of kindred and connexion. The loose code of morals which had been introduced by all classes of the colonists, had, when pursued through its intricate ramifications, made one common family of the whole settlement—the degrees of affinity being determined by the complexion; and thus, when the coloured population armed themselves against the blacks, they were waging unnatural warfare against those whose blood was still leaping in their veins.

Had they been able to comprehend, and willing to admit, this truism, the island might indeed have been equally lost to France in the sequel; but its annals would never have been laden, as they now are, with records of intestine struggle and ruthless murder.

The bad policy displayed by the French general in sending against the insurgents a force so small as to render its defeat easy, naturally raised the confidence of Jean François and his followers; and their next step was to dispatch one of their representatives to Port Margot, preceded by a white flag, bearing on one side the inscription of *Vive le Roi*, and on the other that of *Ancien Régime*, and furnished with the declaration—

“That they had taken up arms in defence of the king, whom the whites held prisoner at Paris, because he had willed to enfranchise the blacks, his faithful subjects.

“That they consequently required this enfranchisement, and the re-establishment of the old government.

“In consideration of which concessions the whites should have their lives granted to them, and be suffered to return in quiet to their homes; but that they would be previously disarmed.

“In reply to this overture they were informed, that Port Margot being but an isolated portion of the colony, nothing conclusive could be decided on; but that the terms accepted by the Cape (Haytien) would be conceded. The rebels, taking this answer as an avowal of weakness, made a vigorous attack, which was followed by their defeat.”\*

This disaster, however, far from dispiriting the insurgents,

\* *Révolution de Saint Domingue. Anon. Tom. I. p. 105.*

only tended to teach them greater caution; and thenceforth, carefully avoiding all fortified places and military outposts, such as the cordons on the east, the peninsula of Môle St. Nicholas, and the plain of Fort Dauphin,\* they made war only upon those isolated points where arms and provisions were alike scarce and difficult to be procured. Encouraged in their excesses by the Romanist priests and monks who followed their fortunes, and who, with few exceptions, emulated them in licentiousness and cruelty, they believed that their cause was safe, and after each check became but the more resolute and desperate; while among the whites themselves, jealousies and dissensions increased to such an extent that all trust or faith in each other became utterly extinct. The colonists accused the military of connivance with the rebels; nor would they suffer themselves to be convinced to the contrary, even by the massacre of twenty officers of the Cape regiment, who had been made prisoners by the insurgents, and instantly put to death; and, meanwhile, the coloured population of the south and east, considering themselves insulted by certain transactions at the Cape, took up arms to enact vengeance—and vacating Port-au-Prince, established themselves at Charbonnière, the Croix-des-Bouquets,† and Mirebalais.‡

A night engagement between these new enemies and the whites took place after a skirmish in the plain of Cul de Sac, § in which

\* Afterwards called Fort Republicain, and now Fort Liberté; known in ancient times as Bayaha. "Fort Liberté is in a very ruinous state, to which the fact of its being a closed port contributes very essentially; but it must have been a pretty small town, with an admirable harbour well protected by fortifications: the entrance is narrow, but the water deep within the bay, where a large fleet of men-of-war might ride with perfect security. The General endeavoured to revive the industry both of the town and neighbourhood; and for failure, the usual reasons, 'want of hands and capital,' were invariably assigned."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 196.

† "A village memorable in the annals of Haytian warfare, the seat of many a bloody skirmish."—CANDLER'S *Brief Notices of Hayti*, p. 139.

‡ "The town opened upon us, with its fortifications, standing on the precipitous bank of the Artibonite. \* \* \* This place has been for some time destined to be the seat of government. A fort has been there erected, a depot of arms and ammunition established, and several buildings have been commenced. \* \* \* The climate is said to be healthy, and from its elevation the currents of air are less stagnant than in the plains below, rendering the heat, though considerable, infinitely more tolerable. \* \* \* Mirebalais is well placed as a capital as well as a military position. It is quite protected by a chain of hill-forts towards the plain of Cul de Sac, flanked by a rapid and deep stream, and commanding the most important pass to the north and to the east."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. pp. 323-5.

§ "The most spacious of the plains is that of Vega Real, which traverses several of the northern departments: its length is 220 miles; it is exceedingly fertile and well watered. Its chief produce is tobacco of an excellent quality; it grows also sugar and cocoa, and affords pasturage to large herds of cattle; but owing to its present spare population, yields comparatively little of food or agreeable luxuries to



the latter were routed; when a sugar plantation having been fired, the second combat was waged amid an atmosphere of flame—and with the same result.

It would be painful as well as needless to follow up the course of intrigue, virulence, and misrule, which was pursued by either party. Conflicting interests harassed and trammelled the leaders of the respective factions; the vacillating councils of France, where one decree annulled another, kept alive the spirit of unrest, and weakened her own authority, by undeceiving those who had been taught to believe in her infallibility; and ultimately, the coloured party, gaining courage from the palpable irresolution of their opponents, demanded that the garrison of Port-au-Prince should be disbanded, and the city entrusted to a guard of their own militia. These conditions were at once acceded to, and the regular government re-established.

The subsequent declaration of the French commissioners before the Colonial Assembly, that they would recognize only two classes of inhabitants in Saint Domingo—free men without distinction of colour, and slaves—gave great confidence to the new citizens; while the proprietors and planters were re-assured by the arrival of six thousand efficient troops, sent by the French government to protect the property of the colonists, and to restore the tranquillity of the island. In this latter purpose they, however, miserably failed; for where they should have struck a sudden and decisive blow, they merely temporized—listened to recriminatory complaints from all parties; and finally contented themselves with dissolving the Colonial Assembly, after passing an act of pardon and oblivion, and expelling General Blanche-lande. The result of this languid, and without doubt interested, policy, was such as might have been anticipated. The party which considered itself oppressed by this new arrangement, became only the more determined in its hostility; and ere long the island was once more the theatre of war.

the wants of man. The noble rivers, Yague and Youna, which traverse its whole extent, will serve greatly to facilitate the transit of its produce, whenever a large and active body of settlers may devote themselves to the cultivation of its soil. This plain alone might well support its million of inhabitants. That of Santo Domingo is the next in importance, and has very few people upon it, although from its fertility and extent of surface—700 square leagues—it would yield, if cultivated, an immensity of produce. The plain of Azua has a surface of 150 square leagues, and that of Neybé 80 square leagues. Of the remaining plains it is only needful to mention *La Plaine du Nord*, near Cape Haytien, and *Le Cul de Sac*, near Port-au-Prince; in both of which sugar was formerly cultivated to a great extent, and where a large number of sugar works and distilleries are still in operation to furnish syrup and rum for the home market.”—CANDLER'S *Brief Notices of Hayti*, p. 4.

The affairs devolving upon the commissioners becoming daily more difficult and intricate, they called to their aid not only all the felons in the gaols, but also the revolted chiefs Pierrot and Macaya ; and, having secured their co-operation, endeavoured through this medium to effect a permanent alliance with their leaders. Jean François, however, resolutely resisted all overtures tending to such a point, and stoutly refused to listen to every proposal of coalition ; and thus, in process of time, Commissioner Southonax, finding himself hemmed in at the Cape, with an inconsiderable force of eighteen hundred men, to whom were opposed about thirty thousand of the insurgents, proclaimed the general emancipation of all the slaves. His two colleagues vehemently opposed this measure ; but after the death of one of these, his survivor published in the south a proclamation to the same effect as that of Southonax, and shortly afterwards issued a code of regulations for the enforcement of labour.

By this measure the attachment of the great mass of colonial proprietors to the mother-country was irremediably shaken ; and the counter-revolutionists availed themselves of the fact to place the island under the protection of Great Britain. The result of the negotiation is well known. Feebly supported, even by the royalists, the British troops, after struggling during five years to restore peace and order, at length, as already stated, abandoned all hope of accomplishing their object, and quitted the island. On the 22nd of June, 1795, by the Treaty of Basle, the sovereignty of the eastern division of the island was ceded to the French ; the commissioners who had been sent as prisoners to France, and tried at the bar of the National Convention, on charges exhibited against them by the colonists, had been acquitted by that tribunal ; and Southonax, accompanied by four new colleagues,—two of whom (Geraud and Leblanc) he induced to quit the country, while a third (Roume) was dispatched to the city of Santo Domingo,\*—remained associated with the last (Raimond) in full authority in the old French colony.

\* "It is built on a small platform that commands the harbour. Its form is trapezoidal, extending along the (river) Ozama about 900 yards, and along the sea about 800, having a circuit of about 3000 yards. The whole is surrounded with a rampart, which varies in thickness from 8 to 12 feet. There are also around it traces of a ditch. The bastions are small, and two half-moon batteries protect the two extremes, and some irregular works defend the city towards the sea. A small height to the north-west commands the rampart in that direction. \* \* The interior of the city is regularly laid out in streets, that intersect each other nearly at right angles. The houses are in the Spanish style, the larger ones forming a square, with an inner quadrangle—those of an inferior kind such as are seen in the smaller towns in Spain, with massy doors and barred windows. \* \* The streets are not all paved, but they are wide and spacious. The climate is agreeable."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. pp. 263-4.

Now it was that Toussaint, with whose name every one at all conversant with the romance of Haytian history must be familiar, having obtained the rank of general of division, threw aside all further attempt at disguise, and assumed that prominent character which he maintained to his death.

"This extraordinary person was born a slave at Breda,\* a plantation very near to Cape François, belonging to Count Noë. From the occupation of a carter he arrived at that of a postilion. On this estate he lived until he was above fifty years of age, when the insurrection called him to perform a more elevated character. While in his humble station, he had been taught to read and write, some say by a Capuchin—he himself alleged by a non-commissioned officer of the regiment of the Cape. On joining the insurrectionary bands of Jean François, he bore the ludicrous title of 'Physician to the Armies of the King,' while in fact he held a military command. He was afterwards aide-de-camp both to Biassou and to Jean François, and eventually obtained the rank of colonel in the Spanish service, in which he acquired great respect for the regularity with which he discharged his religious duties. The Marquess d'Hermona, the Spanish general, in speaking of him, declared that God, in this terrestrial globe, could not commune with a purer spirit. Through the medium of the Abbé de la Haye, he was seduced by General Laveaux to betray his Spanish associates; and at the time when Hermona's confidence was most unbounded, he deserted to the Republican party, taking with him a considerable body of his fellows. And to mark his zeal, taking a select party, he traversed with rapidity and established the Republican banner on all the points in the north where that of Spain had previously floated.

"His subsequent history is that of the island; and he was endowed with many indisputable qualifications for the part he had determined to play. Possessed of an iron constitution, he was enabled to bear any fatigue; he was capable of great and continued mental exertion; while his dissimulation, perfidy, and cruelty are described as knowing no bounds, though always veiled under the mask of religion, charity, and meekness. Using his profound knowledge of the negro character, without ever betraying himself, he acquired an almost superhuman influence. General Lacroix says, and I have never heard it contradicted even by his contemporaries in Hayti, that 'the soldiers regarded him as a superior being, and the cultivators prostrated themselves before him as before a divinity. All his generals trembled before him. Dessalines did not dare to look in his face, and all the world trembled before his generals!'—a short but intelligent description of the mode of government then in vogue.

"Toussaint has been accused of licentiousness in his morals in after-life, though abstemious in his food: and it is asserted, that while he

\* "I visited Breda, and found that although cultivation is not wholly abandoned, the buildings are one heap of ruins."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 190.

used all the terrors of Catholic superstition to augment his authority, he secretly communicated to the Directory that his measures were only dictated by policy.

"Notwithstanding these statements, there can be but little doubt that he would have been a distinguished man in any country in which a field for his exertions had existed: the facts of his elevation attest this; but the confirmation is to be found in the measures he pursued to maintain order and industry, by which only he could ensure the independence of his country."\*

That his policy was equal to his daring, we have sufficient proof in the skilful manner in which he contrived to rid himself of his early friends, Southonax and Laveaux, by causing them to be chosen as deputies from the colony to the legislative body in France, and by giving to them a suite composed of all those black officers who had disapproved of his measures. The remaining commissioner (Rainond) co-operated with Toussaint; but General Rigaud, although still in arms for the Republic in the south, did not coalesce with him; while it soon became evident that the Directory, notwithstanding their external demonstrations of cordiality and confidence, were rapidly becoming mistrustful of their general-in-chief—and in order to counteract his influence, they sent out General Hedonville as their agent.

"This officer, notwithstanding his reputation, committed a capital fault, in marking his distrust in his new colleague by landing at the city of Santo Domingo; and some ill-timed remarks of his staff confirming Toussaint's suspicions, led to the assassination (it is asserted by his orders) of two of Hedonville's aides-de-camp. The attempt that the general made to reconcile Rigaud and Toussaint also failed, owing probably to the mutual distrust of all parties. After the British had evacuated, in 1798, their last stronghold, Toussaint appears to have thought it unnecessary to retain his disguise—at least, in the colony. An insurrection was excited among the cultivators, and Hedonville was obliged to embark. In an artful letter to the Directory, the now uncontrolled general-in-chief laid claim to having re-established order and regularity, after they had been thoroughly subverted."†

Hedonville, disgusted by the ill success of his mission, fretted by the popularity of Sir Thomas Maitland, and especially indignant against Toussaint personally, unhappily indulged his spirit of retaliation by investing Rigaud with the rank of general-in-chief, thus placing him on the same footing as Toussaint, and creating an additional cause of jealousy and contention between themselves and their respective followers. All efforts to reconcile

\* Mackenzie's Notes, vol. II. pp. 45-6.

† Ibid. 47.

these powerful rivals proved abortive; and Rigaud, who considered himself aggrieved that Leogane\* should not have been included in the territory subjected to his command, commenced hostilities by surprising that place, of which he possessed himself at an immense expense of human life. The agents of Toussaint, and the English who fell into the hands of Rigaud at Jérémie, and at Great and Little Goave,† were mercilessly slaughtered; and many colonists holding property in the island fell a prey to the man whom they had too hastily received into their confidence as the regenerator of his country.

The reprisals of Toussaint, meanwhile, were equal to the aggressions of his opponent; and the atrocities committed by his satellite, Dessalines, in the south, were such as to inspire terror in every bosom.

Early in 1800, Rigaud spread an alarm among the planters which caused them all to retreat into the towns, where they might more effectually defend themselves; and their numbers became so great that the assailants took alarm in their turn, and collected in such immense masses to make the attack, that they soon added the horrors of famine to those of war. In Jacmel‡

\* "Leogane is a considerable town, chiefly built of wood; and the streets, though unpaved, are better than those of Port-au-Prince. There is only an open roadstead, but no sheltered harbour. During the revolutionary contests, Leogane was a point of some consequence, and frequently the scene of sanguinary conflicts. It was also a place of importance, even at the time of the first discovery, being then the principal place of the kingdom of Xaragua, under the Cacique Behechio, whose successor and sister Anacoana was so treacherously ensnared and brutally murdered by the orders of Ovando, about the year 1497.

† "During the French régime, it was a place of very considerable importance; and in more recent times it fell alternately into the possession of all the contending parties, and is noted for the executions inflicted by General Rigaud on all who had deserted the republican banners, when he retook it in 1794."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. pp. 57-8.

‡ "Grand Goave was never (as far as I know) a place of any great note; at present it is a miserable small town. \* \* Petit Goave, a miserable looking place, once the capital of the French colony, could not afford us bare walls for hire. \* \* The harbour is said to be the best on this line of coast, but the climate unhealthy, and the town therefore less frequented than it would otherwise be. The sea defences are described as having been good under the old régime; at present they are much reduced both in number and quality."—*Ibid.* vol. I. pp. 61-3.

§ "The town of Jacmel consists of two parts: the lower town, built along the shore at the bottom of a bay where the shipping lies, and where business is carried on; and the upper town, built on a hill immediately behind the lower. The view of this port from a ship's deck at sea, with its white buildings and terrace-like form, must be very striking. The streets are poor and ill-paved, and there are not many good houses; the best building in the place belongs to the President (Boyer), who is seldom there, and which therefore stands empty. The inhabitants are estimated at from 6000 to 7000. There is a good market place, a spacious and rather handsome parish church, and a strong prison."—CANDLER'S *Brief Notices of Hayti*, pp. 154-5.

alone, more than four thousand persons perished of hunger. The struggles of Rigaud and his party were vain against the superior influence and tact of Toussaint. The wonderful power which he had acquired over the *morale* of the people added strength to his military authority ; and it is no slight triumph for the memory of this extraordinary man, that in this respect he has even extorted the admiration of General de Lacroix, who, despite national prejudices, thus bears testimony to the fact :—

“ It was remarkable to see Africans, the body naked, provided only with a cartouch-box, a sword, and a musket, give an example of the most severe discipline ; having but recently completed a campaign where they had subsisted entirely on ears of maize, they established themselves in the towns, without touching either the provisions exposed in the shops, or those which the cultivators brought in from the country. Tractable and timid before their officers, and respectful towards the inhabitants, it was necessary to invite them more than once, in order to make them accept food.” \*

The establishment of the consular government in France was followed by the mission to Hayti of Generals Michel and Vincent, sent there by Bonaparte to secure a continuation of that influence which the expulsion of Hedonville had taught him to be on the wane. Toussaint, suspicious of treachery, caused both to be arrested, but afterwards liberated them at the Cape ; where they communicated to him the political changes which had taken place in France, and the confirmation of his rank by the First Consul, as *generalissimo* of the army of Saint Domingo. This latter intelligence naturally flattered the ambition of Toussaint ; but he nevertheless continued distrustful on the subject of the French Revolution, as set forth in the proclamation to the citizens of Hayti ; nor did even the promise which it contained, of the formation of new and appropriate local laws, or the pledge given to respect the liberty and equality of the blacks, inspire the confidence which they were intended to produce. The command of Buonaparte that all the colonial banners should bear in letters of gold the inscription “ *Braves Noires ! souvenez-vous que le peuple Français seul reconnoit vos droits,*” full as the motto might be of affectionate chivalry, brought no conviction to the hearts of men who had long cast aside the sentimentalities of diplomatic intrigue, and plunged heart and soul into all the horrors of civil warfare. Nor were the leading authorities of Saint Domingo satisfied with the French scheme of legislating at home for the colony. They had been striving for freedom, and they cared not to exchange one thrall for another ; they desired to legislate as

\* *Révolution de Saint Domingue*, tome I. p. 348.

well as to fight for themselves ; and they resented this, which they considered to be an undue assumption on the part of the First Consul, by treating General Michel with such marked coolness and disregard, that he returned to Europe, leaving Vincent and Raimond in the island.

“ Being now freed from domestic rivals, Toussaint began to develop his schemes of personal aggrandisement ; he received with kindness the old colonists ; restored the Gregorian calendar, in opposition to that of the republican style ; attached to his person white officers ; treated the clergy with unbounded reverence ; and surrounded himself with a chosen body-guard of one thousand eight hundred men, dressed in the costume of the old ‘ *gardes du corps* ’ of France. He selected, without reference to complexion, the most efficient officers for every branch of the public service ; and promoted agriculture, both for home use and foreign export—on the last of which he well knew his pecuniary resources depended. Under the pretext of enforcing the treaty of Basle, he announced, in 1800, to the Spanish governor, Don Joachim Garcia, his intention of taking possession of the Spanish colony ; and in spite of the Spaniard’s moderation, and the arrival of the French vessel with dispatches (which brought, as was expected, orders against such an attempt), he pressed forward at the head of an irresistible force, and occupied the whole of the Spanish colony. The messenger with the dispatches was then permitted to deliver his unavailing instructions.

“ The next step in his career was, with the aid of Bosgella, Pascal and others, to promulgate the constitution of the colony of Saint Domingo, (without the sanction of the French government,) by which he was declared governor for life. But still the title of colony was retained.” \*

Vincent in vain dissuaded the generalissimo from so extreme a step. The resolution of Toussaint was taken ; and Vincent himself, despite his repugnance, was dispatched to France with the Act of Independence.

On the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, the First Consul was enabled to turn his attention more undividedly towards the colonies, and he then commenced his opposition to the independent projects of the Haytian governor ; but Toussaint had taken his measures too effectually to be easily dislodged. Like Napoleon himself, he had “ achieved greatness,”—and he loved it, not only for its own sake, but because it had been his own work. Nor must the high and holy ambition be denied to him, of seeking the welfare and prosperity of the country to which he owed his birth, and the oppressed race of which he was himself the representative. Even surrounded as he was by difficulties and dangers of

\* Mackenzie’s Notes, vol. II. p. 50.

no ordinary description, with a fierce enemy dogging his path, and a subtle ally striving to undermine his authority, he did not neglect the interior economy of the island, but established agrarian regulations which secured the well-doing of his superior officers.

Satisfied, at length, that nothing save force could dislodge the "Lord Protector," whom he had himself assisted to place on his perilous eminence, and anxious to consolidate his tottering authority in the West Indian Archipelago, the First Consul, early in the December of 1801, fitted out an expedition against Saint Domingo, under the command of his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc, with whom was associated Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, as naval commander. The details given by the Baron de Lacroix of the extraordinary want of judgment displayed by the First Consul and his advisers on the subject of this expedition, will account for the fact of their approach being known to the Haytian authorities long before the fleet appeared off the island, and when it was most essential to the success of the enterprise that all should be accomplished alike with secrecy and dispatch.

"Never did any undertaking display greater naval strength, under such defective management; the rendezvous at sea appeared to have been given only to retard and to betray the expedition.

"In the first place the squadrons which left the different seaports received an order to meet in the Gulf of Gascony, where it was easy to run foul of each other.

"The second rendezvous was at the Canary Islands, too far south of their direct course.

"Ultimately, the third was at Cape Sumana, at the head of the Island of St. Domingo, where the easterly winds are strong and prevalent; and where, in order not to be driven to the westward, it is necessary to wage constant warfare with the wind, the currents, and the waves. Few vessels are able to resist their combined violence.

"The time which the squadrons lost in looking for and waiting for each other, caused the general muster at Cape Sumana to occupy several weeks.

"The moral effect of a sudden appearance was lost; while, if all the squadrons had rendezvoused at one of the Windward Islands, (independently of the advantage of showing our flag in great numbers in the Archipelago of the Antilles,) it would have been easy, having the wind, and in putting embargos, to drop down suddenly on Saint Domingo, and to profit by the advantages of surprise and combination.

"The very contrary was done; the crisis had time to ferment."\*

Toussaint, who galloped over to the Cape to watch the motions of the advancing fleet, was for a time utterly discouraged and

\* *Révolution de St. Domingue*, tome II. pp. 62-3.



hopeless, but he soon rallied. Its appearance at sea was formidable; but, like a small kernel in a monstrous nut, the number of troops brought by the fifty-four vessels and frigates, which made so gallant a show as they neared the island, amounted to no more than 10,500 men; to whom the Haytian generals could oppose a force of 20,650; and when, early in February, Cape François, then under the orders of Christophe, was summoned, he refused, by the orders of his chief, to receive the French armament; and when he reluctantly became convinced of the utter futility of further resistance, fired the city by throwing a brand into his own house, and marched out, leaving only a waste of smoking ruins to the invaders.

Fort Dauphin and Port-au-Prince, however, soon fell into the hands of the French general; upon which an attempt was made to induce Toussaint to abandon the cause to which he had devoted himself. The details of the interview in which his children, who, having been educated in the French capital, had naturally adopted the views and feelings of their Gallic preceptors, were made the principal agents, were eminently affecting; but the effort of Le Clerc served only to acerate the spirit of the stern chief, without having power to shake his resolution.

“There is one circumstance in his life which places his character in an interesting point of view, and cannot fail to excite our admiration—I mean the manner in which he conducted himself, when Le Clerc proposed to him, either to abandon the cause of liberty or to lose his two sons. The latter were brought by Le Clerc from France, where they had been sent for their education; and the proposal was made by their tutor, when he introduced them to their father on their return. Toussaint embraced them with the utmost tenderness, wept over them, and was for some time in extreme agony, apparently hesitating whether he should yield to his affection as a father, or follow his duty as a patriot. He at length wiped away his tears, delivered his sons to the tutor, saying, ‘Take back my children, since it must be so; I will be faithful to my brethren and my God.’ (*Vide Hist. of St. Dom.* c. VIII. pp. 232—241.) The youths were brought back to Le Clerc, but what became of them afterwards could never be learnt.”\*

In the west and south the struggle was unremitted. Many lives were sacrificed on both sides; nor was it until after the memorable defence of Crête à Pierrot,† that the three Haytian

\* Sketches of Hayti, Harvey, pp. 73-4.

† “Celebrated in Haytian annals for the defence it made against no less than three divisions of General Le Clerc’s army. \* \* \* Crête à Pierrot is an insignificant fortification, built by our army on the right bank of the Artibonite, protecting one of the principal passages to the north and east of the group of mountains called ‘Les Mornes de Cahos,’ at a distance of rather more than a mile from the

chiefs, Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, tendered their submission to the French general.

The result of this step was the treacherous arrest of the former on sundry charges of treason, and his expatriation to France, where he perished in the Château de Joux, "*crispé par le froid, rongé par ses regrets*," according to Lacroix, but sacrificed, as other authorities declare, by more tangible agents.

"On the voyage from Saint Domingo to France he was refused all intercourse with his family; he was confined constantly to his cabin, and the door was guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. On the arrival of the ship at Brest, no time was lost in hurrying him on shore. On the deck only was he permitted to have an interview with his wife and children, whom he was to meet no more in this life. He was conveyed in a close carriage, and under a strong escort of cavalry, to the Castle of Joux, in Normandy, where he was committed to the strictest confinement, with a single negro attendant.

"From the Castle of Joux, Toussaint, at the approach of winter, was removed to Besançon, and there immured in a cold, damp, and gloomy dungeon, like one of the worst criminals. This dungeon may be regarded as his sepulchre. Let the reader imagine the horrors of such a prison to one who had been born and lived near threescore years in a West Indian climate, where warmth and air are never wanting, even in jails, and where the beams of the sun are only too bright and continual. It has been confidently asserted by respectable authority, that the floor of the dungeon was covered with water. In this deplorable condition, without any comfort, or alleviation of his sufferings, he lingered through the winter, and died in the spring of the following year."\*

The injudicious measures of Le Clerc ere long excited towards him the disgust of every class of the colonists, from the military officers to the labouring agriculturists. One after the other the native chiefs fell from him; and the yellow fever, of which he ultimately became the victim, just spared him sufficiently long to render him cognizant of the failure of all his schemes. He was succeeded in his command by General Rochambert, (subsequently

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village of Petite Rivière, from which the ascent is very gradual, terminating in an elevation which, judging by the eye, cannot much exceed 350 feet. One side next to the river is very precipitous; while from the north and south the approaches, although difficult, are covered with a considerable quantity of underwood and some large trees, under cover of which the French made their attacks. After three unsuccessful assaults by the French, in the last of which, according to General Lacroix, who commanded a division there, there were fully 12,000 men, the garrison, consisting of not more than 1000 or 1200, under the command of the chef-de-brigade Lamartinière, cut their way through their assailants, and retired in safety to the black army, with a loss of less than one half of their numbers."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. pp. 139-40.

\* History of Saint Domingo, c. VIII. pp. 270-1.

killed at Leipsic,) to whom a reinforcement of 20,000 men was sent by the French government; and who, emulating Dessalines in his enormous cruelties, finished by alienating the few colonists who still adhered to the French cause.\* There can be no doubt but that to the memory of the uncompromising barbarity of this one man may even now be attributed, in no slight degree, the extreme jealousy entertained by the Haytians of all interference or advances on the part of France; a jealousy so deeply rooted and so perseveringly fostered, as to induce them, even at this period of superior enlightenment, to adhere stringently to the 38th Article† of their Constitution, which prohibits *white* men from becoming landed proprietors in the island.

"No white man can marry a Haytian woman, and thereby become entitled to her real or personal estate; and no white man can trade without a special license, renewable yearly with a heavy fine; nor, indeed, generally speaking, can he trade at all without being associated with a Haytian partner. Such restrictions as these tend to exclude capital from the country, to paralyse industry, and to prevent the increased cultivation of the soil. But few Europeans can be found who are willing to subject themselves to the fetters thus imposed upon them. If a merchant of this class, which is sometimes the case, marry a Haytian woman, and buy land, and if he desire to preserve in his own hands the power of disposing of his property during life, or at death, he takes a bond of his wife, or presumed wife, for the full value of the land purchased, and then disposes of it at his pleasure; as the wife or children, who by law would inherit the land, cannot take possession till the created incumbrance has been paid off. By schemes like these the law is evaded as to some of its pernicious consequences; but it still maintains its supremacy in this respect—that no white man can possess a freehold, in his own right, in the soil."‡

That the Haytians should consider it necessary to secure themselves against the encroachments of needy adventurers or political agents, none can be surprised. That they should, in remembering that they have already once been "pushed from their stools" by France, deem it probable that she would willingly

\* "The road from *Petite Anse* to the Cape is on the shore, washed by the waters of that awful bay, where, in the time of Le Clerc and Rochambeau, the French army made such a dreadful havoc of their prisoners of war, sending them out heavily ironed in boats, and plunging them into the sea. Many a sumptuous banquet of human flesh have the sharks enjoyed on this coast, and the sight of its waters is constantly recalling the horrors of those dreadful days. Can Europeans reproach Dessalines, Christophe, and their black armies with cruelty? Let them look at the conduct of their own savage military commanders, and see on which side cruelty the most predominates."—CANDLER'S *Brief Notices of Hayti*, p. 39.

† Art. 38. "No white man, whatever be his nation, shall put his foot on this territory, as master or proprietor."

‡ Candler's *Brief Notices of Hayti*, p. 108.

seize an opportunity of re-asserting her supremacy over them, is equally easy of comprehension; but that they should rigidly enforce a sweeping rejection of all foreign settlers, is such a monstrous mistake in policy, that it can only be accounted for by the supposition that they are as yet mistrustful of their own powers of self-preservation. The error, meanwhile, is one of fundamental importance. The aboriginal race who peopled the island on its discovery were totally swept away, and the colony repopled from Africa. Thence arose, as a natural consequence, a paucity of population, which the exterminating civil warfare, that has so long convulsed the country, has not tended to replenish. Unexplored mines of all the precious metals, primeval forests where the stroke of the axe never resounds, noble rivers whose currents run unfreighted and profitless to the ocean, and vast plains teeming with a rank and useless vegetation—all invite human labour and human enterprise—but demand them in vain. Hayti is not sufficiently peopled to avail herself of these magnificent natural advantages; and even the tracts of coffee, cotton, and sugar plantations, which before the revolution were rendered productive, and the source of prosperity to the planters, are now imperfectly cultivated, and in some instances suffered to lie waste from the same depressing cause.\*

Any one who has attentively considered all the phases of their history, must concede that the Haytians are a shrewd and intelligent people; and yet they, in this instance, wilfully become themselves the stumbling-block to their own political advancement, and their own moral progression. The exercise of a right judgment on this question would surely enable them to decide more rationally; and by selecting only such foreigners as have resided long among them, and whose probity and good faith they have tested, to share the privileges of citizenship and property with themselves, they would be effectually protected against the encroachments of France, while their internal resources would be strengthened and their social importance increased. But to return to the French occupation under Rochambert.

Violence and crime, as already stated, characterized equally the struggle on both sides; until at length the consular army, unable longer to contend against the combined strength of their resolute opponents and the English squadron under Commodore Loring, which, in consequence of the renewal of hostilities between

\* "The produce of the colony during the first year of Toussaint's administration did not amount to half of what it had been previously to the original commotions; a deficiency which, though it arose in some measure from the ravages of a ten years' war, must be partly ascribed to the great diminution which had, during that period, taken place among the negroes."—*History of St. Domingo*, p. 203.

Great Britain and France, blockaded the harbour of Cape François, were reduced to the mortifying alternative of capture by Dessalines or capitulation to their new adversaries. The evacuation of the Cape took place on the 28th of November, 1803 ; the French having lost in the field, by sickness, and by assassination, 62,481 men and 14 general officers.

This event completed the second great epoch of the revolution of Saint Domingo.

Dessalines at this epoch had attained a rank and influence in the country which enabled him without opposition to seize upon the reins of government ; and the chiefs who met at Gonaïves \* to abjure the authority of France, confirmed to him by a written declaration, on the 1st of January, 1804, the title of governor-general, with sovereign power over the island, and the right of electing his successor. This " Act of Independence " was signed by all the generals ; after which a proclamation was issued to the colonists, bearing the signature of Dessalines only,—thus announcing his acceptance and assumption of the authority which had been vested in his hands. As might have been expected, the declaration of the united chiefs, resolute as it proved them to be to cast off the Gallic yoke, was far exceeded in violence by the proclamation of the governor-general, in which was clearly shadowed out the system of blood and ruthlessness that he pursued until his death. In the month of February, apparently satisfied of the stability of his position, he put forth a second manifesto, directing that judicial proceedings should be instituted against all those who had participated in the cruelties of the two French generals, but no response was made to an order which would have brought doubt and danger to the bosoms of hundreds of families.

"The governor-general first fixed the seat of government at the *ci-devant* plantation Laville, whence he removed it to the plantation Marchand,† situated in the plain of Artibonite, at the foot of the great chain of mountains of Cahos. Here he founded a town called after his own name, and secured it by the establishment of fortresses at the base, on the sides, and on the summits of the mountain."‡

\* "Gonaïves was formerly a place of importance, on account of its salt works, the labourers of which were a formidable body, and played a conspicuous part at one period of the revolution, under the Marquis Borel. The country is low and sandy, and is chiefly devoted to the cultivation of cotton ; but here, as in the south, the complaints of idleness and want of hands were never ending. \* \* \* The works, which were substantial and good, are now in a state of ruin."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes*, vol. I. p. 127.

† "The only remnants of the meditated grandeur of the new city, are a large rambling low house, called the palace, and six hill-forts that rise abruptly to the north."—*Ibid.* vol. I. p. 141.

‡ *Essai sur les Causes de la Révolution de Vastey*, p. 45.

His outward show of power being thus commenced, Dessalines did not long content himself with its mere symbols, but commenced a military expedition, the whole of whose landmarks were steeped in the blood of the white population.

The whole transaction was branded with the most base and malignant treachery; and its climax was a proclamation, wherein it was set forth that the French having been sufficiently punished, an amnesty would be granted to all the survivors in the island who should assemble in the great square to receive their certificates of protection. Many unfortunates, unsuspecting of further treachery, complied with the invitation—all of whom were seized, conveyed to the place of execution, and immediately shot.

“ His secret orders of the 28th of February, 1805, prescribed arrests and partial massacres: ultimately, on the 28th of April following, a public proclamation ordained the massacre of the whites, with the exception of the priests, the officers of health, and some artists. This order, inspired by the most frightful foresight, was executed with alacrity; it was who should strike first, the black, or the men of colour; but, generally, the latter showed themselves the most unanimous and the most implacable, because it was necessary for them to escape the jealous suspicions of the blacks, who exacted from them the bloody guarantee of a personal interest in the defence of their common rights, if those rights should be one day threatened.”\*

Many of his colleagues disapproved of these proceedings, and expostulated in vain; Dessalines gloried in the enormities of which he had been guilty, and even accused Toussaint of a want of fidelity to his cause—Toussaint, who had died to prove the purity of the principle by which he had been actuated. There can be no doubt that the motive of the governor-general in this wholesale butchery was to snap for ever asunder the link which still bound the island to France; he had violated all laws, human and divine, as regarded his *soi-disant* allies; he had negatived every obligation of hospitality; and it only remained for him to cast a slur upon the memory of the man who, in his love for his country, had still retained his human sympathies.

The next step taken by Dessalines was to march upon Santo Domingo, which was still held by the French, and to besiege the city; but after several weeks' perseverance, during which the determined bravery of General Ferrand and his little garrison baffled every attempt at its capture, he was compelled to a precipitate flight by the appearance of a small French squadron. His retreat was marked by the cruelty and outrage natural to his character. The sword and the brand formed its trace.

\* Révolution de St. Domingue de Lacroix, tom. II. pp. 255-6.

On his return from this expedition, he procured, through his intrigues, his own nomination as Emperor of Hayti; and on the 8th of October, 1804, his consecration took place: the Capuchin Brelle, afterwards primate under Christophe, performing the ceremony. But the cry of blood was loud against him, and he was not long suffered to exult in the vain semblance of regality which he had so hastily and eagerly assumed: the sudden deaths of three of his generals, coupled with some extraordinary observations hazarded by Dessalines on the subject, excited the alarm of the coloured population; and ere long his death was resolved upon. De Vastey gives a graphic account of this extraordinary scene, which, although full of his usual tergiversation and false colouring as regards men and motives, is still so curious in its detail of action that it is worth quoting:—

“ In the night of the 17th of October the emperor resumed his journey to Port-au-Prince, having but twenty-one persons in his train.

“ He traversed the whole plain of Cul de Sac in the most perfect security, without meeting an individual to apprise him of what was to ensue.

“ On approaching Pont Rouge he saw the troops drawn up on both sides of the road, and conceiving them to be the same that he had sent forward to await his arrival, he continued to advance without suspicion. He was already deep within the ambuscade without discovering his error, or its being observed by any of his escort, when on reaching the troops he heard the word given to *Make ready*, and cries a thousand times repeated of *Halt!* The emperor now saw his mistake, discovered that he was betrayed, and found himself in the midst of the 15th regiment. This intrepid chieftain, who had braved death amidst a thousand dangers, rushed among the bayonets, and exclaimed, *Soldiers! do you not know me?* He took his cane, and beat aside the bayonets which were opposed to him. The troops, struck with fear and respect, dared not to raise their hands against their emperor, who continued to advance through their ranks. At length one of the boldest among them daring to level his piece, the emperor immediately shot him with a pistol. At this moment Gérin, Yayou, and the other conspirators, who were concealed in ambush, gave the word *to fire*, when a general discharge took place. The emperor's horse was killed, and he himself fell, pierced with a thousand balls.” \*

So perished the tiger Dessalines, the record of whose reign of one year and ten months was written in the blood of his fellow-creatures.

His premature death brought Pétion and Christophe into the field. The former, whose real name was Sabez, was the son of a

\* *Essai sur les Causes de la Révolution*, pp. 55—6.

jeweller at Port-au-Prince. From the commencement of the revolution he had become prominent through his great talents and love of intrigue. He had, during the English invasion, been a firm adherent to France, under whom he attained the rank of general of brigade. On the defeat of Rigaud he accompanied him to France, and only returned to Hayti with Le Clerc's expedition. At the death of Dessalines, Pétion was governor of Port-au-Prince,—having seceded from the French cause a short time previously, and joined the insurgents with the whole of the men under his command. Various causes are assigned for his defection, but as they are all based upon party feelings, it would be impossible at the present day to decide upon the motives by which he was really actuated; certain, however, it is, that from the moment in which he quitted the ranks of his whilome allies, he became one of their most determined enemies, and opposed them with untiring zeal and indomitable courage. His signature was affixed to the "Act of Independence" in 1804, and also to the "Constitution" of Dessalines in 1805. Christophe, the political rival of Pétion, was commander of the Haytian forces at the period of the emperor's assassination. Born in Grenada or St. Kitts, he migrated to Cape Haytien while yet a youth, and at once adopted a military career. Even when he had attained the rank of general, he could with difficulty sign his surname; nor did he ever accomplish more, during his fifteen years reign, than the addition of his Christian one. At the death of Dessalines the northern army elected him chief of Hayti, while Pétion assumed the title of President of the Republic. Nor were these two formidable opponents long alone in their struggle for supremacy; for after three years of incessant and fluctuating warfare, a third competitor for power appeared in the person of General Rigaud, who, returning from France, made his appearance at Cayes. Pétion shrank from exhibiting any hostility towards his former general; and consequently, after receiving him with all possible courtesy, he appointed him governor of the South,—a hasty and impolitic step which he soon found reason to repent; the previous popularity of Rigaud attracting to his side all those who were yet vacillating between the two factions. An immediate rupture was the consequence, of which Christophe availed himself to march upon Port-au-Prince; but a hollow reconciliation took place between Pétion and his *protégé*, which sufficed to check the progress of the common enemy, although it failed to deceive either of the contracting parties. The individual animosities existing among the chiefs of colour gave new energy to the movements of their ambitious adversary; and he profited by the opportunity afforded through their perpetual feuds, to strengthen



his political system; and, despite all the opposition of his collective enemies, ultimately caused himself to be proclaimed King of Hayti, on the 2nd of June, 1811, and was crowned at Cape Haytien as Henry the First.

At this period the island presented the extraordinary spectacle of five distinct governments. That of Christophe himself; of Pétion; of Rigaud; of the black General Gauman, who in 1807 had raised the standard of revolt at Jérémie, under pretence of promoting the cause of Christophe, and had since carried on a successful predatory warfare; and, finally, that of Old Spain; and to these sectionary republics may still be added that of a certain wandering tribe of blacks, who, averse to the rule of their native chiefs, as they had formerly been to that of the planters, had retired to the interior of the country, and, availing themselves of the natural means of defence and concealment so numerous throughout the island, lived a roving independent life, and subsisted upon the abundant productions of the land. Originally few in number, a mere handful of runagate idlers, they gradually increased during the disturbances until they amounted to several thousands. As they confined themselves entirely to the woods and mountains, never venturing into the towns from fear of recognition, they were suffered to remain in peace; and the several authorities were probably the more disposed towards this system of non-interference, by the fact that they had gradually become too formidable a force to be easily coerced.

Such was the internal state of Hayti when King Henry Christophe grasped the sceptre towards which his ambition had so long pointed.

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ART. VI.—*Arnaldo da Brescia ; Tragedia di Gio-Batista Niccolini*. Arnold of Brescia ; a Tragedy, by Gio-Batista Niccolini. 1843.

To those who have a general knowledge of Italy, as she was in the twelfth century, as well as some acquaintance with her present condition, it will not appear surprising that a tragedy on Arnold of Brescia, written and published at Florence, in 1843, should have awakened a host of various and powerful emotions from one end of the Peninsula to the other ; and if, to the nature of the subject, we add the consideration of the author's position and reputation, it will be easily imagined that the appearance of the work must have caused a movement in the ordinarily sluggish atmosphere of the Italian literary world, such as has not been felt there for many a day.

A bomb has burst in the midst of the dead unhealthy calm that oppresses with its ominous storm-charged weight all intellectual life in Italy, and all the social elements are yet quivering with the unwonted vibration. A myriad of living sparks of fire have been generated by the explosion, and none of them have fallen to the ground and become extinguished ; not one of them but has fallen on *tinder*, which, though it burst not out into flame immediately, yet preserves and augments the fire. On the other hand, consternation and anger—that bitter anger which is generated by fear—are in the camp of those who deem it, alas ! their interest or their duty to hush every sound, and check every mental movement, that may tend to foster in Italian bosoms the wish that unhappy Italy were other than she is. Rome—poor old tottering feeble Rome—is shaking in her embroidered pontifical shoes ; and casts an anxious glance across the mountains, to her stout and vigorous Austrian son, without whose uninquiring filial support she had ere now fallen from her decayed and unsafe throne. Her Italian children feel that their fate is bound up with hers, and share her terrors and her resentments.—All of them, save one :—Tuscany, in all respects happier far than any other of the Italian states, in a great measure stands alone,—and feels that she *may stand* alone, when mayhap more important powers and principalities may totter around her. She has long been looked on with no kindly eye by her of the seven hills ; and truth to say, there can be no doubt that fair Florence, with her Medicean reminiscences, and her present truly sage and moderate government, is regarded by all her neighbours as little better

than a traitor in the camp—as a nest of dangerously active intelligences and troublesome ideas, from whose dreaded contagion no quarantine can render them secure. Few persons, who know Italy and her governments, can doubt, that were Tuscany an island in the Atlantic Ocean,—were she, in short, as free from all exterior influence and as secure from all external interference as our own island,—Niccolini's "*Arnold of Brescia*" would not be a prohibited book—as it now is.

This condition of circumstances unfortunately enforcing the necessity of "letting, I dare not, wait upon I would," produces in its action a state of things sufficiently anomalous. "*Arnold of Brescia*" is "prohibited" on the third day after its appearance. It is unlawful to introduce copies into the country, or to sell them; yet between three and four thousand copies—a number almost unheard of in the literary world of Italy—have been sold; the publisher has reaped a golden harvest almost unprecedented, and the author is walking about the streets of Florence amid the reverence and enthusiastic admiration of *all* classes of his countrymen. The prohibition, however, has doubtless fully attained its object, which was to enable Tuscany to reply to the remonstrances of her big brother, who keeps frowningly peering over the Alps at all her goings on. "The obnoxious work is prohibited. What can we do more?"

Before we proceed to introduce to our readers this remarkable production of a remarkable man—both of them, it must be remembered, far more worthy of notice than they would have been had London or Paris been the scene on which they appeared, though, apart from all consideration of circumstances, "*Arnold of Brescia*" is a very striking poem,—before proceeding to introduce our readers to the tragedy, we wish for a few moments to draw their attention to the author. The name of Niccolini has for many years, it is true, been favourably known to those who take an interest in Italian literature. It is probable, however, that to many of our readers it may be new; and it is essential to the formation of a right estimate of the social significance and true importance of the work in question, that it should be known who and what manner of man the author is.

Our readers have already seen that Signor Niccolini is one of those Italians who ardently sigh for political and social changes in the constitution of their country; and we fear that some among them may be sufficiently unacquainted with the social condition of Italy, to suffer this fact to awaken all those anti-revolutionary sympathies and antipathies, which the course of English, and still more of French, events have generated in their minds. We must entreat them not to suffer a similarity of

words to become the means of coupling together in their minds things widely dissimilar. We must caution them against applying to Italy those judgments which have been formed from observations of what has passed in other countries. Let Italy and the aspirations of her best and worthiest sons be judged only by those who have qualified themselves for the task, by making themselves really acquainted with the actual social condition of the country, its wants and its capabilities. It may be safely said, that very few enlightened English conservatives would not, thus prepared, become Italian destructives; and yet the word we have just used is calculated to do injustice to the moderation and calm prudence of the best part of Italian reformers. France, who vaunts herself as the leader of European civilization, may perhaps be charged with having been as powerful in retarding it, at certain stages of its progress, as she has ever been in forwarding it. And in no way has she done more mischief in the matter than by the just odium that her misdeeds and absurdities have cast on the cause of political regeneration. It cannot be too strongly asserted, that between "*La jeune France*," and "*La jeune Italie*," there is no resemblance, no connection, no analogy.

The model type of a citizen of "*La jeune France*" is more than sufficiently well known to us on this side of the Channel. Their literature, too, has been examined and is accurately enough estimated at its worth by most of us. The factious, hot-headed youth, the strength of whose republicanism is, like Sampson's, seated, it should seem, in those pendant masses of unkempt hair, whose "*principles*" are set forth visibly in the lappets of his "*gilet à la Robespierre*," and whose want of principle is equally visible in his restless longing for any change which may throw into confusion all the elements of society,—this personage is well known to us all. We hope to show our readers that the gentleman we wish to present to them has little indeed in common with any such. Let them imagine a grave and earnest man, whose sixty years of studious labour have been so spent as to win the genuine respect and cordial approbation of his fellow citizens—whose talents have been conscientiously exercised in the production of works of which the sexagenarian author and his country may alike be proud—and who now, at the latter end of a well-spent life, speaks forth the matured convictions which have been formed, not amid the strife and heat of contending political parties, but in the tranquillity of a laboriously studious retirement.

Such a man is the author of "*Arnold of Brescia*;" and our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that the opinions of such should be at least received with respect, and examined,

as far as we may be able, without prejudice. When it shall have been more accurately perceived what these opinions are, from an examination of the work before us, we may take occasion to say a few words thereanent.

Signor Niccolini has deemed it necessary, for the better comprehension of his tragedy, to prefix to the volume a short account of the life of his hero, Arnold of Brescia. Had he thought fit to have trusted to his own pen the execution of this task, we should have had a biography as comprehensive, vivid, and full of life, as a thorough knowledge of the history of the period, and a warm sympathy with the subject of it, could have produced; but from this Signor Niccolini has wisely refrained. It was especially necessary to the attainment of his object, that it should be impossible to charge him with exaggerating or misrepresenting such portions of the history of the twelfth century as he had occasion to refer to. It was essential that his work should be clearly seen by all to be, not a declamatory address to the passions, in which the events of past ages are for rhetorical purposes animated with modern sympathies and affections, which never were their own; but an accurately truthful production, not only of facts, but of the sentiments, ideas and opinions to which those facts gave birth in their own day. Instead, therefore, of writing a life of Arnold, he has contented himself with reprinting an account, sufficiently cold and colourless, by Guadagnini, a priest of Brescia, who, "moved by the love of truth and affection for his native soil," printed an "Apologia" for him, in 1790, at Pavia. Copious historical notes have also been added at the end of the tragedy, in which the author has collected pretty well all the information respecting his hero, which is to be found in the writers of the twelfth century.

From these sources we shall endeavour to draw very briefly such an account of Arnold and his times, as may suffice to show the drift of Signor Niccolini's tragedy, and to explain why Rome stands aghast at this re-appearance of the spirit of him, whom six centuries ago she thought she had sunk deep in black night with the load of all her anathemas.

The date of Arnold's birth has not been recorded; but there appears good reason to suppose that it must have occurred about the beginning of the twelfth century. Guadagnini fixes it in 1105, believing him to have been fifty years old at the time of his death, which is known to have occurred in 1155. He manifested at a very early period great talents, and much inclination for study. It was, therefore, a matter of course that he should become an ecclesiastic; and he went, like many other Italian youths of promise, into France, to become a scholar of the cele-

brated Abelard ;—probably about the time that the great dialectician, having quarrelled with the monks of St. Denis, and by his efforts to introduce some reformation of manners into the convent having made that retreat untenable, established his school in a reed-built hut in the fields near Troyes. The monk, Gunter, in his poetical chronicle, says, speaking of Arnold, “*Tenui nutritiv Gallia sumptu, edocuitque diu.*” This passage has furnished matter for much speculation ; and there is much obscurity, or rather, in truth, perfect darkness, respecting the events of Arnold’s life up to the year 1138 ; at which period we find him at Brescia, actively engaged in supporting the popular party in that town, in their endeavours to resist the temporal power of their bishop. And here begins the real business of his life,—the life-long struggle in the cause for which he lived an outcast wanderer, and died a martyr.

The tenth century is generally spoken of as the period of the most extreme depravation of morals and annihilation of discipline in the history of the church. But it is difficult to believe that the twelfth, of which we have a much more perfect knowledge, could have been exceeded in its widely spread clerical demoralization and pastoral unfaithfulness by any epoch. Rome itself and the pontifical seat may not have been disgraced to an equal degree by the personal atrocities of the popes, and the monstrous scandals of their court during the latter period ; and it may be true that the iron hand of Hildebrand had not exercised its austere despotism entirely in vain. Great names shine forth amid the corruption of the twelfth century ; and the idea of what a church should be had been revived in the minds of many, and grew not without fruit, though the gathering of it was not for their own generation. In the mean time the corruption was so profound, so all but universal, as to render well nigh hopeless all attempt at immediate reformation.

Simony in its grossest form had spread like a gangrene over the whole body of the church, and paralysed its every healthy action. Having first sprung up in the higher orders of the hierarchy, simony inevitably propagated itself throughout every rank of the subordinate clergy, with a monstrous and unshrinking audacity, which, while it recalls to our minds the origin of the odious term, far outruns the sin of that misguided man who first conceived the unworthy thought that the gifts of the Holy Ghost might be bought for money. Bishops purchased their sees, calculating the amount which it might answer to give for their own consecration, according to their estimate of the returns that might be expected from the sale of holy (!) orders. Priests who had thus purchased the privilege of shearing the flock committed

to their charge, re-imbursed themselves with interest, by refusing to perform any of the functions of their ministry, except for a price paid. The regular incomes of both bishoprics and benefices were anticipated, mortgaged, and often entirely alienated. At the same time it had very frequently occurred, especially throughout the North of Italy, that the bishops had become the temporal princes of their respective cities. Their position, however, as such, was ever precarious and difficult. In contention, often with the nobility, and more frequently still with the populace, their temporal dominion was maintained only by a series of never-ending intrigues, and secret plottings, which ever and anon broke forth into open violence and warfare.

In Brescia, when Arnold returned thither from France, about the beginning of the second quarter of the twelfth century, things were at the worst. Arimanno had been deposed from the bishopric in 1116; and was succeeded by Villano, who had been his coadjutor in the see. He was in his turn deposed and exiled in 1132, and succeeded by his coadjutor Manfred; who, we are told, instructed by the cases of his two predecessors, appointed no coadjutor. Manfred, it should seem, made some attempt at a reformation of his diocese at the commencement of his episcopacy; but his dissolute clergy, with whom the nobles made common cause, were too powerful for him, and succeeded in expelling him from the city. Innocent II., however, sent a legate to Brescia, by whose mediation the bishop was again admitted into the city. And it appears, that henceforward giving up all attempt at reformation, he attached himself entirely to the party of the nobles, and applied himself wholly to strengthen his position as temporal lord of Brescia.

Such was the state of things at Arnold's return to his native town. Fresh from the instruction and conversation of Abelard, his much venerated master and friend, whose testimony against the ill lives of the clergy had drawn down persecution upon him,—and whose doctrines and ideas, all more or less tending to the freedom of mankind, had incurred the general disapprobation of the church,—Arnold's education and habits of mind were not such as to prepare him for quietly acquiescing in the episcopal tyranny and ecclesiastical corruption of his native country. He instantly attached himself zealously and openly to the popular party in Brescia, and commenced an opposition, whose only weapon was the eloquence of his earnest oratory, against the whole power of the church and the nobility.

Arnold was doubtless indebted for much of his moral and intellectual formation to Abelard; and it is interesting to trace the operation of one such mind on a kindred spirit. But though

the points of similarity in their characters are sufficient to mark interestingly their connection as pupil and master, and the parity of some portions of their destiny serves to link their memories yet closer in our minds, nature had ineffaceably constituted them intrinsically different men. It has been said by one of the most profound and original thinkers among our modern poets, that—

“The world knows nothing of its greatest men ;”

—and in the instance of these two leading minds of a generation six centuries removed from our own, there can be little doubt that the world has awarded by far the greater meed of celebrity and admiration to the lesser light. While Abelard, his faults and his misfortunes, his labours and his persecutions, have been a theme on which historians and moralists, poets and romancers, have loved to expatiate, till he has become known—oftener awrong than aright—to all classes of readers ; Arnold of Brescia, and his weary life-battle in the cause of Christianity and humanity, his homeless wanderings and tragical death, have been known to few but the student of ecclesiastical history. A consideration of the entire character of both these men will place before our view contrasts quite as striking as the points of resemblance arising from their having thought alike on some great subjects, and from their having had the same friends and the same enemies.

To all the faulty portions in the character of Abelard, that of Arnold presents the most striking contrast. He has left no monuments of his intellectual powers beyond the memory of the deeds his eloquence prompted, and the recorded terrors of those against whom he strove. But it will be remembered, that he it was, whom Abelard, about to appear before the Council of Sens to defend his doctrines, chose from among all his disciples to summon to his aid. Arnold obeyed the call ; and before the council, pleaded his master's cause with so much zeal and ability as to draw down on him the violent enmity of St. Bernard, who says of him in one of his epistles, that he defended all Abelard's positions “with him and more than he himself.” This is a sufficient testimony to his proficiency in the most prized learning of that day.

But Arnold's reputation rests on quite other grounds. His heart was full of matters of, at all events, more immediately vital importance. The abstruse propositions which he had defended as Abelard's advocate, and which he had learnt from him, were to him of so little moment, that when Abelard retracted them, he made no difficulty of submitting his opinions on the subject to the judgment of the church. And the whole course of his life abundantly justifies us in asserting that no fear of the temporal



consequences of maintaining them would have deterred him from doing so, had he deemed them a portion of certain and vital truth. The one great labour of his life was that in which, for the first time, we find him engaged at Brescia in 1138,—the cause of Christianity and of mankind against the profligacy and tyranny of the degenerate church. This cause no intellectual subtleties could obscure, nor doubts or uncertainties perplex. We find him accordingly, throughout his career, treading with no uncertain or vacillating step the path that was to conduct him to martyrdom. And never does any thought,—not of his own ease, safety or worldly advantage—these of course are totally out of the question, but—of his own reputation or fame—of *his* power, his honour and glory of himself, in short, the faulty principle of his master—appear to have presented itself even to his mind for an instant. To the purity of his life St. Bernard himself gives testimony in the midst of his violent denunciations against his doctrines,—“*Utinam tam sanæ esset doctrinæ, quam districtæ est vitæ,*” says he; and the anger of St. Bernard is directed against him, only as having been the supporter of Abelard’s obnoxious doctrines, not on account of his own career in Italy, of which St. Bernard seems in his retreat to have known very little.

Manfred, bishop of Brescia, having been restored to his episcopal seat by the pope’s legate, threw himself, as has been stated, entirely into the hands of the nobles, gave up all attempts at reformation among his clergy, and thus formed a strong party in favour of his temporal power against Arnold and the people. Two consuls, Ribaldo and Persico, were chosen by the latter; and during the whole of the year 1139, Brescia was a scene of tumult and confusion. To the nobles, the bishop represented that the principality attached to the see would in fact become the heritage of their own families;—that one after another all the principal families would furnish, or might hope to furnish, a prince bishop to the throne; and to the clergy and wealthy monasteries he pointed out the change that must inevitably take place in their mode of life, if Arnold should succeed in his attempts,—the danger that many among them would lose their benefices on pretext of simony or profligacy, and the certainty that all would be required to send away their concubines. The struggle was a long and bitter one; and it is possible that Arnold and the popular party might have eventually succeeded in abolishing the temporal power of the bishop, had it not happened that the great Lateran Council held in Rome by Innocent II. in this year, to which all the bishops and abbots were called, gave Manfred an opportunity of crushing his adversary by obtaining his condemnation from the pope. He succeeded in returning to Brescia, armed with an

order that silence should be imposed on Arnold. And here his biographer, Guadagnini, goes into a long disquisition to show that he was not condemned by the pope as *heretical*, but as *schismatical* only. It is a matter of little moment. The pope condemned him,—as how could he have done otherwise? “Rome,” says St. Bernard, in his 196th letter addressed to the legate, Guido,—“Rome has a horror of this doctrine of Arnold, and of Arnold himself, who teaches it.” “Naturally enough,” remarks the priest Guadagnini, in his biography,—“naturally enough, Rome had a horror of a doctrine, which tended to ruin the foundations of her own sovereignty, which reposes on the contrary doctrine, teaching that the pope is temporal lord of the whole world.” Naturally enough, Rome, who found as much difficulty in ruling her Romans as Manfred did in keeping down his Brescians, had a horror of a preacher, who, with the Scriptures and the canons in his hands, declared to the people that no temporal power could belong to the pastors of Christ’s flock. Guadagnini points out, also, that it is remarkable enough that St. Bernard attributes this horror to Rome only, and not to the General Council before which Arnold was accused; in which case he would, in accordance with his usual style, have said, not, “*Roma exhorruit*,” but “*Orbis exhorruit*.”

Manfred returned to Brescia with the pope’s mandate imposing silence on Arnold. He had hoped to have obtained from the council his condemnation as a heretic; but having failed in this, he ordered him to be proclaimed in all the churches as grievously suspected of heresy by Rome; and so great was the influence of the pope’s name upon the people, and so potent the dread of the word “heresy!” that they fell away from their leader, and abandoned their own cause; and Arnold, together with the consuls, Ribaldo and Persico, were hunted from the town. It seems that he betook himself to Zurich in Switzerland, where he disseminated the same doctrines. The following year, 1140 that is, he went to Sens at the summons of his old master, Abelard; and there, as St. Bernard phrases it, acted as shield-bearer to the new Goliath. Abelard was condemned, as is well known, by the council; and the fiercely zealous Bernard forthwith wrote to the pope, entreating him to issue his orders for the separate imprisonment of both master and disciple. The pope followed his advice, and directed missives to that effect to the archbishops of Rheims and Sens. The fulmen, however, remained without effect; and St. Bernard laments, in his 195th letter, that his zeal was not seconded, and that no one was found in France, who would do the good deed of imprisoning these two enemies of the holy church.

From the date of the Council of Sens to the year 1145, we hear nothing whatever of Arnold. His biographer conjectures that he may have passed these years in tranquillity, under the protection of his friend, and fellow-pupil of Abelard, the Cardinal Guido da Castello, who afterwards became pope under the name of Celestine II., and died in 1144, having reigned only six months. He was succeeded by Lucius II., who was killed on the 13th of February, 1145, by a stone thrown by some hand among the crowd, as he was endeavouring to make his way with an armed band to the Capitol, where the Roman people had assembled to choose the patrician or president of the senate. The abbot of S. Anastasio, a pupil of St. Bernard's, was then elected by the cardinals, with the title of Eugenius III. A republican party had long existed in Rome, as well as in the Lombard cities, who were willing to acknowledge the emperor as their feudal superior, but would by no means consent to consider the pope their temporal prince, and still less to submit to the absolute power to which the see of Rome laid claim. During the papacy of Lucius II., the Romans had re-established the senate—had elected consuls—had destroyed many castles and fortresses belonging to the cardinals and others of the pope's party—had driven from the city many of his partisans—and had lastly, on the occasion on which he met his death, elected Giordano Pierleoni patrician. Eugenius was elected privately by the cardinals without the assent of the people, the inferior clergy, or the emperor. And the senate signified to him, that they should on these grounds consider his election void, unless he would consent to recognize the consuls, the patrician and the senate, and to renounce all pretension to the temporal government of the city. The republican party were at this juncture clearly the more powerful in Rome; and Eugenius, for all answer to their propositions, left the city by night with several of the cardinals, and retired to Monticello; whence he went on the following day to Farfa, and was there consecrated on the 18th of February. He then betook himself to various strong places in the Pontifical State, and "began," says Guadagnini, "a war against his spiritual children, who were willing to receive him as a pastor, but not as a prince." The struggle lasted during the whole of his pontificate of eight years and four months, a very small portion of which time was spent by him in Rome. A little before his death he was enabled to return thither by consenting to the establishment of the senate. He died on the 7th of July, 1153, and was succeeded by Anastasius IV., who died on the 2d of December in the same year.

During the whole of these two pontificates, Arnold remained

in Rome,—having come thither, invited it should seem by the chiefs of the republican party, immediately after the death of Lucius II. These nine years were spent by him in sustaining the people in their struggle for political freedom by his eloquence, and in preaching indefatigably his favorite doctrine of the necessity of clerical reform; and, as the first and most important step towards this, the separation of all spiritual and temporal authority. He appears to have obtained an immense influence over the minds of the people. His party were in the ascendant. Eugenius III. had already found himself obliged to consent to the establishment of the senate, and Arnold had good reason to hope that the cause to which he had devoted himself was making progress towards its ultimate triumph. It was not, however, then to be so. Events which he could not foresee, were at hand to overturn all that he had accomplished, and crush Arnold himself in the ruin. How much less did he foresee, that after six more centuries of the misrule and tyranny he abhorred, had made the eternal city a by-word of scorn and derision among the civilized nations of Europe, his name would still strike terror to the hearts of the false priests whose palsied hands still clutch the sceptre they have not the strength to wield!

Arnold was killed; and, as men are wont to say, did not “succeed” in what he had undertaken. Nay, but the amount of his “success” is yet to be seen. Pope Adrian killed him, and burned his body, and cast the ashes that remained of it into the Tiber; ingeniously thinking thus to wipe him out, and be quit of him for ever—not clearly believing, as it should seem, although he repeated it in church services, that “the just shall be had in everlasting remembrance.” It is, however, a true saying; and Arnold’s work, that *he* did, while that poor burned carcase was lent him to work with, is yet alive and operative, and—as far it *was* just—*will succeed*.

To Pope Anastasius succeeded, on the 3d of December, 1153, the Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, calling himself Pope Adrian IV. If having learned to obey be the best preparation for bearing rule, Adrian should have been competent to the task; for he had been reared beneath the despotism of the cloister. He mounted the papal throne with the determination of recovering the power which his immediate predecessors had in some degree lost; and his first step towards this object was the excommunication and banishment of Arnold. The sentence, however, remained without execution; and Arnold continued in Rome, preaching and exhorting the people under the protection of the patrician and the senate, till an unfortunate event enabled the pope to turn the current of the

popular feeling against him. It happened that the cardinal of Santa Pudenziana, who was especially hated by the people for his zealous support of the temporal dominion of the papal see, was struck in the street by one of the people, and died of the blow. Adrian saw at once the purpose to which this might be turned. He accused Arnold of instigating the deed, and placed the whole city under interdict until Arnold should be driven forth from the walls. The holy city had never before been subjected to this dreaded punishment ; and the near approach of the holy week rendered the people still more anxious for the removal of the interdict, which would have deprived the city of all the services of the church during that solemn period. Arnold was driven forth, and the interdict was removed.

One of the cardinals, watching his opportunity, and sure of rendering an acceptable service to Adrian, directed some of his people to follow the exile, as he left the ungrateful city, and arrest him. They succeeded in doing so. But one of the counts of the Campagna, who were for the most part warm partisans of the republican party, and admirers of Arnold, chanced to be made acquainted with his capture ; and before his captors had reached the city with their prize, he overtook them, and rescued him from their hands. He was hastily conducted to one of the fortresses of the Campagna ; and the place of his retreat was kept a profound secret. About the same time the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was journeying towards Rome, to receive at the hands of the pope the holy unction and the imperial crown. The Roman court had some time previously arranged with Frederick the conditions of a treaty for their mutual advantage ; and the monarch had, in his passage southwards through Italy, wreaked a fearful vengeance on some of the Lombard cities which had attempted to establish republican institutions within their walls : so that the embassy, which the Roman republican party sent to meet him on his approach to Rome, were received by him roughly enough, and returned from him with menaces and insult to those who sent them. The pope and cardinals, on the other hand, who also went out to meet him, were, after some roughnesses arising from the rival pretensions to supremacy on the parts of "Peter" and "Cæsar" had been superficially enough got over for the nonce, honourably received, and mutual concessions and stipulations agreed on. Among the conditions bargained for by Adrian, was one which Frederick had not the slightest objection to grant. It was, that he with his strong arm should get possession of the person of Arnold, and deliver him over to the church. Frederick found little difficulty in compelling the protectors of the unfortunate refugee to give him up. He was forth-

with delivered to the prefect of the city, who caused him to be hung on a gibbet. His body was then burned; and his ashes were cast into the Tiber . . . . "lest," adds this historian, "the Romans, among whom he had passed the last ten years of his life, should collect them, and venerate them as those of a saint." This took place in the year 1155, a day or two before the 18th of June, on which day Frederick was crowned; Arnold being then, according to the computation of his biographer, in the 55th year of his age.

Such are the historical facts from which Signor Niccolini has formed his tragedy. It opens at the moment of the election of Adrian by the cardinals. We have endeavoured to relate the circumstances accurately, succinctly, and without comment. Our readers, however, will easily conceive the emotions with which a patriotic Italian must regard the story of this martyr in the cause of Italian liberty, who, amid the love and veneration of the citizens of Imperial Rome, received a felon's death at the hands of an English Pope and a German Emperor.

We shall now endeavour to give our readers some notion of the manner in which this subject has been treated by Italy's greatest living poet. It is a story which, under any circumstances, could not be told without awaking bitter memories. But in the present condition of Italy, it needs, alas! no carrying back the mind to other days and other interests, for every Italian to feel, to his heart's core, each burning word of a tale which speaks as eloquently of present degradation and oppression, as of past sorrows and humiliations.

"Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur," and this is felt to be so not only by the Italians, but by their masters. Rome, alas! has not changed. She still "shudders at the doctrine," that temporal power does not belong to her, as in the days of St. Bernard. She turns pale at the hated vision of the martyred Arnold, whose spirit has returned to earth after six centuries of repose, again to trumpet her misdoings to the world. *She* is still the same; and were it not that others have changed around her, the cord, the gibbet, and the faggot would a second time have been resorted to, to still the voice of the accuser.

Rome! Rome! might the Italian exclaim, that voice may *not* be stilled. Mother! whose denatured womb and poisoned breasts have gendered atheism, and nourished infidelity and doubt! Church! whose adultery with powers, pomps, and principalities hath defiled thee to the heart, then robed thy rottenness with falsities and hollow semblances!—when wilt thou cast from thee the poisonous and forbidden fruit of earthly power? Oh! when wilt thou lay down thy blood-stained purple, and usurped sceptre, and *be* to us a Mother and a Church?

It is impossible, on reading and pondering the powerful tragedy before us, to forbid such reflections and aspirations from suggesting themselves to the mind. It is impossible for Rome and her rulers not to feel, that this twelfth century history is a nineteenth century satire. And yet the reader will be astonished to observe how very strictly Signor Niccolini has followed the actual march of the historical events, and how entirely his personages occupy themselves with the affairs which were really before them. We have no philosophizing speeches on the general principles of church polity and governments,—no *ex post facto* prophecies put into the mouths of his speakers;—none, in short, of the various modes which poets have adopted, when they have wished to point the moral of a by-gone tale to contemporary events. He has told his story powerfully, yet accurately and simply; and has left the application of it,—an application, alas! but too unmistakeable, —to his readers. Rome has accepted the application of it to her present self. In her angry terror she acknowledges that she is that same Rome, unchanged and unrepentant, who did these deeds six centuries since; she confesses her complicity with them in spirit,—she owns that the voice of history is that of present accusation against her.

We have one other observation to make before turning to the tragedy itself, on the spirit in which Signor Niccolini has written. We have above spoken of Rome as the mother of infidelities and atheism. It is but too certain that the history of that church at various periods, if read aright, would justify the reproach. But the most palpable and most painful justification of it may be found in the social condition of Italy at the present day. Disbelief in the doctrines of Romanism is, among the educated classes, all but universal, as well within as without the church; and the contagious malady is spreading downwards more rapidly and extensively than those have any idea of, who have not observed and talked with the people themselves. And few, alas! in comparison, are the minds who have been able, in casting away the chaff, to retain the corn;—few have, when emancipating themselves from the degrading shackles of papal error, resisted the human temptation to throw off also the bonds of legitimate restraint;—few have been able to discover for themselves, and extract a Christianity from the superincumbent mass of falsehoods and vanities which have overwhelmed it. Of these few,—of this small, but, as we would fain hope, influential band, who are the salt with which unfortunate Italy must be savoured, if ever she is to take her place among the nations of Europe as a civilized and Christian people,—of the number of these true and enlightened patriots, Signor Niccolini is evidently one. With his energetic detestation of papal despotism, no hos-

tility to religion, as unfortunately in so many instances, is to be found mixed. The nature of Signor Niccolini's theological opinions, or indeed how far he may acknowledge the supremacy of the bishop of Rome in spiritual matters, the work before us does not evidence. But of the Christian spirit of its author, of his admiration for the beauty of holiness, of his true and lofty conception of the character of a faithful Christian priest, there is evidence. And the religious tone of his adversaries towards liberty must be felt by his aspirations to impart a tenfold force to his cry against priestly usurpations.

Having thus endeavoured to make our readers in some degree acquainted with the subject, and indicated the spirit in which it has been treated, we proceed to a brief examination of the poem.

In a preface of a few lines, the author remarks that, "No work can correspond with the requirements of art, when a form is given to the subject matter which it is not calculated to receive." He adds, that "he has thought fit nevertheless to treat as he has done the argument of his tragedy;" but he gives us not the slightest hint, by which to conjecture why he should have determined to give a dramatic form to materials which he judged unsuitable to such a mode of treatment. And we confess that we are equally unable to understand the grounds on which he has formed such a judgment of the story of Arnold of Brescia. To us it appears, on the contrary, eminently dramatic; and we are inclined to think that few great historical events could be graphically, forcibly, and in their entirety, presented in a dramatic form, with so little departure from the actual march of events, as the author has permitted himself in the work before us. Is it that our impression on this point arises from the skill with which Signor Niccolini has triumphed over difficulties so completely as to have concealed them? It may be so. It may be also, that the Italian artist's notions of the requirements of dramatic art, in the matter of unities, &c., may be more classically strict and formal than those by which we Islanders, with our three centuries of dramatic romanticism, are accustomed to judge. Be that as it may, we are well contented to admire Signor Niccolini's work in the form which, for whatever reason, he has chosen to give it. It should be understood, however, that it has not been written with the remotest idea of stage representation. Its length, if nothing else, would preclude that. But the nature of the subject, though, as we think, highly dramatic, is certainly not—at least, when handled with the severity of historical truth which characterizes this poem—adapted to theatrical representation. The high import, the solemnity of the reflections suggested by most of the finest passages, the absence of all excitement addressed to those more



popular passions which attract universal sympathy, are reasons abundantly sufficient to have prevented the author from contemplating for an instant the appearance of this effort of his muse on the arena of his former triumphs.\* One female only appears among the *dramatis personæ*, and she fills but a secondary place in the drama.

The principal characters are Arnold,—Pope Adrian the Fourth,—the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa,—Giordano Pierleoni, the newly elected Patrician of Rome,—Leone Frangipani, a noble Roman of the Pope's party,—and Otho, Bishop of Frising. Besides these, the Cardinals and other priests, the Roman populace, the Senators, Roman soldiers, and those of Frederick's army, &c., appear on the scene and assist in carrying on the action. The scene is entirely within Rome, or in the immediate neighbourhood. And the action may be supposed to occupy three days ; though, of course, the facts which are represented did not in reality follow each other quite so rapidly.

The First Act passes in an open space near the Capitol. A number of the populace are assembled. Giordano the patrician, and Leone Frangipani, a supporter of the papal party, in turn address them,—the first exciting them to resist the dominion of the new pope, Adrian IV., who is at that moment being elected by the cardinals in conclave ; and the latter endeavouring to prevent them from listening to him. The tragedy opens with a speech by Giordano, whose first words remind us of the well-known verse—"Awake ! arise ! or be for ever fallen !" The following lines are powerful and striking :—

"Destatevi . . . sorgete . . . il nostre sangue  
Si traffica nel tempio ; e son raccolti,  
Tenebrosa congrega, i cardinali  
A vestir del gran manto un altro lupo  
Che pastore si chiami."

"Awake—arise—our very blood  
Is bought within yon temple ; gathered there,  
Dark band, the cardinals assembled meet,  
To clothe with the great mantle one wolf more,  
Whom they name shepherd."

He goes on to remind them that they, the people, had formerly exercised the right of partaking in the election of the sovereign pontiff, until "the fierce Innocent robbed them of their rights,

\* Signor Niccolini is the author of several successful tragedies. His "*Foscarini*," at its first appearance, was played thirteen nights in succession,—a number almost unprecedented on the Florentine stage. The author was called and recalled on the stage by the audience fifteen times.

and completed the work of the audacious Hildebrand." Of the latter haughty despot he speaks with too much truth in the following nervous lines. They do not, however, contain the whole truth of Gregory VII. ; for he did much, and endeavoured to do more, for the *true* interests of the church. Yet there is not an assertion in the lines the poet has put into Giordano's mouth, that history does not accurately warrant :—

- “ Cesare colla stola, ei far volea  
 Del mondo un tempio onde l'amor fugisse ;  
 Uno il pensiero, uno il volere, ed uno  
 Tiranno a un tempo, e Sacerdote, e Dio.  
 Mirate l' opra sua ! Roma deserta  
 Dal Laterano al Colosseo : guidava  
 Il Normando furore, e il Saracino ;  
 Fremea la sua preghiera, e maledisse  
 Colui che non insanguina la spada :  
 Imprecando morì : così perdonano  
 I vicarj di Cristo ai lor nemici.”
- “ A priestly Cæsar, one who darkly aimed  
 To build a temple whence he banished love ;  
 One thought, one will, one tyrant power to rear  
 O'er his fell period both Priest and God.  
 Gaze on his deeds—Rome a desert waste  
 From Lateran to the Colosseum,  
 Hither the Norman and the Moor he called ;  
 His prayer a phrenzy, and his curse sunk deep  
 On him who buried not the sword in blood.  
 Cursing he died : and in this gentle guise  
 Thus do Christ's Vicars pardon enemies.”

In a long note on this passage, Signor Niccolini abundantly justifies his reprehension of Hildebrand by citations from contemporary history. Far, however, from being insensible to the merits which unquestionably belonged to that remarkable man, he concludes his note by saying :—

“ It has not been my intention in this note to detract from the virtues which have obtained for Gregory VII. the honours of the Altar ; but we are not bound to admire all the actions of the saints. Pope Hildebrand has had in the Protestant German, Voigt, a panegyrist rather than a biographer. This is not the place to demonstrate how the Germans not unfrequently become partial by aiming at impartiality, and corrupt the truth by misviewing facts through a love of system. They are now the new masters of Italy ; and she, as if the evils which she is compelled to support were not enough, joins to them a voluntary servitude of mind. It is not the less true for all this, that Hildebrand was the hero of the middle ages. And it was because he was so, that

a man not less, nor less ambitious than himself, said, ' Were I not Napoleon, I would wish to be Gregory VII.' And it would be injustice to believe with Daunou, that the most memorable and most lasting effect of Gregory's pontificate to the people of Rome, consists in the solitude and malaria which reign in the Leonine city."

Giordano's speech then alludes to the wealth and insolence of the many " barbarous," that is, ultra-montane, cardinals; and asks the multitude, if Latin blood can endure a slavery so vile. He concludes by demanding of them?—

————— " Ognor costoro  
Sopra il vasto cadavere di Roma,  
Come l' iena, a divorar staranno  
Dei barbari gli avanzi !"

————— " Each of these  
O'er Rome's vast corse which barbarous hosts had spared,  
Like fell hyena prowls."

Frangipani replies by reproaching Giordano with his Jewish origin,—his great grandfather having, in fact, been a converted Jew. This Giordano was the brother of Anacletus, the anti-pope, elected by the people in opposition to Innocent II., who, it should seem, was chosen by the cardinals before his predecessor Honorius was buried,—on which grounds the election was maintained by the opposite party to be void according to the canons. This and other causes of hatred existed between the families of Pierleoni and Frangipani; and much recrimination ensues between them. Giordano, however, finally succeeds in carrying with him the feelings of the people. He reminds them of the exhortations which they had so often heard from Arnold on that spot. The people complain that Arnold has deserted them, and ask if he has returned among them. " Follow me to the Capitol," says Giordano, " and you shall see."

On the hill of the Capitol, Giordano presents Arnold to the people, who receive him with the utmost enthusiasm. He addresses them at great length in verses full of energy and dignity, interrupted here and there by exclamations, questions, and outbreaks of violence from the crowd. The eloquence, which the poet has put into his mouth, is in strict accordance with what has reached us of the nature of his predications. He boldly and openly urges them to resist by force the temporal power of the pope. He mingles appeals to the moral laws of the Gospel, as contrasted with the conduct of the hierarchy, with exciting comparisons between the ancient glories of Rome, and the humiliation of her condition at the time at which he is speaking. He excites them to a high pitch of enthusiasm; and they pro-

pose to confer on him the old title of "tribune of the people," with which so many reminiscences of republican liberty and glory are associated. Arnold replies in one of the finest and most obnoxious passages in the work :—

"Io, Romani,  
Pria che tra voi tornassi, in santa lega  
Unir tentava le città Lombarde.  
Oh ferreo petto e mille voci avessi,  
Non per accesi detti arida e stanca  
La lingua che gridò ; siate fratelli  
Quanti fra l' Alpi e Lilibeo spirate  
Il dolce aer d' Italia ; e un popol solo  
La libertà vi faccia. O Campidoglio,  
Dell' eco tuo degne parole ascolta ;  
Ripetile a ogni colle, aure, che il petto  
Respirava di Bruto, ad ogni orecchio  
Portatele fra noi. Se Italia sorge,  
Qual fosse un uomo, con voler concorde,  
Spade non chiegga a debellar Tedeschi  
Da quella terra ove calpesta i fiori  
Il ferreo piè dei suoi corsier superbi ;  
Raccolga un sasso, in lor lo vibri, e basta.  
A questo ver, che non si grida assai,  
S' apra ogni cor, e ch' io non parli indarno.  
Nè crediate però ch' esser qui voglia  
O console, o tribun. Porpora ed oro  
Copran colui, che a Constantin succede  
In queste pompe, e non a Pietro. O Roma,  
Qualunque il merti agli alti ufficj eleggi  
Fra l' Italica gente ; e si ristori  
Con senno, figlio degli esempj antichi,  
La republica tua, dei miei consigli  
Non sarò parco ad ordinar lo stato.  
Se questo avvenga, edificarmi io voglio  
In quel deserto, ove insegnava il vero  
Quell' Abelardo, che mi fu maestro,  
Tugurio vil, che sia di terra e canne :  
La veglierò nella preghiera, e al Cielo  
Alzerò voce che del Cielo è degna,  
Nè mai sorge dal cor dei sacerdoti.  
Libera sia Roma, l' Italia, il mondo ;  
E poi la morte a Dio mi riconduca."

"Romans, I,  
Ere my return attempted to unite  
The Lombard cities in a holy league.  
Oh, had I an iron breast and thousand tongues,  
And not one feeble mouth to utter sounds,

My language would be, 'Ye are brethren all.'  
As many as inhale Italia's breezes,  
From Lilybæum to the snowy Alps,  
Are Liberty's high constituted race.  
Capitol, list to sounds worthy thine echoes ;  
Repeat to every hill, ye gales, the strain  
That roused the heart of Brutus, to each ear  
Convey them from us. If Italia rise  
As though a single man with firm resolve,  
She asks no sword to tame her Suabian foe,  
Even from that Earth pressed by the step,  
The iron step of his proud courser, seize  
A stone, and hurl it firmly, 'twill suffice.  
This priceless truth proclaim, ope wide your hearts,  
That I consume not on you idle breath.  
Consul, Tribune, I seek not at your hands,  
Purple and gold his form alone bedeck,  
Who not to Peter, but to Constantine  
Vaunts him successor in this pompous pride.  
Rome, choose for his merits him amid thy sons,  
Amid Italians fitted to restore  
Your old republic—think not I'll spare  
To order well thy state with my best heed.  
If this be wrought, assuredly then I  
Seek to immure myself in that lone spot  
Where Abelard, my master, taught the truth.  
In that lone hut, composed of earth and straw,  
There will I watch, and pour a prayer to Heaven,  
Such as ne'er rose from heart of cowed priest.  
May Rome be free, and Italy and earth,  
And then may death conduct me to my God."

These are very fine lines ; and they are with perfect historical correctness put into the mouth of Arnold of Brescia, as far as we can judge from the accounts we have of his exhortations ; but can it be doubted for a moment that they speak trumpet-tongued, and are meant to do so, to the Italians of the present day, from one end of the Peninsula to the other ? Is there not here enough to arouse the displeasure and the vigilance of both Austria and Rome ? Among the various reflections to which the above passage gives rise, there is none more striking than the parallelism, which is suggested between the present state of Italy and its condition six hundred years ago. Only, instead of encouraging by their constant quarrels and rivalries transient outbreaks of republicanism as in the middle ages, "Cæsar" and "Peter" now understand their common interest too well to quarrel ; and Italy lies bound hand and foot. The government

of Austria in Lombardy is admitted on all hands to be as good as under the circumstances is possible. But it is the government of a stranger, and the circumstances are not favourable. The government of the pope, which Austria is determined to support, and which would not stand a month without her support, is probably the worst the world ever saw. It is not only that intellect is crushed and prohibited,—that civilization and humanity die out from among the unfortunate population,—that morality and religion are perishing ;—but even animal life withers and disappears beneath the poisonous influence ; and the means of sustaining it are rapidly perishing : culture deserts the fields, and malaria extends her desolating reign. *If* any condition of government *can* justify its subjects in having recourse to actual resistance by physical force, it must be such as that which is now rapidly reducing the Roman States to a desert. And is it not curious to observe Gregory XVI. calling on the “ Cæsar ” of the present day for troops to keep down his rebellious subjects, precisely as did Adrian call on Frederick Barbarossa in the twelfth century ? Can we wonder at the impatience of the Italians beneath such a rule, sustained for a thousand years by a foreign power ? There is no part of the exciting speech we have quoted, which will be more distasteful to the rulers of Italy, than the eloquent call to union, which cries to her sons from the Alps to the Lilybæan point, to be brothers—to be Italians—to be a united people. To such an extent is the possibility of union among the Italians of the different states regarded with alarm by the governments, that, when at one of the yearly meetings of the Italian men of science it was proposed to take into consideration the practicability of devising a consistent system of weights, measures, and coinage, which might be adopted throughout the Peninsula, it was intimated that any discussion on the subject, with such a view, would meet with the disapprobation of the authorities. It appears to us, however, but too evident that the Italian governments need trouble themselves with no anxieties on this point. The old jealousies, which date from the days of the mediæval republics, when every citizen’s patriotism displayed itself chiefly in his hatred of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, are not yet extinct ; and if Italy were left completely to herself, with perfect freedom to constitute herself one state according to whatever plan she might choose, her inhabitants would find it perfectly impossible to agree on the preliminary step of selecting a capital. We, who see the Italians here in a strange land, are apt to imagine that the case is otherwise. But there are other causes besides the mere fact of being in a foreign country far from home—of itself sufficient to produce the effect

—which naturally incline the Italians abroad to listen to the “*Siate fratelli*” of Signor Niccolini, more than will their countrymen at home. The greater part of those, who live among us, have left their respective countries in consequence of their political opinions. They have become brothers in misfortune, and a similarity of opinion and of lot necessarily bind them together.

Scarcely has Arnold finished the above speech, ere a number of cardinals with Leone Frangipani come upon the Capitoline Hill, and announce to the people the election of Adrian. The mob are discontented ; and the cardinals having in vain exhorted them to return every man to his home, and the sword of state borne by the prefect of Rome having been wrested from the hands of Leone, and broken by the populace, the cardinals depart, leaving Annibal, a noble of their party, to point out to the crowd the dangers they are incurring from putting themselves in opposition to the emperor, who is shortly expected at the gates of Rome. Arnold again exhorts them to defend the city against the imperial forces. Annibal relates the miseries inflicted on the Lombard cities in punishment for their rebellion. The people are discouraged, and seem little inclined to dare a struggle with the emperor. Arnold in two or three fine speeches taunts them with their cowardice, their empty boastings on former occasions, and their present slavery, till, excited to a pitch of fury, they cry “*To arms !*” He then calls forward two thousand Swiss troops, whom he had persuaded to follow him to Rome from Switzerland, to help the Romans in recovering their liberty. And the Act closes with a chorus of Swiss soldiers and Roman populace. For this fact of Arnold’s having led two thousand Swiss from Zurich to Rome, which seems somewhat improbable and hard to understand the author quotes Müller’s “*History of Switzerland*,” who in his turn refers to a certain “*Cronica di Corbia*,” as his authority. A consideration of the state of Italy at that unsettled period, as well as of that of Switzerland, will perhaps show such a circumstance to be less impossible than it at first sight appears. It may be added, that it is evident from other authorities, that Arnold and his doctrines had acquired a great ascendancy in Switzerland, and especially at Zurich, a city which early distinguished itself by its hostility to the temporal power of the papacy.

The choruses, which, in accordance with the classical models, and Italian dramatic custom, are interspersed throughout Signor Niccolini’s work, contain some very spirited snatches of lyrical poetry. Nevertheless, we confess, that to our feeling they mar and interrupt unpleasantly the dignified march of the poem ; and we had rather have been without them. The musical and operatic associations which they recall, are of too light and

frivolous a nature to accord with the high tenor of the subject. And the severity of historical accuracy and truthfulness, with which the argument has been treated, to our feelings, dispose the reader still less to render himself up willingly to the scenic fiction, which supposes those engaged in the serious affairs of life to break forth into sudden song. The transition from reality to fiction is too sudden not to be shocking. Our sympathies are far too earnestly and genuinely engaged in the progress of a nation's and a martyr's death-struggle, and in the thrilling words which, though clothed with the forms of poetry, *were*, or at least might have been, spoken by the actors in that real drama, to tolerate the sudden passage to that which never was or could have been, except on the stage of a theatre. Signor Niccolini ought to consider our impatience of this intrusion of scenic fiction amid the stern and stirring realities with which his poem is busy, as a triumphant proof of the vigour and vital energy which he has succeeded in imparting to that slumbering and forgotten, *but not dead*, past which he has resuscitated.

The Second Act opens with a dialogue in the Vatican between Adrian and the Cardinal Guido. This may be supposed to take place at a later hour of the same day. Adrian feels the difficulty of his position, between the popular party on the one side and the emperor on the other. The latter has promised to quell the faction of the republicans, and to put Arnold himself in the power of the pope. But Adrian well knows that the papacy, in its high pretensions to universal dominion, can never hope for the cordial and safe support of Frederick Barbarossa. "Alas!" exclaims the pontiff, soliloquizing rather than addressing himself to Guido,—

————— " Oimè sul trono  
Sta l' eresia d' Arnaldo ! e se non fosse  
Che amor gli ferve d' una fola antica  
Nell' indomito petto, esser potrebbe  
Di Cesare l' amico : ei l' empio capo  
Promise a noi per vendicar l' Impero,  
Ma non la Chiesa."

" Ah me ! upon the throne  
The heresy of Arnold stands erect ;  
And were it not that in that tameless breast  
The love of olden tales too fiercely kindles,  
Arnold were Cæsar's friend. The Emperor  
Has promised us that sacrilegious head,  
But to avenge the Empire, not the Church."

And well might Adrian misdoubt the motives of his Imperial



ally, and deem that, but for Arnold's pursuit of Italian liberty as well as church reform, he and the emperor might have joined in the work of destroying that edifice of temporal power, which the successors of St. Peter had so long and perseveringly been building. For, in an extant letter of Frederick's to the bishop of Trèves, we find him speaking of Rome in terms which Arnold himself might have used. "Nowhere," says he, "is the divine worship celebrated with so much scandal as at Rome: the house of Peter is become a den of thieves, and the pope a new Simon Magus, who sells everything for gold."

These considerations cause Adrian to turn his mind for a passing moment—alas! too passing!—to the possibility of throwing himself on the popular party, and reconciling Arnold and the church. He says—

"Però non deggio essere in tutto avverso  
Alla ragion del popolo: t'è noto  
Ciò che sperò Bernardo: oh s'io potessi  
Tornare Arnaldo al nostro grembo, e farne  
Un Leone di Dio!"

"Yet should I not in all oppose myself  
As hostile to the people: thou knowest well  
What Bernard hoped. Would that I could enfold  
Unto my breast this Arnold,—make of him  
A Lion of the Lord."

It was one of those critical moments, when the destinies of the world for centuries to come appear, as far as our imperfect vision can trace the links of causes and effects, to hang upon the wavering balance-beam of an individual will. Who shall say what might have been the course of European history, had Adrian determined on frankly throwing himself on the people, and submitting to the church reform, which must have followed from such a step,—had he decided on endeavouring to create an Italian nationality, and forsaking all hope of ultra-montane support? But it was not to be so! The black poison-drop was at his heart, and he could not shake it from him. The lust of power and pomp,—the priestly pride of caste, which deludes the heart it inhabits, by assuming the veil of personal humility,—were too strong within him; and he continues, still speaking of Arnold:—

"Dalla sua fronte  
Disgomberei dell'anatema il carico,  
Se in Milano costui gridar sapesse;  
'Libero è l'uom quando ubbidisce a Dio,  
Che parla nel pontefice.'"

——— “ I might pause,  
And raise the fell anathema from him,  
Had he the wit to cry aloud in Milan,  
‘ The man is free who yields to God his will,  
Who in his pontiff speaks.’ ”

The Cardinal Guido is alarmed at the bare idea of reconciliation with Arnold, and remonstrates. Arnold, he urges, is separated from the flock of Christ. Adrian replies, “that it is his duty to seek the stray sheep even in the abyss.” Guido.—“Arnold is a wolf.” Adrian.—“God can make him a lamb. It is possible that he should rise, and that thou shouldst fall.” Guido.—“Oh! my lord, may it please you to change this opinion!” Adrian.—“I change! I!—who err not!”—Guido. “But has it escaped your memory, that a council has condemned him? Is it in your power . . . .?” We must give the haughty pontiff’s indignant reply in the words of the original. The indignation of the day-old pope, at the implied doubt of his new-born omnipotence, is well imagined :—

“ Che dici ?

Io posso tutto : osan le membra audaci  
Ribellarsi dal capo ? in queste mani  
Non stan le chiavi un dì concesse a Pietro ?  
Qual sentenza di Dio, ripete il Cielo  
La mia parola che qui scioglie e lega.  
Non tanto Arnaldo osò. Sol della terra  
Mi contrasta l’impero : or più di lui  
Tu sei fuor della Chiesa.”

“ What say’st thou ?

I can do all ; dare the audacious limbs  
Rebel against their head ? The keys once given  
To Peter, rest they not in these my hands ?  
My word is God’s to bind or to unloose,  
And Heaven repeats the sentence uttered then.  
Arnold has never dared thus much ! Alone  
He struggles with me for the rule of earth.  
Thou art yet further from the Church than he.”

The rebuked cardinal seeks pardon on his knees ; and Adrian determines on an interview with Arnold, promising him a safe conduct.

Adrian is meantime left alone for awhile. The reaction of his haughty and domineering spirit after the outbreak which we have quoted, is so finely conceived, so true to nature, and the lines are so beautiful, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving them to our readers, though our space will not permit us

to indulge in many more extracts. "Sopra ogni grado," sighs the solitary pontiff—solitary in more senses than one,—

" Sopra ogni grado, onde quassù si ascende  
Io trovava un dolor : ma sulla cima  
Vi stanno tutti ; e nascono le spine  
Sulla cattedra mia più che sul trono.  
Quanta fatica è nel guardar dal fango  
Quel manto che i più forti omeri aggrava !  
Oh queste gemme della mia tiara  
Sono un foco, che m' arde il travagliato  
Capo, che a te, Signor, piangendo inalzo.  
Ma non deggio temer : colui che seppe  
La croce sopportar, ch' era sì grave  
Dei peccati del mondo, al servo infermo  
Soccorrerà . . . . lo rappresento in terra.—  
O silenzj del chiostro ! o della mia  
Isola nubi, che del sol modesta  
Fate la luce, siccome era un giorno  
La sorte mia, qui fra i tumulti insani  
Dell' empia Roma, e lo splendor superbo  
D' ardente Cielo, io vi ricordo, e piango."

" In every step of high advancement's route  
I found a pain, but on the pinnacle  
The whole centered, and the spiny thorn  
Grew stronger o'er my church than e'en the throne :  
What labour to preserve from fearful stain  
That mantle that weighs down the strongest form !  
Ah, me ! these gems that blaze upon my brow  
Are fires, that this o'erwearied head consume,  
Which, Lord, I raise to thee bedewed with tears ;  
Yet ought I not to fear—He who well knew  
To bear his cross, weighed down with sins of earth,  
Will succour his weak servant—Him on earth  
I represent : oh, cloistered silences !  
Clouds of my native isle tempering its Sun,  
Here 'mid mad tumults and the splendours proud  
Of glowing Heaven, I think on you and weep !"

It may be as well to mention that, in a note upon this passage, the author informs us that this lament of Adrian's is not an imagination of his ; but that similar sentiments are recorded of this pope, in a passage of Petrarch, which De Sade has quoted.

After a couple of short scenes, in which Arnold and Giordano, who are together in the castle belonging to the latter, receive the pope's messenger, desiring an interview with Arnold, and in which he, despite the distrust of Giordano, determines on obey-

ing the summons, the meeting between Arnold and his arch-enemy follows. It is a grand scene ; but it is far too long for us to attempt to follow the reformer and the pontiff in their fruitless dialogue. The characters of both are admirably sustained. Adrian proud and impetuous, clear-sighted enough in human matters, yet blinding his own conscience with the self-cozening falsehood, that all his pride and lust of power are for the church's, and therefore for God's, sake ;—Arnold clear, calm, sustained by the rectitude of his cause, and not to be turned by sophistry from the assertion of its plain and simple truths ;—both these individualities stand forth from the canvas in bold relief, and leave their impression forcibly stamped upon the reader's mind.

The result of the conference of course may be anticipated. Arnold rejects with indignation the pope's promise of pardon, on condition of his abjuring his present opinions.

“ Vana speranza accogli ; io son fidele  
A Roma, e a Dio,”—

“ Thine hopes are idle ;  
I remain fixedly true to Rome and God,”—

is his reply. The pope warns him of the vengeance in store for him, and sends him back to Giordano's castle. He calls in the cardinals, and announces to them his determination not to be consecrated in the Lateran till Arnold shall have been driven from Rome.

The scene then again returns to the Capitoline Hill, where an assembly of the senators and people are awaiting Arnold's return. He comes ; and almost at the same time Guido, the cardinal of Santa Pudenziana, with Frangipani and his soldiers, come up the hill, and endeavour to disperse the people. A riot ensues, amid which a stone strikes Guido, and gives him his death-blow. He is carried off by several of the clergy. The scene changes to the portico of St. Peter's, and the corpse of the murdered cardinal is brought in and laid on the steps of the church. A crowd of people, for the most part women, are collected in front of the cathedral. Adrian, with several of his cardinals, comes forward from within the church, and pronounces sentence of interdict on the city, until the blood of Guido shall have been expiated. The imposing and theatrically imagined ceremonies which accompanied the pontifical interdict are then gone through ; and the Second Act closes with a chorus composed of the lamentations of the Roman women, and the chanted imprecations of the clergy.

With the Third Act, another day must be supposed to com-

mence. Arnold is alone in a deserted part of the Campagna,—having been driven forth from the city by the people, in their extreme anxiety for the removal of the interdict. Day is just breaking, and the outcast has been wandering in the solitudes of the Campagna all the night. We wish that our space would allow us to extract the soliloquy of Arnold, with which the Third Act opens, but it is too long.

Giordano and some of his vassals having left Rome, with the intention of finding and assisting Arnold, then come upon the scene, and it is decided between them that he shall seek an asylum in the castle of Ostasio, one of the nobles of the Campagna, and a zealous disciple of his. On his way thither he is intercepted and arrested by a band of armed men, led by a monk, commissioned for this purpose by one of the cardinals. A long dialogue takes place between the monk and his prisoner. The latter, in the course of some severe reflections on the habits of the regular clergy, is led to speak of the treatment his master, Abelard, had received at their hands; and here Signor Niccolini puts into the mouth of his hero words, which contain a strange mistake in the story of Abelard, surprising in so very accurate a writer as is our author. He is speaking of the period at which Abelard taught his disciples, and built an oratory on a piece of unoccupied ground, near Nogent, in the diocese of Troyes, and he says—

“ *Presso Nogento*

Fu dai Monaci eletto ai primi onori  
Nel chiostro di San Gildo ;”

“ *Near Nogentum*

Saint Gildas' monks for him their abbot named ;”

and he goes on to represent himself as having witnessed the scene which took place on occasion of the well-known attempt of the monks of Saint Gildas to poison him in the sacramental cup. But the monastery of Saint Gildas, instead of being “presso Nogento,” is situated in the diocese of Vannes, on the coast of Lower Brittany. How could Signor Niccolini have understood Abelard's complaint, that he was at Saint Gildas, “amid a ferocious and turbulent people, *whose language was unknown to him,*” if he supposed that monastery to be near Nogent, on the banks of the Seine? The monastery of Saint Gildas, on the contrary, is just such a spot as might be supposed the scene of such ignorance, lawlessness, outrages, and atrocities, as those of which Abelard was the victim. The remains of the building may yet be seen, situated on a solitary down, in a remote part of the coast,

called the Peninsula of Rhys. A wilder or more savage spot can hardly be imagined. The scanty population of the neighbourhood has undergone little change of any kind, since the semi-barbarous Benedictines endeavoured to murder their prior six hundred years ago. They are still an uncivilized and ferocious people, and the language of France is yet unknown among them. Abelard could the less forgive himself for having taken the imprudent step of accepting such an unpromising piece of preferment, because he had not been compelled to leave his retreat and his scholars near Nogent. Arnold probably returned to Italy on Abelard's departure for Saint Gildas; and certainly never witnessed the distresses his master underwent in his Bas-Breton home.

To return, however, to the Third Act of our author's tragedy.—Arnold escapes being dragged to Rome by the monk and his armed band, in consequence of the sudden arrival of Ostasio with his vassals, who had set forth to meet him, and bring him to his castle. They rescue him, and would have put the monk to death had not Arnold prevented them. Ostasio takes Arnold under his protection; the monk's party flee; and the Act concludes with a chorus of Ostasio's followers.

The Fourth Act opens with a chorus composed of the inhabitants of several of the Lombard towns, which Frederick in his march southwards had more or less laid waste and destroyed. They are assembled in an open space near Sutri. They are shortly joined by a body of the advanced guard of the Imperial army, who also sing in chorus. At the conclusion of it, Frederick himself appears with Otho, bishop of Frising, Otho, count palatine of Bavaria, and others. A long conversation—in our opinion the least interesting in the poem—ensues between the emperor and the two Othos respecting the present position of the Imperial army, with Milan yet unsubdued behind it, and the Normans in Puglia and Naples in front; and touching the policy to be pursued towards the Holy See. Adrian is then announced as near at hand on his way to meet the emperor on his approach to Rome; and Frederick sums up his sentiments with regard to the papal power in the following brief soliloquy:—

“ Ai popoli od a me farsi nemico  
Adriano dovrà? Tien quel potere  
Che grande fa sempre voler lo stesso:  
Se tu gli lasci dominar le genti,  
Dirà libero il mondo, e se gli vieti  
D'esser tiranno, egli sì chiama oppresso.”

“ Adrian must oppose me or the people—  
He grasps that power which ceaselessly pursues

The path to further greatness. Let *him* rule  
 The nations, he will then enfranchise all,  
 But bar his tyranny, and he's oppressed."

Frederick speaks with haughty briefness, and harshly, to the cardinals, who announce the pope's near approach; and then, while awaiting him on foot, utters a soliloquy, in which the intolerable bitterness his unbending kingly pride suffers from the rival pretensions of Rome's priestly pride is finely painted. The pope appears on horseback, and waits awhile for Frederick to come forward and hold his stirrup, according to established usage. In vain! The haughty Suabian moves not a step; and Adrian is forced to descend with the assistance of his cardinals. All this is perfectly historical.

Frederick then advances, and a very stormy dialogue ensues. To Adrian's haughty rebuke, the emperor replies by reminding him that they were not then in the fortress of Canossa; nor was he in the position of the Emperor Henry, when he sued for pardon to Hildebrand. The prudent pontiff, finding useless all attempt at overawing the bold and high-spirited German, by degrees lowers his tone; but still, with curiously ingenious tenacity, strives to wheedle or enveigle his adversary into some admission of the pontifical superiority. He recurs to the well-known allegory, so absurdly invented to explain the meaning of the two swords offered by the disciples to our Saviour, as typical of the power of the church and of the empire. He says—

"Io veglierò sul mondo  
 Come l' occhio di Dio : se siam congiunti  
 Chi può star contro noi? Quel dì che a Cristo  
 Gli Apostoli gridaro : ecco due spade,—  
 'Non più,' rispose ; e al Sacerdozio unito  
 Era così l' Impero : ognun risplenda  
 Nel seggio suo : come la luna avrebbe  
 Nei deserti del ciel silenzio eterno,  
 Se vi tacesse la virtù del sole . . . ."

"Ever as the eye of God  
 O'er this world do I watch : if united,  
 Who can oppose us? Said they not to Christ,  
 'Behold two swords'? 'No more,' was his reply.  
 Thus to the priesthood was the empire joined ;  
 Each shineth in its sphere—the moon would keep  
 Eternal silence in the tracts of sky,  
 Were the sun's vigour powerless."

But even this will not do. Frederick interrupts him;—

“ Io pianeta minore ! e non risplendo  
Che per la luce tua ! ”

“ I inferior !  
A planet shining in a borrowed light ! ”

The pontiff is obliged to abandon the obnoxious simile. He replies to the above cited words of Frederick :—

“ Viene da Cristo  
In chi tien le sue veci : io sono il vero,  
Tu sei la forza ; e se da me ti parti  
Cieco rimani, ed io divengo inerme.  
Siamo uno infine ; e il paragon si taccia  
Che all' ira ti destò. Cesare e Pietro  
Sono i monti di Dio.”

“ She comes from Christ,  
In whom she holds her way : I am the truth,  
Thou art the power ; and if from me thou part,  
Blind dost thou wander, I remain disarmed.  
Let us at last be one ; suppressing all  
That rouses thee to anger. Mounts of God  
Are Cæsar and Pietro.”

He then goes on to speak of Arnold, and tells the emperor to learn from the example of him—

“ esser nemico al trono  
Chi fa guerra all' altar.”

“ The throne and altar  
Have one common foe.”

Upon this subject “Cæsar” and “Peter” are in perfect concord. The pontiff tells how Arnold had been rescued from his power. Mark, reader, in the words which follow, the manifestation of one of Rome's most habitual and most unpardonable iniquities. “Arnold has been taken out of my power,” says Adrian.

*Frederick.*

“ Senza un mio cenno  
Chi tanto osò ? ”

*Adrian.*

“ S' ignora.”

*Frederick.*

“ In forza mia  
L' eretico verrà : con morte infame  
Farò punirlo.”



*Adrian.*

" Un santo zel t' infiamma  
Nella causa di Dio."

*Frederick.*

" Without my bidding  
Who dare do this ?"

*Adrian.*

" We know not."

*Frederick.*

" In my power  
The heretic shall fall ; a death of shame  
Shall be his doom."

*Adrian.*

" A holy zeal for God  
Inflames thee in his cause."

This amiable accord is destined to be shortly again broken. There is still behind the grievance of the omitted stirrup-holding, which Adrian cannot make up his mind to forego. In fact, it was not altogether such a puerility as it might at first sight appear. For this service was a recognized act of vassalage ; and the performance of it by the emperor to the pope might be, and when a fit occasion should offer, no doubt would be, cited as a proof of the emperor's having admitted that the empire was held under the pope, as a feudal superior. Upon this sore subject Frederick again breaks out into passion : and on Otho of Frising joining them, Adrian quits them, leaving, he says, to the German bishop the task of bringing the stubborn emperor to a better frame of mind. And in fact, Otho, by urging political considerations, and citing the example of preceding emperors, does at last, with much difficulty, succeed in persuading his proud nephew—for such was his relationship to the emperor—to consent to perform this act of homage. He accordingly goes through the necessary form in the presence of his army with a sufficiently bad grace, and much to the disgust of the German soldiery who witness this degradation of their monarch. Adrian, well pleased, says—

" In ver tu sei

Destro e pronto scudiero, e m' hai tenuta  
Fortemente la staffa : abbiti, o figlio,  
Il bacio della pace : i tuoi doveri  
Ben adempito or hai."

“ In truth thou art  
A feat and prompt esquire, deftly hast held  
My stirrup ; receive now the kiss of peace,—  
Thy duties thou hast well discharged, my son.”

Frederick, however, who had kept in his breast a scheme for the consolation of his wounded pride—(the incident is historical)—replies—

“ Non tutti, o Padre !  
Duci, e soldati, udite : ho reso omaggio  
A Pietro, e non a lui.”

“ Not all, good Sire !  
Leaders and soldiers list ; homage to him  
I render none, but to Pietro all.”

Adrian's rage and mortification are great ; but he deems it prudent to dissemble them. And the envoys which the republican party in Rome had sent on their part also to meet the emperor being now announced, Adrian leaves him to receive them. To the pope's parting charge to him to quell the rebellious Romans, Frederick replies in verses which we must quote, as well for their own power, as for the sake of the true representation they give of the feelings which animated the emperor of Germany both towards the pope and towards Rome.

“ Basta ; compresi . . . . Se anche a me ribelli  
Non fossero i Romani, il lor gastigo  
Chiesto mi avresti indarno : i re non sono  
Un carnefice vil che mova il brando  
Dei sacerdoti al cenno . . . . A che rinnovo  
Questa lite fra noi ? T' affida, o Padre,  
Nella giustizia mia : tu sei Britanno,  
Ed io nacqui Tedesco ; abbiam comune  
L' odio di Roma. A Cristo e a noi fan guerra  
Gl' idoli suoi pagani, e il più tremendo,  
L' antica Libertà, chè il suo veleno  
Per l' Italia è diffuso, e nomi, e leggi,  
E tumulti destò. L' opra compisci  
Dei pontifici antichi, e di superbi  
Marmi s' accresca ogni cenobio umile ;  
Fa che possano tutte in Vaticano  
Le memorie perir del Campidoglio ;  
Lo adegua al suol : quella città superba  
Un sepolcro divenga, in cui si prostri  
Il Romano pentito, e chiegga a Dio  
Perdono della gloria e dei delitti.”

“ Enough ; I see it—were not thy Romans  
Rebels to me, their chastisement in vain

Thou hadst required. Thine executioners  
 Kings cannot be, nor will they bare the brand  
 For priestly bidding—why do I renew  
 The strife between us? Confide thee, Father,  
 In my justice; thou art a Briton born,  
 And I a German—we unite in hate  
 Of Rome. On us and Christ the idols old  
 Make war; chiefest amid them all we dread  
 That ancient Liberty; her poisonous power,  
 Through Italy diffused, awakens names,  
 And laws, and tumults. Each mean lonely cell  
 Pile thou with honors: from the ancient time  
 Sink deep the memory of the Capitol  
 Entombed in the Vatican! To earth  
 Reduce it, make that city, proud in power,  
 Become a sepulchre in which the Roman  
 May weeping call, prostrate before his God,  
 For pardon for his faults as well as fame."

The reception which awaits the envoys of the republican party, now at the entrance of the emperor's tent, may be easily anticipated. We wish that we could afford space to quote the whole of a long speech of Frederick's, in which he empties the phials of his wrath upon the heads of the unhappy Romans. No insult, which their fallen state could render most bitter, no taunt which could be drawn from the disparity between their condition and their pretensions, is spared them. "*Stolto romore ascolto,*" he says—

"Di tumidi parole: ognun conosce  
 Le vostre glorie antiche, e se perita  
 Fosse la lor memoria, in voi sarebbe  
 L'onta minore: le virtù degli avi  
 Ricorda sempre chi da lor traligna,  
 E chiama suo quel ch'ei non fece. Ah cessi  
 Questo vano garrir: folle Romano,  
 Deh pensa alfine a ciò che sei."

"Rumours vain  
 Of swelling words I hear; the world well knows  
 Your ancient glories, were their memory lost,  
 Your shame would then be lessen'd: of his sires  
 He who belies them ever holds high memory,  
 And calls that his which he has not achieved.  
 Ah cease this empty boast: weak Roman, think  
 Not on thy past, but on thy present state."

Of Italy he tells them,—

"Omai provincia è fatta  
 E retaggio a Germania, e il re le impone

Che elegge a sè ; retro al suo carro è tratta  
 Con eterno trionfo. Otton le pose  
 Una catena che talor s' allunga,  
 Ma frangersi non può : perchè risuona  
 Liberi vi credete ? io questo inganno  
 Farò che cessi, e saran muti i ceppi  
 Dal brando mio rifissi. Italia spera  
 Ai Tedeschi sottrarsi ? Aver non puote  
 Nulla di suo, neppur tiranni ; e pensi  
 Ai suoi destini antichi.

• • • • •  
 Voi senza cor, senz' armi, e pria derisi  
 E spenti poi, timide belve, immonde  
 A cui tombe e ruine eran covile,  
 Nati alla fuga, e a sollevar la polve  
 In antico deserto, e sol difesi  
 Dalle preghiere del sovrano Pastore,  
 Fatti ribelli a lui, sperar potete  
 La signoria del mondo, e già sognate  
 Affacciarvi dall' Alpi ?”

“ A province now  
 And German appanage is Italy ;  
 The King whom Germany elects rules Italy.  
 Back at his chariot wheels she's dragged along  
 In everlasting triumph. Otho placed on her  
 A chain that, though it lengthens, never breaks :  
 Think you its clank is freedom ? This lament  
 I'll dispel,—mute-voiceless shall be the links  
 United by this sword. Can Italy  
 Hope Freedom from the German ? Her very Kings  
 Are strangers ; she can call nothing her own,  
 And yet can think on antient destiny.

• • • • •  
 But you, a heartless, armless, first scorned,  
 And then extinguished people ; timid beasts,  
 To whom foul tombs and ruins form a lair  
 Born but for flight to raise the circling dust  
 In your old desert, alone defended  
 By the entreaties of your sovereign Priest ;  
 Rebels to him—and dare you even hope  
 For lordship over earth ; and dream again  
 Of gazing down from Alps.”

He concludes with saying, in answer to the proposal the envoys  
 had made that Rome should again become the capital of the  
 empire, in reality—

“ Selve d'Ardenna, e pure  
 Onde del Reno, io vi abbandoni, e siede

Nella squallida Roma, e vi contristi  
 Per la vaghezza di memorie antiche  
 Gli occhi nel fango, e chiami biondo il Tebro !”

“ Forest of Arden,  
 And pure waters of the Rhine, should I quit you,  
 And sit in squalid Rome, and sadden there  
 In the delusions of old memories  
 My eyes on mud praising its yellow Tiber.”

It must have been with bitterness of spirit that this speech was composed by the Italian poet ; the more so, from his having sufficient clear-sighted impartiality and self-knowledge—if we may so call knowledge of his own country and people—to feel himself obliged to admit, in a note upon Frederick’s speech, that “ many of the things said by him are true ; and a people, who have for a long space of time fallen under a foreign yoke, although they of necessity hate their masters, yet are constrained, in the secrecy of their own conscience, to despise themselves.” Alas ! every injury inflicted on a human being, ever renders the object of it less capable of being dealt with by his fellow-men otherwise than injuriously.

Giordano replies with dignity and courage ; and the envoys take their departure with a declaration that the emperor may expect the open resistance of the Romans,—reminding him also that the hostile Normans of Puglia are before him.

As they retire, Adrian again enters the imperial tent ; and, to prove to Frederick the sincerity of his friendship, shows him the bull of excommunication he had just fulminated against the Normans. It is arranged between them that the German army shall penetrate into the Leonine city, of the gates of which the pope has the command ; and the Act closes with the cry of the German soldiers—“ A Roma ! a Roma !”

The Fifth Act opens with a soliloquy by Adrian in the private apartments of the Vatican. He is interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, who announces a lady who is desirous of an interview with the pope. This proves to be Adelasia, the wife of Count Ostasio. While her husband had become a zealous convert to the doctrines of Arnold, she had always remained a staunch partisan of the papal church ; and although passionately attached to her husband, she regarded with horror what she deemed his apostacy and impiety. The sentence of excommunication which had been fulminated against those who had rescued Arnold, and all who should take any part in concealing and protecting him, had terrified and excited her mind, till the struggle between superstitious fear and woman’s love had well-nigh turned her brain. She comes in to the pope in

a state of agitation bordering on insanity ; and the dialogue which ensues between the wily and cruel pontiff and the agonized woman contains some very fine poetry. Her hope was to have bargained for her husband's safety and pardon, as the price of her information as to the place of Arnold's retreat. Adrian finds little difficulty in extracting from her her secret. Frederick then comes in, and learns from Adrian what has passed. He no sooner hears the name of Ostasio, than he recognizes it as one of the chief leaders of the republican party, and as such, more obnoxious to him than Arnold himself. He instantly decrees his death. And the passionate supplications of the wretched wife, whose eyes are now too late opened to the fearful consequences of the step she has taken, fail to arrest the sentence. She quits the presence of the inexorable pair—pontiff and emperor—in an agony of despair.

Then, after two short scenes, in one of which the senators are assembled on the Capitoline Hill ; and in the other a dialogue takes place in the castle of St. Angelo between Arnold and his jailor, and the prefect of Rome, in which the martyr is informed of the fate that awaits him ; there follows a splendid soliloquy by Arnold. It is of considerable length, and as we cannot extract it entire, we prefer leaving it un mutilated. We will only say that it is a speech worthy of being put into the mouth of such a man, as he stood on the brink of eternity.

This is the last we see of Arnold. His execution is supposed to follow immediately in the secrecy of the dungeons of St. Angelo ; as was, in fact, the case.

We think it a matter of doubt whether it might not have been better to have dropped the curtain here. The remaining scenes, though they were important enough to Rome in their real action, are not so to the main subject of the tragedy. With Arnold's death the high-wrought sympathy and interest of the reader drops, and what remains to be told appears superfluous to him.

A struggle between the republican Romans and the Imperial troops follows—with a chorus of the soldiers of both parties. The Germans are of course victorious, and the mutual congratulations and self-felicitations of "Peter" and "Cæsar" close the tragedy.

Such is a brief outline, faint and meagre enough, of this poem, which is now actively doing the work, that it was intended by its author to do, on every thinking mind in Italy. We have thought it principally interesting to our readers, as a signal feat of arms in that great battle which is being fought in Italy, and as an indication of the condition of social and political feeling among her sons. And it is in this point of view, that the publication of the work is deemed an event of high importance and deep signi-

fication by all classes in Italy. But it is undoubtedly a remarkable production in a purely literary point of view also. The few extracts we have been able to find space for, have been chosen chiefly for their manifestation of the political views and aspirations of the author. Yet it will be admitted that these short and detached passages convey an impression of no mean poetical power. But if any readers shall be induced by what we have said to peruse the entire poem, they will find, apart from its political interest, many passages of pure and high poetical beauty.

Some of the more critical among Signor Niccolini's compatriots have imputed certain faults of style and diction to this latest production of his pen, which, without presuming to offer an ultramontane opinion on the subject ourselves, we may as well mention. It is asserted that the desire of obtaining a chaste and severe simplicity of style, and scrupulous classicality of diction, have been pushed so far as to have produced a certain rigidity and appearance of stilted affectation; while the purity of the language has been marred, rather than secured, by the admission of Latinisms. We are inclined to think, however, that these critics would deem it an unpardonable presumption in "a barbarian," were he to affect to pronounce a judgment on the use of "*La dolce lingua*" even in accordance with their own.

We have spoken sufficiently at the beginning of this article of the political bearings of Signor Niccolini's tragedy. We will conclude it with a very few words on its social significance. It is true, that one of the most lamentable results of national oppression is to render the oppressed incapable of returning with advantage to their former free condition. The tree which has been bent, even when its sturdy trunk has been riven in the bending, soon *grows* into the attitude into which it has been forced, and can assume no other. The deterioration of oppressor and oppressed is one of the "proofs of design" in the creation and government of the moral universe, which meet the observer's eye not less frequently than the adaptations and correspondences so remarkable in the constitution of the physical world. The tyrant's ever ready answer to the remonstrance of his slave, is—"You are not fit for freedom." So to answer, is to avow the worst evil consequence of his own bad work; but alas! that answer is frequently too true. It is an answer that has been again and again thrown to the Italians in reply to their aspirations after political freedom. And are the Italians at this day fit to receive such a portion of political freedom and liberty of self-government as full-grown nations may exercise with advantage? If a conscientious Englishman should find it difficult to answer this inquiry unconditionally in the affirmative, it must be remembered,

that a negative reply by no means condemns the Italians to a permanence of their actual condition. It is absolutely necessary for a man to go into the water before he can swim. It must be remembered, also, that an Englishman, with his heir-loom of training in freedom's school for centuries, is apt to erect a very high standard of requirements for the capacity of self-government. France deemed herself perfectly fit to manage her own affairs some half century since. And we think that few who know Italy, will doubt, that she is to the full as fit for freedom as France was then, or has been since. It is true that fair France has, since that day,

“ Play'd such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep ; who with our spleens  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.”

But they are improving gradually and perceptibly ; and though that improvement is in a great measure due to their good fortune in having a nurse strong enough to guide them, and subtle enough to make them think they are going alone, still they are feeling their legs, and are making a real progress which would have been impossible had they remained ever swathed in the bandages of infancy.

We hold Signor Niccolini's book, and the reception it has met with from his countrymen, to be a strong proof that Italy has still that in her, which should make a nation great and free. And we must confess that the same principles and sympathies, which attach us to the good cause of English conservatism, in its true and enlightened sense, compel us to join our aspirations to those of the thousands, in whose breasts the generous sentiments of the work we have been examining have found a ready echo. We are addressing ourselves, we trust, to English conservatives of that best class, in whom, under Providence, is now England's surest hope for the future,—who know that true conservatism and wholesome progression are not only compatible, but, in truth, indissolubly linked together ; and to such readers we say—Make yourselves acquainted with the views, opinions, and hopes of the Italians, as represented by such men as our author and his admirers ; make yourselves also acquainted with Italy—especially Middle and Southern Italy—and her governments,—with her social, intellectual, moral, and religious condition ;—and *then* . . . we should wish nothing better for Italy, than that it were possible for her future destinies to depend on your judgment of her cause.



- ART. VII.—1. *Poems*. By Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. Moxon.  
 2. *The Return of the Druses ; a Tragedy*. By Robert Browning. Moxon.  
 3. *Gerald ; a Dramatic Poem*. By J. W. Marston. Mitchell.

OUR friends in the Colonies must have been very much puzzled by the aspect of our literature during the last few years, and more especially must they be so at the present period, when it would seem that the only works extensively patronized by the vast majority of general readers are those which deal in half-historical balderdash, drilled and paraded into fictions, and made yet more grossly intelligible to the vulgar apprehension, by loudly trumpeted illustrations on wood, or steel, or stone. It would, moreover, seem that the taste of the time (except in the very gravest departments of science and letters) was thoroughly devoted to broad farce and burlesque. Though *genius* can elevate and redeem the lowest or the most depraved subjects, the suite of those which follow in such a perilous walk becomes as detestable to all highly educated and refined intellects, as injurious and vitiating to the public feeling and taste. From such premises our friends over the seas will naturally have inferred that this degradation of literature, and this farcical laugh-making, these unredeemed real-life vices, are not so much the consequence of the popular craving, as of the over-feeding ; and that the feeders who purvey this mass of coarseness and absurdity, are the only authors of the time capable of dealing successfully with fiction ;—in short, that we have no fine imaginative intellects, with creative faculties of the higher order, among us, either in poetry or prose. We intend to disabuse our Colonial friends of this erroneous impression ; and the notice we shall give from time to time of the productions of living English authors, while it will only be doing justice to the genius of the mother country, will supersede the necessity of our further reply to many respected remonstrances and suggestive communications from foreign correspondents on this very subject. Our subscribers in the Colonies may, therefore, depend henceforth on receiving the information they require as to the condition and movements of the home department of literature.

But not upon the authors and the public only does the prevailing depravity of taste rest for its present extensive influence, supply, and support. Many newspapers, and some of the Reviews, adopt the same tone, and work to the same end by the same means. They herald forth a new work of this class by applause,

review it with excitement, and make copious extracts with a flourish of penny trumpets between each paragraph. Even Magazines which once held high positions for original essays and as critical organs of literature, have abandoned these things entirely, and laying down the mirror which should be held up to the face of nature, have taken up the horse-collar instead, to show us the ridiculous and the monstrous.

It will now be asked, "Are there any signs of a healthy vitality among living authors, independent of those old established reputations, the owners whereof are reposing upon their laurels?—are there any new men with whom abstract power and beauty is a passion, and who possess the requisite faculties for their development? Are there, also, any signs of efforts, on their part, to revive or create a taste in the public for the higher classes of composition? and if so, with what degree and prospect of success? These are surely very interesting questions—some of them easily answered, others open to considerable difficulties and incertitude. There is, however, something else, and something better also, to be found among us; there is a secret spirit at work beneath all this load of earth and compost, this feverish expanse of stagnant water.

Whatever may be the struggles—foolishly called *all*-absorbing—which are now transpiring in politics, in theology, and the commercial world; and however convinced each of the different parties may be that nothing else can go right—nor that, indeed, can any thing else be properly attended to—till their particular cause is settled as they wish,—it is manifest that there is quite as great a struggle now going on in our literature, and in that very department which is most neglected by the public—we mean in poetry. The public does not see this; and as poetry is at present so unpopular, the critics do not see the struggle; but let anybody look at the persevering announcements of new poems in advertisements, and read a few of the poems of some half dozen men—beginning with those at the head of this article,—and then the truth of our assertion will become apparent. The energetic spirit at work in various minds, and with different kinds and degrees of power, but still at work, not only without the slightest outward encouragements, but with all manner of opposition in their path, and with certain expenditure of time and worldly means upon their "losing game," must absolutely possess something genuine in its elements, and in its hopeful and indefatigable continuity.

To every reader of highly cultivated taste and feeling for poetry it cannot now be requisite that we should do more than express our admiration of the fine genius of Mr. Alfred Tenny-

son, and our sympathy with his efforts to elevate the tone of modern poetry by that ideal beauty, the divine presence of which we recognize in almost every poem he writes. Worthy to be mentioned with him, in respect of genius and a devotion to ideal art, is Mr. Robert Browning; yet not to be compared with Mr. Tennyson, because different—essentially different in some respects,—choosing subjects dissimilar, and dissimilar in tone of thought, in general and particular treatment, and in execution. Unlike to all these is Mr. Marston; nor does it appear that his faculties have attained an equally complete developement with those previously named.

The genius of Mr. Marston has hitherto displayed a misgiving originality—or a fancied originality—self-confident at its first launch upon the tide, and midway calling for help from the past, and supporting its sinking venture by all manner of old associations. He took the bull by the horns, and let him go again; the consequence has been that he has only aggravated and exalted the power he intended to tame or transfer. He intended to show that the bull was a real thing, and the provocation transforms it to a Jupiter. The principle on which the “*Patrician’s Daughter*” was written, was to prove that reality and the present time constituted the best material and medium for modern poetry, especially dramatic poetry. Now this very play contains as many antiquated words and phrases as any modern drama written in direct imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists. As an acting tragedy it has failed to take any satisfactory hold upon the stage—for ladies with fashionable parasols, and gentlemen in grenadiers’ caps, are an outrage to tragic art, which appeals to the hearts and businesses of men through universal sympathies; and inasmuch as it cannot be aided by matter-of-fact costumes, so it may be injured by ugliness in that respect, more particularly when it constantly calls back (instead of stimulating) the imagination, and reminds it that all this pretended reality is *not* real. When Mr. Macready passionately repeated, “*This heart!—this heart!*” with a modern English hat, of the last fashion, grasped in his hand, and held forth convulsively at each repetition—presenting *to the eye* the appearance of being displayed as the thing alluded to, or else as a recipient, intended to catch the heart if it fell out of the sufferer’s breast—the effect was felt by some of the most sincere well-wishers of Mr. Marston to be fatal. This latter effect, he might say, was hardly his fault; yet he is responsible for it, as a part of the principle he wished to see illustrated. Of a similar kind, in design and structure, is “*Gerald*,” by the same author. It is another form of the idea of a man of genius struggling with the world of the

present time.—The scenes are laid in such places as Hyde Park, the High Road, at Bayswater, &c., and the language having a strong smack of the olden time. The poem may be designated as a narrative dialogue and reverie, in which a series of emotions and thoughts, and a few events, are brought before us. They are all very like private experiences poetized, philosophized, and moralized upon; and that which chiefly caused us to say that we thought the author's faculties had not attained their maturity, is the love he has for displaying his good things in Italics, evidently showing that he considers the ideas as very new, which they frequently are not, though perhaps expressed in a novel form. But the gravest fault is, that the author gives us no proof that his hero is a man of genius. Gerald, contemplating to leave his village, for the purpose of achieving something great in the world, says:—

*Gerald.*

“ Should I fail—  
Wake to neglect and scorn ! Hence poor distrust !  
The omens of my life have been too clear—  
Too noble to delude ! No common end  
My Part points out. Believe 'twas not in vain  
My young inclinings, spurning common lore  
And saws of village Solons, led my feet  
Up mountain heights ere dawn to cheer the Sun  
On his great march, and feel that we were born  
To kindred destinies ;—or bade me stand  
In the deep silence of autumnal woods,  
Awed, saddened, solaced, purified, sublimed,  
Or muse enchanted by the choral streams,  
And find my mood to Nature's music set ;—  
Or watch at eve the solid orb of fire  
Melt in diffusive tenderness, while stole  
Into my heart a pensive sanctity  
That made me covet an excuse for tears !

*Edith.*

I love to listen.

*Gerald.*

In my solitude,  
While bending o'er the page of bards, to feel  
Their greatness fill my soul, and albeit then  
The lofty meaning I could scarce translate,  
To quiver with an awful, vague delight,  
And find my heart respond, although the sense  
Outran my thought ! What, shall no harvest burst  
From seed like this ?”

*Gerald, p. 11.*

We answer, “ very likely not any.” If any, then most

likely a reproduction of the thoughts of others, the seeds of which have inspired him. All that he says in proof of an impulse and capacity, is in itself only poetical emotion, which should not be mistaken (as it always is in youth) for poetical genius. Gerald leaves his home feeling a strong impulse to do *something* great in the world. Here at once we see the old sad error—a vague aspiration or ambition mistaken for an object and a power. A man of genius rushes out of his solitude, or takes some extreme step, because he is possessed with a ruling passion,—a predominating idea,—a conviction that he can accomplish a particular thing, and so relieve his breast of the ever-smouldering image—his imagination of the ever-haunting thought. He does not rush forth with expanded arms to grasp at whatever presents itself to his inflamed desires, but to grasp his soul's idol. In like manner—to come down to details—a man of genius never snatches a pen, and sits down to write whatever comes uppermost; (if he do so, now and then, it is because he is in a morbid state, and will most likely burn what he has written;) but to write down a sudden revelation of a definite kind. We think, that towards the close of his work Mr. Marston discovered this; in fact, we see signs that he did; but it was too late, and all he could do was to make his hero accuse himself of a selfish ambition as an excuse for his want of success. This was very much the case with the character of the hero of the “*Patrician's Daughter*,”—all manner of extravagant things are said of his genius, but he himself does nothing to prove it:

So much for these heroes; but that the author of both these works is a man of genius, and one of the moving spirits of the time, no doubt can exist. Mr. Marston's writings are full of thoughtful beauty, of religious aspiration, and affectionate tenderness. In the following passage, Gerald, after his failure in ambition, alludes to his deceased father in these words:—

*Gerald.*

“ I should have been  
 His chief companion, constant minister  
 To every wish—shared all his quiet joys—  
 Aided his kindly spirit, ever fain  
 To make all round him happy. But, alas!  
 I deemed myself too great for such mean ends—  
 Played Critic, and not Brother to the world!  
 Our Life's affections are its sanctity,  
 Its vestal fires. Should *they* die out, albeit  
 In the Mind's Temple every niche doth boast  
 An intellectual glory, still the pile  
 Loses its holiness—is desecrate!

*Edith.*

But surely thou hast taught this in thy page!

*Gerald.*

Oh! that my page had taught it to my heart,  
How much of self was mingled with my aims.  
I would have blessed the world—dowered it with light,  
And joy, and beauty. Ay! but then the world  
Must know I blessed it. Pitiful! and vain—  
Diseased at core! I think at God's great bar  
There will be fewer evil deeds condemned,  
Than good deeds for ill ends."

*Gerald, p. 95.*

It is impossible to read such passages as these,—and Mr. Marston's writings have many quite equal to them,—without feeling that interest in him, and that hope for his best success in literature, which his fine nature and abilities so fully merit. But now, after the somewhat depressing scenes of these feverish struggles for fame, as illustrated in the heroes of the works we have just been considering, let us turn to the mild, steady wisdom, and half-melancholy fortitude, displayed in the "*Ulysses*" of Tennyson—a poem which we have never seen quoted before, nor have we ever heard anybody name it. Its quietude must steal slowly upon the world.

*Ulysses.*

"It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments—  
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me  
 Little remains : but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail ;  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;  
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;  
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

TENNYSON'S *Poems*, Vol. II.

The mild dignity and placid resolve,—the kingly resignation,—the unaffected and unostentatious modesty and self-conscious power,—the long, softened shadows of memory cast from the remote vistas of practical knowledge and experience, with a suffusing tone of ideality breathing over the whole, and giving a saddened charm even to the suggestion of a watery grave,—all this, and much more, independent of the beautiful picturesqueness of the scenery, render this poem of “Ulysses” one of the most exquisite (as it has hitherto been one of the least noticed) poems in this or any other language. And equal praise may be justly given to many of Mr. Tennyson’s productions.

Mr. Browning’s play of “A Blot in the Scutcheon” was written on the same domestic principle as the “Patrician’s Daughter,” but not presenting itself attired in the atrocious English hat and coat of the present day—“the least, a death to nature” and to ideal art. The play was intended to be nobly and boldly unconventional, and as it was therefore proportionately dangerous, it contained several strong conventional speeches carried to absurdity, with a view to “carry off” the danger. It was full of misgivings in consequence, and at last we did not know which was meant for the true morality. It was finely acted by Mr. Phelps and Miss Faucit; very badly by all the rest; and “put upon the stage” with marked indifference.

In the last Number of this Review some animadversion was made on an error into which Mr. Browning had fallen with regard to certain historical facts which he had mistaken in his tragedy entitled “The Return of the Druses.” We shall now offer a few remarks on the tragedy as a dramatic production. It is worth a thousand of such equivocal tragedies as “Mary Stuart,” and the much puffed “Gisippus.” The objections we have to make to the “Druses” are chiefly matters of structure and detail, and a want of clearness in several respects, independent of a somewhat puzzling nomenclature. A certain difficulty in the Druse names was inseparable from the subject; but when we find Djabal, Raghib, Karshook, &c., accompanied by the Grand Master’s Prefect, the Patriarch’s Nuncio, the Republic’s Admiral, initiated Druses, &c. &c., we see at once that a great number of serious recollections will be required of us, to which we must often look back with care. Probably the author thought that, as the other names were difficult to us “uninitiated Druses,” it would be best not to confuse us with more proper names, and that the Grand Master’s Prefect was therefore better than to call him by a name with all this added to it. But to proceed. The tragedy opens with these emphatic and confounding lines:—



*Karshook.*

"The moon is carried off in purple fire :  
 Day breaks at last ! Break glory, with the day,  
 On Djabal, ready to assume his shape  
 Of Hakeem, as the Khalif vanished erst  
 On red Mokattam's brow—our Founder's flesh,  
 As he resumes our Founder's function !"

*The Druses, Act I. Scene I.*

Now, the reader, who even *if* a Druse, is, most probably, an "uninitiated Druse," does not know who or what Djabal is; nor who Hakeem may be, nor what "his shape;" nor what Khalif is referred to, nor the geographical and historical relations of "red Mokattam's brow," which may belong to a blood-red demon or a mountain; nor anything about this particular Founder's flesh or function! The whole of the first scene is in this strain of implicit faith in the reader's knowledge of all these matters. As the tragedy developes, we are made sufficiently acquainted with all that went before; but this is reversing the dramatic principle. In this case, an opening dialogue between one or two who had no faith in Djabal's mission, and Khalil, who was devoted to him, would at once have put the reader in full possession of the state of affairs, provided this was made the simple, straightforward business of the scene. Something of the kind occurs on Khalil's entrance, but it is so mixed up with the confusion of the Druses seeking plunder, and so overlaid with intricate statements and allusions, that it "darkens knowledge," and the opportunity is smothered and wasted. In like manner, at the close of the First Act, there is a marked reference made to "Djabal's story of some Count Dreux, who, sick of wandering from Bouillon's war, left his old name in Lebanon." This caused us much pause and speculation, first to understand why it was introduced, then why by Djabal, then if it were true or not—and if not, *why* not? Certainly, it is no easy matter to construct a five-act drama of any kind, which can bear, as it always ought to bear, a close examination in all its parts and as a whole. At the close of the Fourth Act, we found the solution we desired, clearly made out—it was a lie told by Djabal to flatter the vanity, attach the affections, and secure the interest of Loÿs de Dreux to the Druse cause. The author had it all in his mind safe enough, but he should have helped us sooner. Puzzling the head does not excite and suspend an interest, but delays or prevents our feeling an interest. The first speech of Act II. is also very difficult to understand grammatically, though it may be correct nevertheless; and there seems to be some vacillation on the part of Anael as to her love for Djabal, and a certain leaning towards Loÿs, (who also hesitates about protesting "a love he dare not feel," yet subse-

quently says that Anael loves him,) while, on the part of Djabal, there is a conflict maintained, even to the close of the Fifth Act, as to his devoted love, or resistance of love, with regard to Anael,—all of which keeps our understanding so continually on the alert, that it checks the free progress of the imagination and sympathetic emotions. We do not infer, that any of these conditions of feeling are naturally or dramatically wrong; all we mean to say is, that from a want of clearness and precision in the marking out, the subtle working has the effect of a puzzle. We think such positions need a more material form; a more hard, out-spoken statement, to render them successful on the stage; a sort of matter-of-fact declaration of the state of affairs, which shall *almost* make an audience say, “Does he take us for fools?”—the answer to which many a dramatist will readily mutter through his teeth, to himself. The main requisites for a successful acting tragedy are character and passionate action—and these the “Druses” possesses in the highest degree; the next requisite is the perspicuous distribution of the action—and here this tragedy is deficient, but in a way that might easily be remedied, and with far less trouble than is always taken with the works of Mr. Knowles, or Sir E. L. Bulwer, or with any of the “great discoveries” and failures of Mr. Macready.

The character of Djabal is a masterpiece, and of the highest order of dramatic portraiture. It is at once complicated and clear; the motives interwoven and conflicting, yet “palpable to feeling as to sight;” and all his actions, their results, and his own end, are perfectly in harmony with these premises. Anything in him that puzzles us, is only in the progress of the drama; for eventually he stands out in the finest relief, as though upon “the mountain” to which his dying steps lead on his emancipated people. Moreover, he himself knows what he is, and thus explains all difficulties:—

*Djabal.*

“I perish—yet do I, can I repent?  
 I, with an Arab instinct thwarted ever  
 By my Frank policy,—and, in its turn,  
 A Frank brain thwarted by my Arab heart—  
 While these remained in equipoise I lived  
 Nothing; had either been predominant,  
 As a Frank schemer or an Arab mystic  
 I had been something;—now, each has destroyed  
 The other—and behold from out their crash  
 A third and better nature rises up—  
 My mere Man’s-nature! And I yield to it—  
 I love thee—I—who did not love before!”

*The Druses, Act V. Scene I.*

This is to write drama and psychological history at the same time. We merely, however, advert in passing to the expression of "I, who did not love before," as one of those instances of unnecessary confusion induced by a want of care in previous expressions,—for certainly, at pages 7, 8, 9, 13, and 14, we had very good grounds for suspecting that he did love before.

The characters of Anael, of Loÿs, of the Prefect, and the Nuncio, are scarcely less admirably drawn as characters, though not so elaborately finished, as Djabal. Indeed, there is scarcely room in the space of an acting drama to elaborate more than one or two characters; and the elaboration of four or five characters in some of Shakspeare's plays, is only a proof of the statement, inasmuch as none of his plays are acted as written, but curtailed, in some cases, by perhaps a third part. The whole of the scene with the Nuncio, in the Fifth Act, is finely worked up, and would be eminently effective on the stage, if well acted; though perhaps nobody at present before the public could play the Nuncio but Mr. Macready,—who could not, however, play Djabal. He would never feel that he rightly understood the character. But one of the finest scenes in this great tragedy, and we select it because the most intelligible as an extract, is that which takes place between Loÿs and the old, scheming, mercenary, voluptuous, hyæna-like Prefect, who is deposed—and whom Djabal has plotted to murder in the alcove.

*"Enter the PREFECT with GUARDS, and LOÿS.*

*The Prefect.*

[*To Guards.*] Back, I say, to the galley every guard!

That's my sole care now—see each bench retains

Its complement of rowers—I embark

O' the instant, since this Knight will have it so.

Alas me! Could you have the heart, my Loÿs?

[*To a Guard who whispers.*] Oh, bring the holy Nuncio here forthwith!

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Loÿs, a rueful sight, confess, to see

The grey discarded Prefect leave his post,

With tears i' the eye! So you are Prefect now?

You depose me—you succeed me? Ha, ha!

*Loÿs.*

And dare you laugh, whom laughter less becomes

Than yesterday's forced meekness we beheld . . .

*Prefect.*

. . . When you so eloquently pleaded, Loÿs,

For my dismissal from the post?—Ah, meek

With cause enough, consult the Nuncio else!

And wish him the like meekness—for so staunch  
A servant of the church can scarce have bought  
His share in the Isle, and paid for it, hard pieces !  
You've my successor to condole with, Nuncio !  
I shall be safe by then i' the galley, Loys !

*Loys.*

You make as you would tell me you rejoice  
To leave your scene of . . .

*Prefect.*

Trade in the dear Druses ?  
Blood and sweat traffic ? Spare what yesterday  
We had enough of ! Drove I in the Isle  
A profitable game ? Learn wit, my son,  
Which you'll need shortly ! Did it never breed  
Suspicion in you all was not pure profit,  
When I, the rapacious . . . and so forth . . . was bent  
On having an associate in my rule ?  
Why did I yield this Nuncio half the gain,  
If not that I might also shift . . . what on him ?  
Half of the peril, Loys !

*Loys.*

Peril ?

*Prefect.*

Hark you !

I'd love you if you'd let me—this for reason,  
You save my life at price of . . . well, say risk  
At least, of yours. I came a long time since  
To the Isle : our Hospitallers bade me tame  
These savage wizards, and reward myself.

*Loys.*

The Knights who so repudiate your crime ?

*Prefect.*

Loys, the Knights—we doubtless understand  
Each other ; as for trusting to reward  
From any friend beside myself . . . No, no !

With this alcove's delicious memories  
Got to be mingled visions of gaunt fathers,  
Quick-eyed sons, fugitives from the mine, the oar,  
Stealing to catch me : brief, when I began  
To quake with fear—(I think I hear the Chapter  
Solicited to let me leave, now all  
Worth staying for was gained and gone !)—I say  
That when for the remainder of my life  
All methods of escape seemed lost—just then  
Up should a young hot-headed Loys spring,  
Talk very long and loud—in fine, compel  
The Knights to break their whole arrangement, have me

Home for pure shame—from this safehold of mine  
 Where but ten thousand Druses seek my life,  
 To my wild place of banishment, San Gines  
 By Murcia, where my three fat manors lying,  
 Purchased by gains here and the Nuncio's gold,  
 Are all I have to guard me,—that such fortune  
 Should fall to me I hardly could expect !  
 Therefore, I say, I'd love you !

*Loÿs.*

Can it be ?  
 I play into your hands then ? Oh, no, no !  
 The Venerable Chapter, the Great Order  
 Sunk o' the sudden into fiends of the pit ?  
 But I will back—will yet unveil you !

*Prefect.*

Me ?

To whom ?—perhaps Sir Galeas, who in Chapter  
 Shook his white head thrice—and some dozen times  
 My hand this morning shook for value paid ?  
 To that Italian Saint Sir Cosimo ?—  
 Indignant at my wringing year by year  
 A thousand bezants from the coral-divers,  
 As you recounted ; felt he not aggrieved ?  
 Well might he—I allowed for his half share  
 Merely one hundred ! To Sir . . .

*Loÿs.*

See ! you dare  
 Inculcate the whole Order ; yet should I,  
 A youth, a sole voice, have the power to change  
 Their evil way had they been firm in it ?  
 Answer me !

*Prefect.*

Oh, the son of Bretagne's Duke,  
 And that son's wealth, the father's influence, too,  
 And the young arm, we'll even say, my Loÿs,  
 —The fear of losing or diverting these  
 Into another channel by gainsaying  
 A novice too abruptly, could not influence  
 The Order ! You might join, for aught they cared,  
 Their red-cross rivals of the Temple ! Well,  
 I thank you for my part at all events !  
 Stay here till they withdraw you ! You'll inhabit  
 This palace—sleep, perchance, in this alcove ;  
 Good ! and now disbelieve me if you can :  
 This is the first time for long years I enter  
 Thus [*lifts the arras*], without feeling just as if I lifted  
 The lid up of my tomb !

*Loys.*

They share his crime !

God's punishment will overtake you yet !

*Prefect.*

Thank you it does not ! Pardon this last flash :

I bear a graver visage presently

With the disinterested Nuncio here—

His purchase-money safe at Murcia too !

Let me repeat—for the first time no draught

Coming as from a sepulchre salutes me.

When we next meet this folly may have passed,

We'll hope—Ha, ha ! *[Exit through the arras.]*

The whole character of the Prefect, his long life of greedy villany, his heartless sensuality, carried into the very gloating of imbecility, and the wide field of bribery and corruption of which he has been the centre, is all clearly developed in this masterly scene. We cannot conclude without remarking on the profound instinctive sympathy with a tragical position displayed by the poet in the last speech, where the Prefect entering the alcove, where he will presently be murdered,—utters words of ghastly merriment, like the “last flash” of one who will bear a “graver visage presently,” although, strange to say, for “the first time no gust of air as from a sepulchre salutes his entrance !” All this is exactly the half consciousness of an instinctive feeling of approaching fate, mingled with just those delusive circumstances which lull and disperse apprehension, and lure a victim onward to his doom !

We take our leave of this production of Mr. Browning, by observing, that we consider it, “as a whole,” to be one of the finest of modern dramatic works, and that with no more than the usual adaptation, it would be a good acting drama. Strange to say, it has never yet received anything in the shape of adequate review, or even notice from the press.

How much remains to be said with reference to the prospects of imaginative literature, and how much illustration our remarks would require, must be very apparent.

All that can be done in the present paper is to point out the signs of the poetical spirit—not of “the time,” but the spirit which is at work as an under-current of time ; and which we anticipate will gather accumulating force as it proceeds, and sooner or later produce a great change in the quality and tendency of our literature. Meanwhile, let our readers, both at home and abroad, be assured that whatever they may find to admire, and to recognize as evidences of our position, in the fine extracts quoted from the poets previously discussed, their several works abound with passages of equal excellence.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Copy of the Evidence taken and Report made by the Assistant Poor Law Commissioners sent to enquire into the State of the Population of Stockport.* 1842.
2. *Reports of the Special Assistant Poor Law Commissioners on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture.* 1843.
3. *Speech of Charles Buller, Esq. M.P., in the House of Commons, on Thursday, Aug. 6, 1843, on Systematic Colonization.* Murray, Albemarle Street.

UNDER the favour of Divine Providence, the country is steadily though slowly recovering from a crisis of commercial depression of unusual severity, extent, and duration. The evil—great, unexampled, and overwhelming as it has been—may not be unattended by countervailing, perhaps even by counterbalancing good—should it lead to such a searching investigation into our social and economical condition, as may enable us to trace out the latent causes of distress; and to discover and to apply appropriate means for their removal.

A commercial depression, enduring for years, and extending to all the districts of the country, and to all the departments of industry, could not have resulted from any immediate and temporary cause. Accidental agencies may have aggravated the symptoms of the constitutional complaint. Functional disturbance may have marked the progress of the organic disease. But fatal might be the result, were we to conclude from the abatement of the functional paroxysm, that the vital organs have escaped uninjured, and that there remains no lingering and deeply-seated malady, requiring careful regimen and an alterative course. While, however, our most anxious solicitude should be directed to the consideration of permanent causes, we should not be inattentive to those of a more temporary character. We cannot obtain an accurate knowledge of the extent to which the depression which has visited the industrious classes is the necessary result of our economical condition, unless we can ascertain how much of the derangement may be traced to extrinsic circumstances.

Amongst the accidental and exciting causes which have contributed to induce the recent crisis of commercial difficulty, one of the principal has been a succession of deficient harvests. A deficient harvest is a diminution of national wealth to the amount of the deficiency. An increased importation of foreign corn equivalent to the diminution in the home supply, might prevent the price of corn from rising to the consumer, but could not prevent a loss of wealth to the country. Had the seasons im-

mediately previous to 1842 been average seasons, the greater part of the foreign corn which we were obliged to alienate a portion of the national wealth to obtain, would have been raised at home, without any expense beyond that which the farmers had already incurred in the cultivation of their fields. In effect, that quantity of corn which is imported, not in the customary course of trade, but in order to make good the deficiency of an unfavourable season, may be regarded as being paid for twice over. In seeking to obtain this portion of the supply, two separate costs of production are advanced. The farmer advances the first cost of production—the labour and capital required to obtain an ordinary supply,—and on his failing to obtain it, the importing merchant advances a second cost of production—the labour and capital expended on the equivalents he exports in order to make good the deficiency. Thus, on the occurrence of an adverse season, the expense incurred by the importing merchant in furnishing that portion of the requisite supply of subsistence, the productive cost of which the farmer had already advanced, is so much dead loss to the country.

It would be a great mistake to suppose, that when a deficient harvest occurs, the extension of foreign trade occasioned by the increased export which purchases the required supply of foreign corn, creates a new demand for goods, causing a reproduction of wealth equivalent to that which the unfavourable season destroys. Had the harvests previous to 1842 not been deficient, the money or the goods which were exported in payment of the supplies required to make good the deficiency, would have been an available fund for the purchase of other articles. We should have had in the country not only a quantity of corn equal to that imported, but also the money or the merchandize with which the imported corn was paid for. A deficient harvest can be considered in no other light than as a destruction of a portion of national wealth equal to that which is exported, in order to make good the deficiency.

In the ordinary transactions of commerce, when countries interchange commodities, there is in each a proportionate demand for the productions of the others. This is not the case in the extraordinary foreign transactions consequent upon a deficient harvest. When the failure of the crop in England requires the importation of foreign corn to the amount of a million sterling, it does not follow that in the foreign market a new and extraordinary demand for British goods to the amount of a million sterling will spring up. The extraordinary importations of corn turn the balance of payments against this country; and our importing merchants are obliged to give a premium for bills to remit to their foreign correspondents. A premium upon foreign



bills is a bounty upon exports ; and hence, in the first instance, an extraordinary importation of corn is followed by an extraordinary exportation of British goods. But an exportation thus in excess of the ordinary demand speedily overstocks the foreign market, and causes the prices of British goods in that market to decline. The sudden impulse imparted to foreign trade is succeeded by stagnation. Under these circumstances, the export of a greater quantity of goods liquidates a less amount of foreign debt ; the unfavourable balance of payment continues ; the premium upon foreign bills remains sufficiently high to cover the cost of transmitting bullion ; the precious metals are exported ; the banks contract their issues in order to protect and ultimately to recover their treasure ; and with the contraction of the currency prices fall.

From these illustrations we may distinctly trace the manner in which the deficient harvests, which immediately preceded the year 1842, contributed to produce the late commercial crisis. The unfavourable seasons diminished the aggregate wealth of the nation ; occasioned an exportation of British goods exceeding the demand of the foreign market, and creating subsequent stagnation ; turned the balance of foreign payments against us, and caused an abstraction of the precious metals to such an extent that the issues of the banks, and the auxiliary circulation which rests upon confidence, were contracted, and that in the home market prices declined, goods became unsaleable, and employment was suspended.

Hitherto the effect of deficient harvests, in deranging the circulation, has been aggravated by a defective banking system, inflicting on the country the most susceptible and unstable currency in Europe. These superinduced fluctuations in the amount and in the value of the circulating medium, must be regarded as constituting one of the proximate and exciting causes of the commercial revulsions to which the country has been recently exposed. Though the administration of the Bank of England has, of late years, been considerably improved, yet it cannot be denied that, under the existing system, the Bank directors do not—perhaps in the present state of the law they cannot—so regulate their issues as to render the circulation subject to no greater fluctuations than those which would occur were it purely metallic. Now, whatever expansions and subsequent contractions the circulating medium may have undergone, greater than those which would have occurred had the circulation been purely metallic, must be regarded as causes of commercial embarrassment, originating in our defective banking system.

An expansion of the medium of exchange, greater than that which would occur were the circulation purely metallic, is fre-

quently regarded, by superficial observers, as a cause of national prosperity. The effects of such undue expansion, could they be prolonged, would no doubt be beneficial. An increase in the amount, and a consequent fall in the value, of the circulating medium alters the relative value of property, to the disadvantage of the possessors of fixed incomes, and to the advantage of the possessors of the active capital directly employed in reproduction; while the progressive rise of prices gives peculiar encouragement to producers dealing upon credit or with borrowed capital, and excites a speculative demand for commodities, which, during its continuance, infuses increased activity throughout all the departments of industry. But an expansion of the circulation, beyond that which would take place were the currency purely metallic, is an artificial and intoxicating stimulus which cannot be kept up, and which, when the temporary excitement passes off, must necessarily be followed by a period of corresponding depression. So long as the concurrence of the commercial world shall retain the precious metals as the measure of value, the paper circulation, to whatever temporary oscillations it may be subjected from ill regulated issues, must ultimately conform to its metallic standard. As often as undue expansion reduces the value of our currency, in relation to foreign currencies, the banks are drained of their treasure, and are compelled to replenish their coffers by a more or less sudden contraction of their issues; but the treasure which flowed out when the value of the currency was below the foreign par, cannot be made to flow in, until the value of the currency is raised above the foreign par. The banks are saved, but industry is paralyzed.

Sudden and violent contractions of the circulation, and of the auxiliary currency based thereon, are the necessary and inevitable results of over-issues of paper, reducing the value of the medium of exchange below its metallic standard. That these contractions have been amongst the most potent of the proximate and exciting causes of the perilous crisis through which we have passed, may be made apparent to the most inattentive observer. Uniform experience proves that a rise in the value of money, or, in other words, a general fall of prices, has an injurious effect upon industry. Accumulated wealth is in the hands of two distinct classes—the dormant capitalists, and the active capitalists: the former not engaging in the business of production, and drawing their incomes from rent or interest; the latter pursuing the occupations of agriculture, manufacture, or trade, and deriving their incomes from profit. Now a rise in the value of currency alters the distribution of wealth in favour of the dormant, and against the active proprietor: it enriches the class

whose revenues are expended unproductively, at the cost of those by the agency of whose labour and capital the wealth of the community is created. It causes a larger portion of the farmer's rent to be devoted to the payment of his stipulated money rent, and allows a less portion to be re-invested in cultivation and improvement. The mortgagee, the annuitant, and the fundholder—all those who, without actively engaging in the work of production, derive their incomes from rent and interest—would have their revenues increased at the expense of the fund from which profits and wages are derived.

A rise in the value of currency has other injurious effects. As money is the practical measure of value and medium of exchange, profits, practically considered, must consist in the difference between the cost, estimated in money, incurred in production, and the value, also estimated in money, of the commodity produced; the difference between cost and price decreases, or, in other words, the rate of profit falls, whenever, during the process of production, the value of money rises. Where business is conducted upon borrowed capital, or where stock and materials are purchased upon long credit, a rise in the value of the currency leads to results still more disastrous, and involves a class of skilled and enterprising producers, who might otherwise have gone on in full prosperity, in difficulty and ruin which no prudence could foresee or industry avert.

A rise in the value of currency, or a fall in general prices, suspends speculative demand. One very important operation of mercantile capital is to purchase goods as soon as they are produced, and to keep them on hand until they are required for consumption. When markets are declining, this operation cannot be safely performed. Hence, though there should be no over-production—nay, though the stocks on hand should be actually short of the average consumption, yet still a rise in the value of currency might render goods unsaleable, and cause an apparent glut during a real deficiency.

It is almost needless to remark, that in a country which has contracted a large public debt, a rise in the value of money must be peculiarly injurious. In England the national debt is, in round numbers, about eight hundred millions sterling, and the interest upon it thirty millions. Raising the value of currency to the extent of ten per cent., is the same thing, in effect, as contracting an additional loan of eighty millions, and of imposing additional taxes on account of the interest of the debt to the amount of three millions.

Commerce is a conducting wire, by which a local shock is felt throughout the world. The monetary convulsion in America has

vibrated to England. The stoppage of the banks and the breaking up of credit in the United States have contributed, even more powerfully, perhaps, than the fluctuations in our internal currency, in exciting the aggravated paroxysm of distress which has occurred in this country. In the years 1838 and 1839 our exports to the United States were respectively 7,585,760*l.*, 8,839,204*l.* In the years 1840, 1841, 1842, our export trade to the Union fell respectively to 5,283,020*l.*, 7,098,642*l.*, 3,528,807*l.* This very considerable falling off in the amount of our exports, would have been of itself sufficient to cause embarrassment and distress amongst the numerous classes who are immediately dependent upon foreign commerce. But these classes, forming as they do so large a proportion of the whole industrial population, could not remain isolated and exclusive sufferers. While these numerous classes were dependent upon the foreign consumer, other classes, as numerous, were dependent upon them. The contraction of the foreign market caused a corresponding contraction in the home market. As those engaged in foreign trade sold a less quantity of finished goods to their foreign customers, they were compelled to purchase a less quantity of produce from the farmer; and as the farmer sold a less quantity of produce to the manufacturers employed in supplying the foreign market, he was compelled to purchase less from the manufacturers employed in supplying the home market. Through all the connecting and conducting links of the social machine the paralyzing shock was felt.

The extent of the mischief inflicted upon England by the commercial revulsions of the United States, furnishes matter for serious and anxious reflection. The far-seeing statesman will look forward with uneasiness and alarm to the possible consequences of having the commercial prosperity of England placed upon the treacherous quicksand of dependence on the markets of a single and a rival country. If the recent depression has been produced, in any considerable degree, by the falling off in our exports to the United States, what would be the depth of the distress which would be occasioned by a total suspension of our exports to that country? and what would be the sweeping character of the destitution and ruin with which England would be overwhelmed, were a war, or an embargo, to suspend the importation of cotton wool from North America? The probability of such a contingency may be remote; but the bare possibility of its occurrence is sufficient to excite alarm, and to suggest the expediency of extending, with the least possible delay, the area from which the staple of our most important manufacture may be obtained. We are pleased to perceive the gradual increase of our imports in this article from India.

Another important consideration connected with the effect produced upon the trade and industry of the country, by the commercial embarrassments of the United States, is suggested by the striking and extraordinary fact, that the universal destruction of credit which occurred in America, did not occasion, in America, that intensity of suffering which it occasioned in England. This premonitory fact was so clearly pointed out, and so ably illustrated by Mr. Charles Buller, in his admirable speech, that we will not weaken the effect by altering his words:—

“Whatever shocks our trade has experienced during the last few years, no one can compare them in severity with those which have been felt in the United States. Since 1836, the history of the trade of the United States has consisted of a series of crises, with intervals of stagnation. ‘I doubt,’ says Mr. Everett, in the wise and feeling answer which he recently made to a deputation of holders of State stock,—‘I doubt if, in the history of the world, in so short a space, such a transition has been made from a state of high prosperity to one of general distress, as within the United States within the last six years.’ And yet has there been there any of what we should call distress among the quiet trades and artisans? or any inability to employ capital with ordinary profits? or any general want of employment for labour? or any great depression of wages? or any thing which we should call the extreme of destitution? Have even the unscrupulous demagogues of their hustings or their press ventured to describe such sad scenes as those which official inspection has shown to have been but too frequent at Bolton and Stockport? Have you heard in that country of human beings huddled together, in defiance of comfort, of shame, and of health, in garrets, and in cellars, and in the same hovel with their pigs? Have you heard of large and sudden calls on the bounty of individuals, of parishes, or of the government? Of workhouses crowded? Of even the gaol resorted to for shelter and maintenance? Of human beings prevented from actually dying of starvation in the open streets? or of others allowed to expire from inanition in the obscurity of their own dwelling places? The plain fact is, that though hundreds of enterprises have failed, and enormous amounts of capital have been sacrificed, and credit has been paralyzed, and hundreds that were wealthy at sunrise have been beggars ere the same sun was set, and thousands have been suddenly deprived of the work and wages of the day before, yet capital and labour have never failed to find employment in that boundless field. That fearful storm has passed over the United States, leaving marks of tremendous havoc on its credit, and wealth, and progress; but the condition of the masses has never been substantially affected. How comes it that these temporary causes, which produce so frightful an amount of distress in England, do not, even when acting with double and treble violence in the United States, produce a tithe of the suffering? Does it not show that in this country the real mischief lies deep, and is ever at work? And that the temporary causes to which you

ascribe temporary distress, are of such fearful efficacy only because they aggravate the effects of causes permanently depressing the condition of the people?"

The views here presented are worthy of all consideration. A country extensively engaged in foreign trade may be exposed to distress and vicissitude from two distinct and very dissimilar sets of causes. In such a country a deficient harvest—a diminished demand for finished goods, or a reduced supply of raw materials—derangements in the currency, and changes in the accustomed channels of industry, may singly, or in combination, occasion severe, though temporary, distress. But a country in which a considerable portion of the population is dependent upon foreign trade is exposed to a still more formidable class of dangers. Deeper causes of decline may be slowly, imperceptibly, and fatally at work. An alteration in any of the leading channels of communication—foreign inventions—the discovery in foreign parts, of less costly means of obtaining some important material or implement of reproduction—the acquisition by rival states of superior efficacy in the application of labour—and hostile combinations,—these causes may now, as formerly, lead to those revolutions in the commercial world, those subversions of industrial empires, of which the Italian cities, the Hanseatic League, and the Republic of Holland were successively the victims.

To which class of causes is the recent and yet lingering distress of the industrious classes in this country to be attributed? Are the causes accidental and temporary, and will their effects pass off under the healing influence of time, and through the unimpaired vitality of our economical condition? Or are the causes of a character so deep-seated and constitutional, that unless removed or counteracted, their continuous operation must conduct us from the prosperous to the stationary, and, ultimately, to the declining state?

We concur in opinion with Mr. Buller, that both these classes of causes have been at work. It cannot be doubted that deficient harvests, derangements of the currency, and the commercial revulsions in the United States, have each and all contributed to produce the paroxysm of distress with which the country has been visited. But neither can it be doubted, that predisposing causes have also been in operation. The proofs of this are, unhappily, but too conclusive. Had the economical condition of England been as sound and vigorous as that of the United States, the commercial crisis by which the two countries were at the same time visited, would have produced in each an intensity of calamity proportionate to the severity of the shock. In this case, as the shock was beyond comparison more severe in the United

States than in England, the suffering would also have been beyond comparison more intense in the United States than in England. But the result was reversed. In England a mitigated cause produced an aggravated effect. A commercial revulsion beyond comparison less severe than that which occurred in the United States, was accompanied in this country by a pressure upon the industrious classes beyond all estimate more intense than that by which in the United States the same classes were visited. These different and opposite results can be accounted for only on the supposition that there is in the economical condition of England something which predisposes to industrial depression—a chronic weakness premonitory of decline.

We have other indications of a deeply-seated and constitutional malady. The paroxysm under which we have been suffering is not, to borrow Mr. Buller's forcible illustration, the disease—it is only one of the forms under which the disease exhibits itself. The paroxysm has passed, but the chronic debility remains. Though the accidental and temporary causes of commercial distress have ceased to operate, yet poverty and destitution continue to an alarming extent. The harvest has not been deficient—no recent derangement of the currency has occurred—the commerce of the United States revives, and the opening markets of the Chinese empire re-animate the long dormant spirit of mercantile enterprise, and impart to many branches of our industry the invigorating stimulus of speculative demand. And yet, while all the accidental and exciting causes of commercial depression appear not only to have passed away, but to have been succeeded by the usual antecedents of “a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,” the inadequate reward of labour in the rural districts is lamentable—the destitution of the metropolis appalling. There must be, independently of all accidental revulsions, some latent and permanent causes, the operation of which is progressively diminishing, in proportion to the labour and capital employed, the fund from which profits and wages are derived. The character and force of these causes let us now endeavour to ascertain.

In an agricultural country, not extensively engaged in foreign trade, the amount of the fund to be divided between wages and profit, under any given degree of skill and efficacy in the application of capital and labour, will be mainly determined by the degree of fertility possessed by the last quality of land resorted to for the supply of subsistence. But in a country in which a considerable portion of the industrious classes is dependent upon foreign trade for employment, the amount of the fund from which wages and profits are derived, is regulated by a different law.

It is obvious that in a country extensively engaged in foreign

trade, the amount of the fund from which industry derives its reward, must be regulated by the two following circumstances, viz. by foreign competition, and by the proportion between the quantity of home-made goods sent to foreign markets, and the amount of the equivalents which the foreign consumers may be able and willing to exchange for them. All that it is possible for the most perfect freedom of trade to effect in the way of increasing the fund from which those who are dependent upon foreign commerce derive their profits and wages, is to give to these ruling causes undisturbed operation. Free trade is unimpeded competition; and the greater the freedom of trade, the more surely and the more completely will the competition, whether foreign or domestic, of those who supply foreign markets, determine the degree of reward which the industrious classes dependent upon foreign commerce may be able to secure.

Goods of the same kind and quality must be sold in the same markets at the same prices. If the same quantity of capital and the same quantity of labour which produce a bale of goods in England, will produce a similar bale in Germany, the two bales will sell in any third market for the same price; and the fund from which industry derives its reward will be the same in the two countries. The sum of wages and profits will be the same in Germany as in England; and therefore English wages cannot exceed German wages in more than a very slight proportion, because the effect of a higher rate of wages in England would be so to reduce the rate of profit in England as to cause British capital to seek in Germany more advantageous employment.

Under the assumption that the efficacy of labour is the same in both countries, the only possible means by which the English operative could earn more than the German would be by working more continuously. Harder and more protracted toil is the condition upon which alone a higher standard of comfort could be maintained. The Englishman might consume better bread, more animal food, and more tea, coffee, and sugar than the German; but the price which he would have to pay for this superior style of living would be a proportionate increase in the number of his working hours.

It is a possible, but we hope not a probable, contingency, that the same value in exportable commodities may be produced with a less quantity of labour in other countries than in England. In this case, British goods produced at a cost equivalent to the labour of 120, might command, in foreign markets, no higher price than that commanded by goods produced in other countries at a cost equivalent to the labour of 100. The inevitable



result of this successful competition would be, a proportionate diminution in England of the rewards of industry; and, as any considerable fall of profits in England would cause British capital to flow into other countries, almost the whole of the diminution in the amount of the fund from which wages and profits are derived, would show itself under the form of reduced wages.

A reduction in the profits and wages of the classes employed in working for foreign markets is at no distant period followed by a corresponding reduction in all the branches of industry. In the same country, particularly if it should possess facilities for transport, both labour and capital have a constant tendency to conform to a common level. Hence when foreign competition reduces the rewards of industry in the foreign trade, it also reduces them in all other trades.

In agricultural countries circumstanced as are Austria, Russia, and the United States, an increase in the efficacy of manufacturing labour in other countries, though it might, for a short time, throw some domestic operatives out of employment, would be ultimately beneficial to all classes. The increase in the efficacy of foreign manufacturing labour would reduce the value of imported fabrics in relation to the staple exports of raw produce, or, in other words, would increase the value of the domestic productions which they exported, in relation to the foreign goods which they imported. This would open both to labourers and to capitalists an expanding field of employment on the land, and increase throughout all the departments of domestic industry the fund from which profits and wages are derived.

In a country circumstanced as England is circumstanced, an increase in the efficacy with which manufacturing labour is applied in other countries, produces diametrically opposite results. So long as the efficacy of the labour which prepares goods for exportation shall be greater in England than in other countries, so long will the fund from which the rewards of industry are derived be more ample in England than in other countries. With every approach made by foreign manufacturing countries toward an equality with England in the efficacy of manufacturing labour, the difference between the rewards of industry in England and in other countries must decrease. Were the efficacy of manufacturing labour doubled in England, the prosperity of Austria, Russia, and the United States, would, under a system of free trade, receive an accelerating impulse. Were the efficacy of manufacturing labour considerably increased in France, a large proportion of the people of England, if not rapidly removed to the unoccupied lands of the colonies, would perish from the face

of the earth. We must not shut our eyes to the fact, that the growing intensity of foreign competition is gradually diminishing the rewards of industry in England.

Home competition is not less effectual than foreign competition in limiting the fund from which profits and wages are derived. Uniform experience proves, that when production outstrips demand, prices and profits and wages fall. Over-production does not mean, as is not unfrequently, though very erroneously, supposed, a general glut of all commodities—a too great abundance of every thing. Over-production is another term for disproportionate production. Were foreign countries to supply increased equivalents for British fabrics, as rapidly as English capital and energy can increase the quantity of such fabrics, there could be no over-production of British goods; and in the manufacturing districts capital and labour might be indefinitely employed, without occasioning a decline either in profits or in wages. But this is not the condition of England in relation to the other commercial countries of the world. Wealth and population have increased more rapidly in England than in the surrounding nations. In England the power of producing finished goods for exportation has been more rapidly developed than the power of raising raw materials has been developed in foreign countries. The consequences have been an over or disproportionate production of British goods in relation to the extent of the foreign demand—occasional gluts—periodical stagnation and revival—alternate excitement and depression—bankruptcies and destitution while foreign markets continued to be overstocked, high profits and wages as those markets become again understocked—foreign trade converted into a species of intermittent fever, with its hot and cold fits.

The effects of home competition in diminishing the rewards of industry are of so serious a character, that they demand a more detailed consideration. In a country not depending upon foreign trade, the field of employment for agricultural labour must be limited by the extent of available soil; while the field of employment for manufacturing labour must be limited by the quantity of raw produce—of food and materials—raised by the agricultural labourers. It will be immediately apparent, that as soon as the struggle for employment begins to press against the limits of these fields, profits, or wages, or both, must decline.

In any actual state of agricultural improvement there will be some fixed point at which the quantity of produce will bear the greatest proportion to the number of hands employed in raising it. At this point the amount of the fund from which wages and profits are derived will be at its maximum; and any deviation

from this point will cause profits, or wages, or both, to decline. Assuming that in the actual state of agricultural knowledge in this country, the quantity of produce will bear the greatest proportion to the number of hands, when five families are employed on 100 acres, then it will be impossible to employ six families on 100 acres, without causing a reduction either of wages or of profits. But capital can be transferred to other countries with far greater facility than labour; and therefore, when the fund from which the rewards of industry are derived is diminished, it is upon the labourer that the pressure principally falls. It follows, as a necessary and inevitable result of the physical laws of the world, that the condition of the rural population must become more and more depressed as their numbers press beyond the limit at which the quantity of produce bears the greatest proportion to the number of hands employed.

It is self evident that in a country not importing raw produce, the field of employment for the manufacturing population must be limited by the quantity of surplus produce of food and materials raised by the rural population. Should the agriculturists offer one half of their produce in exchange for finished goods, then one half would constitute the sole fund from which the rewards of manufacturing industry could be derived. The manufacturers could not receive more, but competition might compel them to receive less.

Let us assume that, in the first instance, the manufacturers give one half of their wrought goods for half of the raw produce of the agriculturists; and this being the previous state of things, let us assume further, that some leading capitalists introduce improved machinery, which enables them to work up raw materials with one third less labour, and in one third less time than before; and that, in order to undersell their less opulent competitors, they bring to market an earlier, a larger, and a cheaper supply of goods than usual. The value of finished goods in relation to raw produce immediately declines. The less fortunate manufacturers, who have not obtained the improved machinery, are compelled to sell their fabrics at the reduced value; but they cannot do so without forcing a reduction of wages on their operatives, who are compelled to submit, or starve. The less skilful and efficient amongst the operatives are unable to obtain employ upon any terms. The quantity of raw materials raised by the agriculturists is a limited quantity; and of this limited quantity a part is worked up by the improved machinery, instead of by manual labour as before. For the manual labour thus thrown out, no extended field of employment is attainable.

Previous to this increased competition, the manufacturers gave

some definite proportion, say one half, of the finished goods to the agriculturists, and retained the other portion, or one half, for their own consumption. They will now be compelled to give some larger portion, say two thirds, of their fabrics for food and materials, retaining only one third of their fabrics for their own consumption. The condition of the manufacturing population with regard to lodging, furniture, and clothing, will be deteriorated, while that of the rural population will, until competition reduces the rewards of industry to a common level, be improved. The fall in the value of wrought goods, in relation to agricultural produce, and the consequent low wages, and destitution of the labouring population, cause a less consumption of food ; while the rise in the value of raw produce, the low amount of wages, and the reduced consumption of food, enable the landed proprietors and the possessors of fixed property to decorate their mansions more splendidly, to keep more servants, and more pleasure horses, and to lay out a larger portion of their grounds in parks and preserves. The more intense competition does not diminish, on the contrary it augments, the aggregate wealth of the nation. But it causes a new distribution to the disadvantage of the industrious classes. The contrast between wealth and poverty becomes more extreme. Property accumulates, while destitution spreads.

“ The country blooms a garden and a grave.”

It may be contended, perhaps, that the evils above depicted could not occur, except in the case of an isolated people, confined within a narrow territory, and excluded from external commerce ; and that in a country extensively engaged in foreign trade, and having the markets of the world in which to exchange her finished goods against raw produce, no intensity of home competition could diminish the fund from which the rewards of industry are derived, or cause profits and wages to decline. It may be affirmed, and in point of fact it frequently is affirmed, that in a country circumstanced as England is circumstanced, freedom of trade is all that is required in order to extend the field of employment in proportion to the increase of capital and labour, and thus to secure to the operative “ a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work.”

From these propositions we are reluctantly compelled to dissent. We believe that home competition, even if unaccompanied by foreign rivalry and hostile tariffs, might be pushed to an extent which would occasion disproportionate production in relation to foreign markets, and thus lead to the calamitous results which we have attempted to describe.

In a country not importing raw produce, the field of employment, as regards the manufacturing and trading classes, is strictly

limited to the quantity of surplus produce raised by the agricultural class ; and, in a country importing raw produce, the field of employment, as regards the classes dependent upon foreign trade, is limited, with equal strictness, by the quantity of food and materials raised for exportation in foreign growing countries. Were the labour and capital employed in foreign countries in raising raw produce for exportation, to increase as rapidly as the labour and capital employed in this country in preparing finished goods for exportation, then, and in that case, freedom of trade might so enlarge the field of employment that no intensity of home competition could have the effect of diminishing the rewards of industry. But this, unfortunately, is not the actual state of things. The industrial superiority which England has hitherto maintained, carries within itself the principal of reaction.

“ The young disease which may subdue at length,  
Grows with her growth, and strengthens with her strength.”

A progress in wealth more rapid than that of the surrounding nations creates the tendency to disproportionate production. The capital employed in England in preparing manufactured goods for foreign markets, increases faster than the capital employed in foreign countries in raising equivalents for manufactured goods. The increase of the supply exceeds the extension of the demand. The value of British goods declines in relation to the elementary cost of their production ; and the necessary consequence is, a diminution of the fund from which profits and wages are derived.

The fact that capital has increased more rapidly in this than in the surrounding countries has been forcibly illustrated by Mr. Buller :—

“ In this country, since the peace, there has been an immense accumulation of capital, of which great part has, no doubt, been turned to excellent account, in extending our trade and manufactures—in improving our agriculture—in covering the country with public works and private dwellings—and in bringing within reach of the humblest of our people, comforts which formerly only the wealthy could command. But over and above this, there has been a further accumulation, for which no profitable employment could be found ; and which consequently has been thrown away in the most unsafe investments—lent to every government that chose to ask us for loans—sunk in American mines, or fooled away in the bubble speculations of the day. In loans to foreign countries I have heard that a sum so large has been lost, that I fear to repeat it. Such speculations are the inevitable result of an accumulation of capital which there are no means of investing with profit.”

A more rapid accumulation of capital in England than in the surrounding countries would cause disproportionate production in

### *Systematic Colonization.*

relation to foreign markets, even under the most perfect freedom of trade. But perfect freedom of trade, meaning by the term the absence of restriction on both sides, is unattainable. The principal agricultural states of the world have adopted the policy of manufacturing for themselves; and in pursuance of this policy have imposed prohibitory, or high protecting duties, against British fabrics. The operation of this policy in causing disproportionate production, and in diminishing the rewards of industry in this country, will be apparent at a glance.

In the first place, the increasing capital of the great agricultural states, instead of being employed in raising increased supplies of raw produce for exportation, is forced into the less beneficial employment of converting raw produce into finished goods. This erroneous policy, while it arrests the developement of the agricultural states by which it is adopted, tends, by a threefold operation, to depress the industry of England. It prevents the increasing capital of the agricultural states from being employed in raising increased quantities of raw produce, to be exchanged against the increased quantity of manufactured goods brought to market by the more rapidly increasing capital of England; it contracts the demand for the products of British labour, by substituting, in the protected markets, domestic for British fabrics; and it compels the British manufacturer to sell his goods in foreign markets, at prices lower, by the amount of the import duty which he is obliged to pay, than the prices obtained for similar goods by the manufacturers of the countries to which his fabrics are exported. In all these several ways the hostile tariffs by which we are surrounded contribute to depress the value of the produce of British labour, in relation to the produce of foreign labour.

We have thus endeavoured to trace out, and to analyse, the causes of that increasing pressure upon the industrious classes in this country, which, even in the absence of casual vicissitudes, creates the necessity for protracted and excessive toil, and which, on the occurrence of unfavourable circumstances,—a deficient harvest—a derangement in the money market—or a financial crisis in a foreign country,—leaves no margin between the operative and utter destitution. We have seen that foreign competition, increasing in intensity with the improvements which are going on in foreign countries, is lowering the level above which the price of British goods cannot rise in the foreign market; that home competition, increasing in intensity as the capital employed in this country in preparing wrought goods increases more rapidly than the capital employed in foreign countries in raising raw produce, is constantly predisposing to that disproportionate production, or over trading, which depresses the value of

our finished goods in relation to the elements of their cost; and that hostile tariffs, and the protective system adopted by the principal agricultural countries of the world, while contracting the foreign market against us, and limiting the raw materials offered in exchange for our finished goods, compels the British manufacturer to sell his goods in foreign markets, not at the level which foreign and home competition would otherwise determine, but at a reduction below that level, equal to the amount of the import duties charged upon British goods.

When we contemplate the severity and extent of the distress which continues to prevail, even after the subsidence of the paroxysm of suffering brought on by temporary causes,—when we look at the very large proportion of our rapidly increasing population, which is dependent upon foreign trade for the means of supporting existence,—and when we estimate the force of the permanent and concurring causes, which are reducing the value of British labour and its products,—it is impossible to regard the future prospects of the country without solicitude and alarm, or to avoid the conclusion, that a state of things has been brought on, rendering it imperative upon those who have the guidance of public affairs, to adopt timely and comprehensive measures of relief and precaution. On this all-important subject, Mr. Charles Buller has raised a warning voice, which has vibrated through the land; and deep and awful would be the responsibility of those by whom that warning voice should be disregarded.

By what measures, at once safe and efficacious, can the pending evils be averted? In constitutional debility, the tampering of the empiric aggravates the disease. In the actual condition of England, danger is to be apprehended, not only from the predisposing and deeply-seated causes of decline, but also from the violent remedies which pseudo-practitioners, in the rashness of ignorance, clamour to apply. The canker has struck so deep, that the operation which extracts it, unless performed by an instructed, a dexterous, and a cautious hand, may touch a vital part. Whether with respect to physical or to economical health, a too sudden transition, even from a bad to a good system, is attended with suffering and with danger. When a deviation from the course to which we have habitually conformed has become necessary—

“Slow should the change arrive, and stage by stage;  
Slow as the shadow o’er the dial moves,—  
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.”

If there be in the science of commercial legislation any one maxim to which it is imperative upon a statesman to conform, it

is—**AVOID SUDDEN CHANGES** in the Channels of Industry. National industry, like the human constitution, adapts itself to the circumstances in which it has long been placed. Capital and labour cannot be diverted from their accustomed channels, without extensive loss and extensive suffering. With respect to the commerce of a country, change even from a bad to a good system cannot be effected, however cautiously conducted, without producing some degree of counterpoising evil. Steadiness is the one thing needful. Steadiness, even in a bad system, is better than oscillation between bad and good.

It amounts to a self-evident proposition, that while England possesses superiority in the cotton, and France in the silk manufacture, the wealth of both countries would be ultimately increased, were each to admit, duty free, the fabrics in the production of which the other excels. But it is equally self-evident, that a sudden repeal of the duty upon silk goods by England, and upon cotton goods in France, would, in the first instance, inflict upon both countries extensive loss and destitution. It is true that, in England, profits and wages in the cotton trade would be increased, until the influx of additional capital, and additional hands, brought them back to the ordinary level; and it is equally true that, in France, profits and wages in the silk trade would be advanced, until competition increased the supply of silks in proportion to the increased demand for them. But these advantages would be purchased at a price too high. In England, the capitalists and operatives engaged in the silk manufacture would become bankrupts, and tenants of the union workhouses;—in France, the capitalists and labourers engaged in the cotton trade would be visited with calamities not less severe.

If a sudden withdrawal of the protection which has hitherto been given to the silk trade would, in the first instance, occasion this great amount of loss and suffering, who can calculate the extent and the intensity of the calamity which would be created by a sudden removal of protection from the universal trade of agriculture? The rural population, under the influence of the causes which we have attempted to explain, have already been reduced to a condition which it is at once distressing and appalling to contemplate. What then would be the depth of their destitution and misery, were a total and immediate withdrawal of agricultural protection to throw out of cultivation, as it inevitably would do, an extensive breadth of inferior land, and render it impossible for masses of the rural population to obtain employment, even at wages verging upon the starvation level? Dr. Adam Smith has said, that when changes in the channels of industry occur, humanity requires that regard should be had for those



## *Causes of Distress.*

change deprives of their accustomed means of support. *mediate and total withdrawal of agricultural protection one of the most inhuman of conceivable acts. Those who would succeed in achieving it, would be left to celebrate their barbarous triumph,*

“While starving millions perished on the shore.”

The most extraordinary misapprehension prevails regarding the precise nature of the objects which it is desirable to obtain by means of a revision of our commercial tariff. The one thing needful is a removal or mitigation of the predisposing causes of distress. The rewards of industry in this country are, as we have seen, progressively diminishing, because foreign competitors generally approach, sometimes equal, and even occasionally excel us, in the efficacy of the labour employed in supplying commodities for exportation;—because the capital employed in preparing manufactured goods for foreign markets increases more rapidly than the capital employed in foreign countries in raising raw produce for exportation;—and because the imposition by all the principal commercial states of the world, of heavy import duties upon manufactured goods, compels the British manufacturer who makes consignments to any foreign country, to sell his fabrics at prices lower, by the amount of the import duty, than the prices obtained by the manufacturers of that country for similar fabrics exempt from duty. These are the predisposing and permanent causes of that diminution in the rewards of industry, which, even after the subsidence of proximate exciting agencies, continues to pervade the country; and these permanent and predisposing causes of distress, the boasted panacea of a total, and immediate, and unconditional repeal of the corn laws, could have no conceivable tendency to remove.

The total repeal of the British corn laws could have no effect in retarding that progress of improvement in other countries which is gradually depriving the operatives of England of the superiority they formerly possessed, and reducing the relative value of their labour by increasing the intensity of foreign competition.

An unconditional repeal of our corn laws could not prevent the capital employed in England in preparing finished goods for foreign markets, from increasing more rapidly than the capital employed in foreign countries in raising raw produce to be exported in exchange for finished goods; for, so long as the principal agricultural states of the world shall adhere to the policy of excluding foreign fabrics for the purpose of forcing manufacturers at home, their disposable capital, even were it to increase at the English ratio, cannot be employed in raising raw produce to be

exchanged for foreign fabrics. The cause of the depression resulting from disproportionate production in relation to the demands of foreign markets would remain untouched.

Finally, a total and unconditional repeal of the British corn laws would give to the great agricultural countries of the world a bounty upon the maintenance of their hostile tariff. On the opening of the British ports, the price of produce in the exporting countries would rise to its price in England, less the cost of carriage. As the value of corn rose in Austria and Russia, those countries would be able to purchase, with the price of the same quantity of produce as before, a larger quantity of raw cotton, and of all other materials of manufacture which they might require to import. The efficacy of their manufacturing industry would then be increased.

Having been gratuitously relieved from the injurious effects of the British tariff, the motives which might have led them to concede corresponding advantages in favour of British goods, would be withdrawn. The English manufacturer would still be compelled to sell his goods in foreign markets, at prices lower, by the amount of the import duties charged upon them, than the prices obtained for similar goods by the manufacturers of the countries to which he exported. But this would not be the worst. Though an unconditional repeal of the corn laws could not have the effect of raising the price of British goods in foreign markets, above the level to which hostile tariffs is depressing them, it might have the contrary effect, of sinking their price below that level. Foreign countries already receive as large a quantity of British goods as they are able and willing to pay for at the existing prices. Were England compelled to pay for large importations of foreign corn by forcing upon foreign markets, already supplied to the full extent of their demand, an increased quantity of manufactured goods, she would be compelled to dispose of them at prices reduced below the already low level to which hostile tariffs have pressed them down.

The predisposing causes of industrial depression require for their removal measures widely different from that of a total and unconditional repeal of the corn laws. The measures which we would venture to recommend are the following:—

1st. An immediate alteration of our tariff, to the extent of repealing the duties upon all foreign productions which are employed as materials or instruments in the several processes of reproduction.

2nd. A prospective and conditional modification of the tariff, so framed as to hold out to foreign countries an invitation to adopt the principle of reciprocal freedom of trade.

3rd. A British commercial league, embracing the whole of the

foreign dominions of the crown, and placing the trade between the United Kingdom and our foreign dependencies, and also between each foreign dependency and all the others, upon the footing of a home or coasting trade.

4th. An extension of the colonial, or, as it ought to be rendered, of the Imperial coasting trade, through the adoption by government of comprehensive arrangements for facilitating the transference of the unemployed capital and labour of the United Kingdom to the unoccupied land of the more distant dominions of the crown.

These measures would, as we apprehend, strike at the root of our economical disease. The abolition of the duties upon the materials employed in reproduction would have the immediate effect of diminishing productive cost, and of giving the manufacturer increased facilities for meeting foreign competition and hostile tariffs, without forcing on the operatives a further decline of wages. And here it may be proper to remark that there is an important difference, as regards the wages of the operative, between the effect of a reduction of duty upon raw materials and a reduction of the duty upon foreign corn. Should the cost of production in any particular trade consist of materials and wages in equal proportions, then a reduction of duties reducing the price of materials by one third would, while wages continued as before, reduce the cost of production by one sixth. But, in this case, a reduction of duty, lowering the price of corn by one third, could not, unless wages were at the same time reduced, effect any reduction whatever in the cost of production to the master manufacturer. When the cost of production consists of materials and wages in equal proportions, it would require a reduction of wages by one third, to give the manufacturer the same advantage in the foreign market which he would obtain by a reduction of one third in the price of materials. But a reduction of wages by one third, unless the price of every article consumed by the labourer were reduced by one third, as well as corn, would be in the highest degree injurious to the labouring classes, while a fall in the prices of all the articles of consumption, or a rise in the value of money, would be, as we have already endeavoured to explain, a national calamity pregnant with the most dangerous results.

A prospective and conditional modification of our tariff, inviting foreign countries to adopt reciprocal freedom of trade, would raise up in the great agricultural states of Austria, Russia, and the North American Union, a powerful landed interest, hostile to the restrictive system which excludes their produce from the richest market of the world, and determined to break

down the tariffs which, while retarding the development of their own agricultural resources, contribute to reduce the value of British goods in relation to the elements of their cost.

The establishment throughout the British dominions of an Imperial Home Trade, as free and unrestricted as is the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, would prove more effectual in removing the predisposing causes of distress, than any other measure of commercial policy which, under existing circumstances, it would be practicable to effect. The exports from the United Kingdom to the foreign possessions of the crown are already nearly equal to one half of our exports to all the other countries of the world. That the extension of this trade, under a system of perfect freedom, would prove an appropriate means of increasing the rewards of industry in the mother country, the following considerations will be sufficient to establish.

Increased efficacy of labour in the foreign dominions of the crown possessing undeveloped agricultural resources, would produce effects directly opposite to those produced by the increasing efficacy of labour in countries seeking to rival us in manufacturing industry. In the former case we should have increased supplies of raw produce, at values reduced in relation to our finished goods; in the latter case we should have a greater intensity of foreign competition, reducing the value of our finished goods in relation to raw produce: on the one hand an augmentation, on the other a diminution, in the amount of the funds from which profits and wages are derived.

An extension of the colonial trade, while exempt from the depressing influences of foreign competition and of hostile tariffs, would have the further important effect of mitigating home competition, and preventing that disproportionate production which reduces the value of fabrics in relation to the elements of their cost. Extended colonial trade is the appropriate remedy for that intensity of home competition which, independently of all other causes, has depressed, and is depressing, the rewards of industry. Every extension of the colonial trade gives occasion to a transference of labour and capital from the mother country to the colonies; and every such transference enlarges the field of employment and checks disproportionate production, by keeping down the supply of labour, while augmenting the demand for it.

From the views which we have now presented, it seems to follow, as a necessary inference, that the most appropriate and effectual remedy for the existing derangement in our economical system, would be a progressive transference of capital and labour from the United Kingdom to the colonies. The paramount, the vital importance of the subject requires a more detailed

consideration, as regards the nature of the proposed remedy, and the practicability of applying it on a scale sufficiently extensive to insure a decisive result.

Mr. Ricardo has justly observed, that—

“In one and the same country profits are, generally speaking, always on the same level; or differ only as the employment of capital may be more or less secure or agreeable. It is not so between different countries. If the profits of capital employed in Yorkshire, should exceed those of capital employed in London, capital would speedily move from London to Yorkshire, and an equality of profits would be effected; but if profits should fall in England, it would not follow that capital and population would necessarily move from England to Holland, or Spain, or Russia, where profits might be higher.”

Now it is the great, the almost insuperable difficulty of transferring any considerable quantity of labour and capital to foreign countries, which occasions, in a country which has advanced beyond her neighbours in wealth and population, a gradual decline in wages and in profits, which decline, foreign trade, however free or however extended, cannot by possibility arrest. It cannot be too often repeated, that while the labour and capital employed in England in preparing finished goods for foreign markets, continues to increase more rapidly than the labour and capital employed in foreign countries in raising raw materials, to be exchanged for finished goods, the fund from which wages and profits are derived must continue to contract, though our import duties should be totally abolished, and all hostile tariffs swept away. But with respect to the colonial trade the case is altogether different. The transference of labour and capital from England to her colonies is far less difficult than their transference to foreign countries. Now, in proportion to the facility with which labour and capital can be transferred, the tendency to disproportionate production will be diminished. If labour and capital could be transferred from England to the colonies, as easily as from London to Yorkshire, the due proportion between the supply of manufactured goods, and the supply of raw produce, would be generally maintained; the value of the finished fabric would have no tendency to fall in relation to the elementary cost of its production; and the main cause of the depression of the industrious classes would be thus effectually removed. Let us endeavour to trace the process by which this most desirable result might be realized.

Were the means of transport between England and the colonies as easy as between one part of England and another, a considerable portion of the increasing labour and capital, now seeking investment in the manufacturing districts, where it must create an increased supply of finished goods, and an increased demand for

raw produce, would be transferred to our colonial wastes, and create an increased supply of raw produce, and an increased demand for wrought goods. This alteration in the relations of demand and supply would raise the value of wrought goods, in relation to their elementary cost; the fund from which wages and profits are derived would be increased; disproportionate production would be prevented; and the transference of labour and capital from districts in which they were in relative excess, to regions in which they were deficient, would not only create a new field of employment in the colonies, but would enlarge the original field of employment from which the excess had been withdrawn. This important result has been happily illustrated by Mr. Buller.

“The emigrant gets good employment; after providing himself with food in abundance, he finds that he has wherewithal to buy him a good coat, instead of the smock-frock he used to wear, and to supply his children with decent clothing, instead of allowing them to run about in rags. He sends home an order for a good quantity of broad cloth; and his order actually sets the loom of his fellow-pauper to work, and takes him, or helps to take him, out of the workhouse. Thus the emigration of one man relieves the parish of two paupers, and furnishes employment not only for one man, but for two men. It seems a paradox to assert that removing a portion of your population enables a country to support more inhabitants than it could before; and that the place of every man who quits the country, because he cannot get a subsistence, may speedily be filled up by another whom that removal will enable to subsist there in comfort. But the assertion is as true as it is strange. Nay, the history of colonies will show, that this theoretical inference suggests results which fall inconceivably short of the wonders which have been realized in fact; and that we may fairly say, that the emigration of Englishmen to our colonies has, in the course of time, enabled hundreds to exist in comfort for every one who was formerly compelled to quit his country.”

The facility of transferring capital and labour from the mother country to the colonies, would be efficacious in removing other predisposing causes of distress. We have seen that foreign competition—the decreasing difference in the efficacy of industry throughout the commercial world, and the consequent fall in the value of the produce of British labour, in relation to the produce of foreign labour, are causes, the unchecked operation of which must tend to produce, in this country, a continuous fall both of profits and wages. These causes of depression, the transference of capital and labour to the colonies would contribute to neutralize. This we will endeavour to explain.

England possesses decided advantages over other countries in the manufacture of some kinds of goods; while, in the production

of other kinds of goods, the superiority is possessed by rival countries. Commodities of the same kind and quality must be sold in the same markets at the same prices. When the labour and capital employed in England in manufacturing for foreign markets, increase to such an extent as to seek occupation in those branches of industry in which foreigners excel, the English manufacturer may be compelled to sell goods produced by the labour of 90 or 100, at the same price which the foreign manufacturer obtains for goods equal in quantity and quality produced by the labour of 80. In this case, the fund from which profits and wages are derived must of necessity be lower in England than in the rival country. But were the field of employment in England to be so extended, that the labour and capital seeking occupation, could obtain it in manufacturing for foreign markets those articles only in the production of which England possessed superiority, then the commodity produced in England by the labour of 100, might sell at the same price as a similar foreign commodity produced by the labour of 110 or 120. In this case the fund which supplies the rewards of industry would be 10 or 20 per cent. higher in England than in less favoured countries.

The manufacturing capital and the manufacturing population seeking employment in England, exceed the proportion required in supplying the demand for those kinds of articles in the production of which England possesses superiority. The alternative is loss and destitution, or employment at a reduced reward. As, in agricultural industry, the amount of profit and wages is determined by the productiveness of the most inferior soil to which it becomes necessary to resort; so, in manufacturing industry, the amount of profit and of wages is determined by the efficacy of labour in that branch of foreign trade in which labour is applied with the least advantage. Foreign competition meets us at our weakest point. When our increasing population cannot earn subsistence at any trade, save that of supplying foreign markets with commodities in the production of which foreign labour is more efficacious, say by 20 per cent., than British labour, it follows as a necessary consequence, that the reward of industry must be less by 20 per cent. in England than in foreign countries.

It will be at once perceived that the appropriate remedy against a decline of wages proceeding from the cause above explained, is such an expansion of the field of employment as would relieve the operatives of England from the necessity of furnishing to foreign markets, articles in the production of which foreigners possess equal or superior advantages to their own. Now this appropriate remedy would be at once applied, could we render the transference of labour and capital from England to the co-

lonies as safe and as facile as from one part of England to another. Render our vast colonial wastes thus accessible, and our accumulating wealth and our multiplying population would be immediately absorbed in planting new communities, and in creating new markets for the productions of the mother country. The necessity of engaging in those branches of foreign trade in which the efficacy of foreign surpasses that of British industry, would no longer exist. Foreign competition, acting on our weakest point, would cease to regulate the amount of the fund from which the rewards of our domestic industry are derived. While our foreign trade was limited to those branches of manufacture, with respect to which England possesses some peculiar advantage, and while our home trade and our colonial trade consisted in the exchange of wrought goods for food and raw materials derived from soils yielding largely in proportion to the number of hands employed, wages and profits would be universally advanced, because, in all the departments of domestic industry, the efficacy of labour would be increased.

While the facility of moving capital and labour from England to the colonies relieved us from the pressure of foreign competition, it would, to no inconsiderable extent, enable us to evade the operation of hostile tariffs. The rapid extension and improvement of the colonies, and the ample supplies of the materials of reproduction which they would supply, would in a great degree prevent the import duties imposed on British goods by foreign states from falling on the wages of the English operative. While the millions of fertile acres, which are now Canadian forests, waved with hemp and corn; while the natural pastures of Australia poured out increasing supplies of wool, and hides, and tallow; while the forests and the indigenous flax of New Zealand, improved by cultivation, furnished the materials of naval equipment; and while our fertile, but now depopulated possessions in Eastern Africa, situated in the latitude of the cotton-growing states of North America, relieved us from our present perilous dependence upon a single rival for the material of our most important manufacture,—a most beneficial alteration would be effected in the terms of our exchanges with the countries which have hitherto supplied us with all these various elements of reproduction. As the demand of England for the produce of Russia diminished, the value of that produce, in relation to British goods, would decline; and as our available labour and capital found ample employment in extending our colonial cultivation, and in furnishing the colonists with manufactured goods, the supply of British fabrics in the markets of Russia would be diminished, and their value increased. Similar results would be



produced in the still more important markets of the United States. As the demand for American cotton decreased in the British market, its value would decline; and as it ceased to be necessary to press British fabrics on the markets of America in exchange for the raw material, their value in these markets would advance. The field of employment for labour and capital might be rendered so ample in England, that the English manufacturer might no longer find it necessary to export his goods to foreign countries, except at prices sufficiently high to cover the amount of the import duties which foreign countries might impose. Could this result be attained,—could England confine her foreign export trade to those articles with respect to which her superior skill and natural advantages give her a species of monopoly,—the import duties imposed by foreign states would fall—not, as heretofore, upon the British producer, but—upon the foreign consumer. In this case the effects of hostile tariffs in diminishing the fund from which the rewards of industry in this country are derived, would be completely neutralized.

Theoretically considered, the views which we have now presented must be admitted to be correct. Grant us our hypothesis, and the inferences which we have deduced from it cannot be denied: admit that the transference of labour and capital from England to the colonies may be rendered as safe and as facile as their transference from one part of England to another; and it will follow, as a necessary conclusion, that distress may be banished from the land, and a period of rapid progress and uninterrupted prosperity secured. But this theoretical conclusion, correct and irresistible though it be, is valueless except as an illustration. The question of intrinsic and practical importance in the present economical condition of the country, the question of questions which it behoves enlightened and patriotic statesmen to consider, is—are there, in actual existence, any available means by which increased facilities, to any considerable and telling extent, can be given to the transference of labour and capital from England to the colonies? The solution of this all-important question we will now venture to attempt.

The difficulties which prevent our redundant labour and capital from flowing as freely from the United Kingdom to the colonies, as they flow from one part of England to another, are, the loss and privations which must be encountered in effecting a settlement upon unreclaimed and forest lands, destitute of roads, and distant from markets; and the expense and inconvenience of a long sea voyage. Now it will appear that the first of these difficulties may be almost altogether surmounted; and that the second is susceptible of very considerable diminution.

Lord Sydenham has represented that the western forests of Upper Canada comprise parts of the highest fertility, capable of affording employment for millions of agricultural settlers. It cannot be doubted that lands of this quality, in the most salubrious climate of North America, might be rendered attractive to both the capitalists and labourers of the United Kingdom. Let the forest be accurately surveyed, intersected by convenient roads communicating with markets; let it be laid out in allotments, partially cleared for homesteads, and fit for immediate occupation; and let churches and inns, and some public buildings, be erected on the sites of intended towns and villages. Let the wilderness be thus rendered a fit and appropriate abode for an industrious and Christian community, and the hardships and the privations which have hitherto been encountered in effecting a settlement in new countries, and which are the main obstacles to the transference of labour and capital from the over-crowded lands of the United Kingdom, to the unoccupied and more fertile lands of Canada, would be almost if not altogether removed.

The difficulty in the way of a free circulation of capital and labour between England and the colonies, arising from the expense and inconvenience of a long sea voyage, though not susceptible of complete removal, might be diminished in a very considerable degree. The dismantled navy of England, idle, and gradually mouldering away, might be made to bridge the ocean. If capitalists, purchasing land in the colonies, were given a free cabin passage in a government vessel; and if voluntary emigrants of the labouring class were given a free steerage passage, under a guarantee that they should have employment, at adequate wages, upon the public works, for a fixed period; and that at the expiration of that period they should have, if they so desired, a free passage back to their former homes;—if arrangements such as these were carried into practical effect, can there exist a doubt, but that the tide of emigration from the United Kingdom to the colonies would flow in a full and still increasing stream; and that throughout broad England, the misery and the shame of an able-bodied pauper supported in a union workhouse would disappear?

Practically considered, the difficulty of rendering the circulation of labour and capital between the mother country and the colonies *almost* as facile as between one county of England and another, consists in the magnitude of the expenditure which would be necessary, in order to render our colonial wastes attractive locations, and to plant the migrating population upon them. With the estimation which we have formed of the almost boundless extent of good to be anticipated from arrangements for

bringing the unoccupied lands of the colonies into contact as it were with the United Kingdom, we should be disposed to say, that it would be worth while, if necessary, to devote large funds to the promotion of extensive and systematic colonization. Will any one venture to name the sum which, in his estimation, it would be inexpedient to expend, in removing those deep-seated and predisposing causes of depression and distress, which, on the occurrence of every unfavourable fluctuation or revulsion of foreign trade, expose the industrious masses to the aggravated and appalling destitution and misery which we have recently witnessed? Who will stand up and say, that, in order to arrest the recurrence of a paroxysm approaching in severity to that which has yet scarcely passed away, government would not be justified in appropriating and expending any portion of the national resources, the disposal of which the state of public credit might place at its command? So strong is our conviction of the importance of bringing the colonial wastes into partial proximity with the British shore, and so high our estimate of the benefits which the unchecked circulation of labour and capital throughout our almost boundless empire would confer, that we should be ready to contend that these benefits, inestimable in themselves, would be cheaply purchased at any price which the country may possess the means of paying. But the question as to the expediency of a pecuniary advance, we deem it unnecessary further to consider, because we are prepared to show, that the expense of extended colonization may be defrayed out of the value it creates; and that the unemployed population of the United Kingdom may be planted on the unoccupied lands of the colonies without entailing any ultimate charge upon the imperial treasury.

In early periods of society the progress of wealth is retarded by the deficiency of skill, capital, and machinery; and in advanced periods, the same effect is produced by the deficiency of fertile land. Human industry works its greatest miracles only when the skill and capital of an improved society are brought to bear upon the superior lands of a new country. Under these circumstances wealth increases at the most rapid rate; and, labour producing much more than it consumes in the production, the largest disposable surplus is created. This large disposable surplus supplies the source from which the expense of extended colonization may be replaced. Land capable of yielding a quantity of produce greater than the quantity expended in cultivating it, acquires marketable value, even while in an unreclaimed and forest state, as labour and capital approach. Were the government to advance, in the first instance, the means of preparing the colonial wastes for settlement, it would be able to sell, at con-

stantly advancing prices, not only the lands on which it might plant an industrious population, but the districts adjacent to the locations and townships it established. Under the arrangements for promoting the safe and facile transference of labour and capital which we have ventured to suggest, the sales of crown lands in the colonies would yield a revenue greater beyond estimate than that which the colonial land sales have hitherto supplied. Who would undertake to calculate the amount to which this revenue might be raised? Who would venture to name the sum which might be received for unoccupied and now valueless wastes, as the tide of population and capital flowed from the Canadian lakes to the Northern Pacific, and as the immeasurable plains of Australia, the fertile valleys of New Zealand, and the depopulated regions of Eastern Africa, became the seats of British nations?

These are not the doubtful conjectures of speculative theory; they are the certain conclusions of actual experience. Mr. Charles Buller stated in parliament, that from the year 1795, the period at which the federal government of the United States put an end to gratuitous grants of public land, to 1840, the date of the latest returns, the government land sales throughout the Union amounted to the vast sum of £23,366,434. We learn from the same high authority, that from 1833, when Lord Howick's most important regulations for the sale of crown lands came into operation, to the close of the year 1841, the sum realised by the sale of public land in the Australian colonies alone, amounted (within a few hundred pounds) to two millions sterling.

It is a legitimate, we might say a necessary and unavoidable inference from these authenticated facts, that the expense of systematic colonization might be defrayed out of the value it would create. No one would hesitate to admit that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests might obtain a ready sale at high prices for farms laid out in the New Forest; and therefore no one can consistently deny, that were the transference of labour and capital from England to her transmarine possessions rendered nearly as safe and nearly as convenient as from one county of England to another, farms laid out in the receding forests of the colonies would obtain a ready sale at a sufficient price. No one can entertain a doubt that were the Commissioners of Woods and Forests authorized to raise a loan in anticipation of the proceeds of the sale of the crown lands in the United Kingdom, such loan could be obtained with perfect facility, and would be repaid with absolute certainty; nor can any one consistently deny, that under arrangements for bringing the distant posses-

sions of the Crown into practical proximity with the United Kingdom, a loan could be obtained in anticipation of the proceeds of the colonial land sales. The analogy between the two cases is nearly perfect. If a loan could be raised with facility, and replaced with certainty in the one case, it might be obtained with *almost* equal facility, and repaid with almost equal certainty in the other. If we have not an absolute certainty, we have, at least, the highest probability that the preliminary expense of conducting a scheme of systematic colonization, upon a scale sufficiently extensive to remove the predisposing causes of depression, might be provided without occasioning any additional charge, either immediate or ultimate, upon the imperial treasury.

The discovery of the principle, that the expense of colonization may be defrayed by means of the marketable value which it confers upon the unreclaimed lands of a new country, must be regarded, in the present circumstances of England and of the world, as one of the most important practical improvements hitherto effected in social science. The planting of an industrious population upon a previously valueless wilderness—nay, the bare anticipation that such a population is about to be conveyed to the waste, gives to the waste a value exceeding the cost of the conveyance. A colonization loan, like seed cast upon fertile soil, replaces itself with increase. The important principle, that the expense of conveying our unemployed population to the unreclaimed lands of the colonies, may be defrayed by means of the marketable value which the presence of an industrious population confers upon the previous wilderness, has been demonstrated in theory, and has been verified by experience. Though this principle has hitherto been applied in a very imperfect manner, and under circumstances the most untoward, yet the results which it has yielded are abundantly sufficient to inspire a well-grounded confidence, that its extensive and systematic adoption by the government would prove an appropriate remedy for mitigating and ultimately removing the predisposing causes of depression which we have attempted to describe. Our own convictions that an extended scheme of colonization is one of the remedies which ought to be applied to relieve and to eradicate the malady which pervades the social system, are confessedly strong; and we shall endeavour to give a reason for the faith that is in us by presenting an illustrative example of the process by which, as we conceive, a colony might be founded without expense to the mother country.

On the east coast of Africa, between the 29th and 32nd degrees of south latitude, is situated the country of Natal, or, as it has recently been styled, the Province of Victoria. This British

province, according to the map constructed by Mr. Arrowsmith, from materials furnished by the Colonial Office, contains an area of about 10,000 square miles, or 6,400,000 acres. The immense country, as we are informed by Mr. Boyce, in his notes on South African affairs, lying north of the Province of Victoria, extending from the parallel  $29^{\circ}$  south, to  $25^{\circ}$  south, embracing within its bounds the sources of the Caledon, Donkin, Ky Gariep, Mapoota and Elephant rivers, and containing an area of about 36,000 square miles, or 23,040,000 acres, is almost entirely uninhabited. Westward of the Province of Victoria other extensive regions have been depopulated by war; and, according to the estimation of Mr. Boyce, which is corroborated by Mr. Chase, secretary to the Society for exploring Central Africa, the whole of the unoccupied territory in these regions, which might be taken possession of without injuring a single native, partly as unclaimed by any tribe, and partly by purchase or treaty, amounts to 87,000 square miles, or 55,680,000 acres.

The country lying westward of the mountain range, a portion of which forms the present boundary of the Province of Victoria, is thus described by Mr. Moffat:—

“The countries I visited on my present as well as on my former journey to Moselekatse, are the finest I have seen in South Africa, and capable of supporting a dense population, *which they evidently once did*. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and minerals abound. Iron ore lies scattered over the surface of the hills, many of which appear to be entirely composed of it. Copper mines also abound, and from some specimens I saw would yield about fifty per cent. The Bahone country also abounds in tin. The mines of this metal I had not an opportunity of seeing, but the specimens of *Movara*, as it is called by the natives, were of the best quality. The country of the Bamanquato, and to the east of the Great Lake, is not without timber, but water is scarce. The neighbourhood of the lake itself is reported to be exceedingly fertile.”

It cannot be doubted but that in these magnificent regions millions of capital and millions of men might be employed in raising the elements of reproduction. It cannot be denied, that the increasing supply of the elements of reproduction, which might be raised by the capital and labour migrating to these regions, would open an expanding field of employment to the capital and labour which should remain at home; neither can it be doubted but that the planting of a British nation, upon the unoccupied wastes of Eastern Africa, would confer upon these wastes a marketable value, ultimately yielding an aggregate amount of many millions.

But though the evidence for these propositions, abstractedly

considered, appears irresistible, yet the practical problem remains to be solved—by what means can the migration of capital and labour, from the United Kingdom to the African wastes, be so facilitated as to render these wastes the seat of a British nation? If the transference of labour and capital from England to Eastern Africa were almost as safe, and almost as facile as their transference from Lancashire to Hampshire, then the crown lands offered for sale in the African forest would find purchasers almost as certainly as crown lands offered for sale in the New Forest. But before Eastern Africa can become sufficiently attractive of capital and labour to give this marketable value to its fertile wastes, a large expenditure must be incurred. From what source can the means of meeting this preliminary expenditure be derived? This is a question to which the advocates of extended colonization, unless they would be regarded as dealing in unavailable abstractions and impracticable theories, should be prepared to give a satisfactory reply.

On a question so important, involving so many complicated details, and requiring so accurate a knowledge of local circumstances; all that we can pretend to do is, to present an imperfect sketch—a suggestive outline of the arrangements, which it might be advisable to adopt. In venturing to present this suggestive outline, we shall, in the first place, briefly allude to the preliminary measures which might be requisite, in order to give migrative attraction to the wastes of Eastern Africa; and will then endeavour to show in what way the value which would be conferred upon these wastes, by the approach of an industrious population, might be safely anticipated, so as to defray the first expense of planting another England in Eastern Africa. The arrangements, which we would suggest, are the following:—

1st. That a preliminary expedition, consisting of a surveyor general, with a corps of East African military pioneers, about 500 strong, and enlisted from amongst skilful artificers, with a few rural labourers, should be dispatched to Port Natal, with instructions to fix a site for the metropolitan town, and to effect an extensive exploration and survey of the surrounding country.

2nd. That on the arrival of the preliminary expedition at its destination, a party of artificers should be immediately employed in constructing a landing-place, with a wharf, cranes, sheds for receiving baggage and goods, a commodious inn for the accommodation of settlers on their first arrival, and a good road from the landing-place to the town.

3rd. That on the site of the town being determined, another party of artificers should be employed in erecting thereon a church, a school-house, and suitable public buildings; while the

surveyors laid out the most fertile and best situated lands in convenient sections, and rendered them fit for immediate occupation, by the formation of roads for rendering the transport of goods and produce, between the rural districts and the town, at once safe and unexpensive.

4th. That immediately upon landing, the agricultural labourers should be employed in cropping an extensive breadth of land, in order to furnish the settlers upon their arrival with a supply of vegetable food.

5th. That after the arrival in this country of the intelligence that the surveyor general had reached his destination, and that the preliminary works had commenced, then government should offer a free cabin passage to Port Natal, in government vessels, to all persons depositing in this country the price of 50 acres of land in the new province. The free cabin passage to purchasers to be accompanied with the further offer of a free steerage passage for their selected labourers, in the proportion of one married labourer for each section of 50 acres, of which the price should be deposited.

6th. That persons of the labouring class desirous of migrating to the new province of Eastern Africa, should be guaranteed employment upon the public works, for three years, at wages equivalent to the pay and rations received by the privates of the corps of pioneers; and should have the option at the expiration of that period of a free passage home.

7th. That upon the above arrangements being effected, the governor, with the first body of settlers, consisting of capitalists and labourers in due proportion, should be dispatched from this country; and that on the arrival of the governor at Port Natal, the town and country sections, which had been previously laid out for occupation, should be immediately offered for sale at the price, and under the regulations, sanctioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.

It can scarcely be doubted but that, under arrangements analogous to those which have now been imperfectly sketched, the loss and inconvenience which have hitherto discouraged the transference of labour and capital to newly settled countries, would be almost entirely prevented. The landing, the housing, and the transport of luggage and goods, would be rendered as secure, and as little expensive, as in a port of the United Kingdom. There would be no vexatious delay and ruinous waste of capital, while settlers were waiting to be put in possession of their land; farms of convenient extent would be open for selection and immediate occupation; labour for commencing the work of production would be sufficiently supplied; and roads, affording easy and



cheap communication with the market, would be prepared. The consolations of religion and the means of education would be at hand. The wilderness would be transformed into a suitable abode for a civilized community. The question—how is the expense of effecting this transformation to be provided for—remains to be considered.

The principle of providing for the expense of colonization by loans raised in anticipation of the proceeds of future land sales, has been explained in Lord Durham's report upon the disposal of the public lands in Canada. Is this principle practically correct? Would a loan, raised upon the security of the wild lands of a new country, and expended in the conveyance of labour, and in effecting those improvements which give increased efficacy to labour, confer upon those lands a marketable value sufficient to pay the interest, and ultimately to discharge the principal, of the debt thus incurred? This most important question cannot, as we conceive, be answered otherwise than in the affirmative. Planted in a new country, an industrious population double their numbers by natural increase in about twenty-five years. Increasing population creates a demand for additional land; and when there is any limitation, either natural or artificial, to the supply of additional land, a marketable value will be acquired by the least eligible tracts, for which increasing numbers may create demand. This is exemplified upon a most extensive scale in the states of the American Union. There the extent of fertile land may be regarded as practically unlimited; but though there is no practical limit to the supply, yet the legislature creates an artificial limit, by fixing a price upon the land. In consequence of this limitation of the supply the national domains acquire a marketable value; and the sale of public land becomes one of the most important sources of revenue to the States.

These facts supply a conclusive answer to the objection, which has occasionally been urged, that the cessation of the land sales might cause a colonization loan, raised in anticipation of their proceeds, to fall as an ultimate charge upon the public treasury. If, in a new country, a continuous increase of population from natural causes creates a continuous demand for additional land, a continuous increase of population from immigration cannot fail to produce a similar result. When a land loan is employed as an emigration fund, in increasing the population of a new country, it perpetuates the land sales, in anticipation of which it is borrowed. For, when the emigration fund thus obtained increases the population, a demand for additional land is created, and an additional emigration fund realised; and this additional emigration fund, employed in again increasing the population and the

demand for land, is again itself renewed. There can be no limit to the process—no cessation of the land sales—while tracts of eligible territory remain unappropriated. But before this limit is reached, and when the population begins to approach towards fulness, immigration should be discontinued, and the proceeds of the ultimate land sales, resulting from the natural increase of population, should be applied in paying off the colonization debt. This is all that is necessary in order to give to the imperial treasury a perfect guarantee.

It has been urged, that the irregularity with which the land sales in new countries are found to proceed, affords a practical proof that they would supply no adequate security for colonization loans, raised in anticipation of them. This objection a complete examination of the principle to which it relates cannot fail to remove. The rapid creation of value which takes place upon the early settled lands of a new country not unfrequently leads to excessive speculation ; and in this, as in every analogous case, excessive speculation and over-trading are followed by a period of stagnation and suspended demand. But revival is secured by the working of immutable laws. While the population of a new country continues to increase, and while increasing numbers require increasing supplies of food, the demand for additional land, though liable to temporary checks and suspensions, must in the nature of things increase in an increasing ratio. Let us examine this now momentous question with a more direct reference to recent facts.

In the year 1835, the proceeds obtained from the sale of public lands in the United States, during that year alone, amounted to £5,243,296 ; and, in the year 1840, the proceeds obtained from the land sales amounted to no more than £581,264, being little more than one tenth of the sum realised from the same source in the year 1835. There can be no doubt but that the enormous sum realised in 1835 was the result of the speculative mania which then raged ; and that the extraordinary falling off in 1840 was caused, in part, by the terrible commercial and financial crisis which had then occurred, and, in part, by the circumstance that the additional quantity of land appropriated during the previous years of speculation, was in excess of the additional quantity for which the increase of population created a real demand. But it cannot be inferred from these facts that the laws of the physical world will be suspended in the United States, and that the rapidly increasing population will not cause the main average amount of the land sales to increase in an equal ratio.

From the year 1795, when the population of the United States might be taken at about 4,000,000, to the year 1840, when the

population had increased to about 14,000,000, the aggregate proceeds of the land sales amounted to £23,366,434.

For the whole of this period the average annual increase of the population was in round numbers 200,000 souls, and the average annual amount of the sales more than half a million. The present population of the United States may be taken at 15,000,000. Should the rate of increase which has hitherto prevailed continue, and should the increase in the population and the increase in the land sales continue to bear the same proportion to each other which they bore from 1795 to 1840, then, between the present time and 1869, a period of twenty-five years, the average increase of the population will be 600,000 per annum, and the average amount of the land sales £1,500,000. In the period of twenty-five years, from 1869 to 1894, the average increase of the population of the United States will be 1,200,000 per annum, and the average amount of the land sales £3,000,000. What would have been the magnitude of the results, had America, instead of reducing the price of public lands to a dollar and quarter per acre, continued to alienate them at two dollars per acre? And had she, instead of importing slaves from Africa, devoted the proceeds of her land sales to the promotion of free immigration from Europe, might there not now have been other New Yorks and other Bostons on the shores of the Pacific?

It has been urged as an objection to the principle of defraying the expense of colonization out of the value which it confers on the wastes of a new country, that the price charged for public land is a deduction from the capital of the settler; and must, therefore, not accelerate, but, on the contrary, retard the progress of a new colony. This objection would be valid were the price charged for public land fixed too high. It is utterly invalid where the price is no more than sufficient to supply the labour, without which the land cannot be properly cultivated; and to effect the improvements, without which its produce cannot be brought to market. When the price charged for public land is sufficient for these purposes, and no more than sufficient, then it can be shown, with all the accuracy which a question of figures can admit, that the price charged for the wild land of a new country is not a deduction from the settler's capital.

There can be no doubt but that the sums obtained by the sale of wild land in a new country are really derived, not from the wilderness which is sold, but from the previously accumulated capital of those by whom the wilderness is bought. But then the real, the only question bearing practically on the subject is, does the capital which is advanced for the purchase of wild land, and which is expended in peopling and in improving it, impart to

the waste a value equivalent to the cost? If this question can be answered in the affirmative, then it will necessarily follow, that the price which the settler is charged for his land is no more a deduction from his capital than is the money advanced by a farmer in the country for ploughing and cropping his fields. It would be absurd to say, that when a farmer advances £1000, and obtains crops possessing a marketable value more than equivalent to £1000, his capital is diminished by the amount of his advance. It is equally absurd to say, that when a colonist advances to government £1000 as the purchase-money of a colonial estate, which sum of £1000 the government expends in supplying the labour, and in effecting the improvements which give to the estate a marketable value more than equivalent to the purchase-money, the capital of the colonist is diminished. The two cases are exactly parallel. In each a previously existing value has been expended; and in each a new value, more than that expended, has been created. As regards the farm, the land has been ploughed and manured, fences and roads and buildings have been kept in repair, and the farmer and his family and labourers have been subsisted; and yet the farmer, instead of having his capital diminished, will have it returned to him with the ordinary rate of agricultural profit. As respects the colonial estate, the land will have been surveyed, roads opened, and labour sent out; and yet the settler who has advanced, as the purchase-money of the estate, the necessary funds for this expenditure, will have his advance returned to him with increase, through the value imparted to his land by the process of colonization.

The reproducing process, though it may be disturbed, and for a time suspended, by accident and mismanagement, yet has its origin in permanent principles and in essential national laws which cannot be reversed. As population increases, additional land is required; and if the supply be limited in relation to the demand, the belt of additional land required for occupation will acquire marketable value. The price fixed upon wild land limits the supply, and the employment of the price in increasing the population heightens the demand. In a new country, in which the public lands are disposed of by sale only, and at a fixed uniform price, and in which the proceeds of the land sales are employed in increasing the population, the value of the location purchased by the settlers cannot, except during the temporary reaction produced by excessive speculation, be less than the original purchase-money advanced for them.

Systematic colonization not only replaces but creates. The locations occupied by inflowing settlers will be of different degrees of fertility. The least fertile tracts for which the in-

creasing population creates a demand will acquire a marketable value equivalent to the government price, without the payment of which the demand cannot be supplied. But if the least fertile locations which it becomes necessary to occupy must be worth the government price, all the superior locations must be worth more than the government price. The purchasers of these will get more than they paid for—will possess a gradually increasing value, costing them nothing.

Again :—the surplus value created by systematic colonization is not confined to tracts of superior fertility, but, on the contrary, gradually extends to the most inferior soils, to which, at any given period of progress, it may be necessary to resort. In the first instance the lowest quality of soil which it may be expedient to select in the belt of land nearest to the central market will be worth the government price, without the payment of which it could not be obtained. In the second instance, however, the last quality of soil selected in the nearest belt of land would become worth more than the government price. For when increasing population renders it necessary to occupy, in a belt of land one degree removed from the centre of civilization, a soil of the same quality as that which had been last selected in the nearest belt, then the value of the least fertile locations which had been selected in the nearest belt will exceed the government price by an amount proportionate to the advantage, as regards the cost of carriage, which the settler in the belt nearest to the market will possess over the settler in the belt more remote from the market.

While unappropriated wastes remain at the disposal of the Crown, no limits to the progress of systematic colonization can be assigned.

“ If,” to borrow the language of a writer of whose arguments we have freely availed ourselves, “ the advance which is employed in planting a thousand souls in a new country can be replaced by means of the value thereby conferred upon the wastes, it can be re-employed in planting another thousand. If the principle be applicable to the planting of 1000, it will be found applicable to the planting of 100,000—to the planting of 1,000,000. If self-supporting colonization can be carried on in one colony, it may be carried on throughout every foreign dependency of the Crown containing unappropriated wastes, and possessing a climate to which European labour may be safely conveyed. The means of bridging the ocean, of giving virtual extension to England, and of thus creating the circumstances under which the causes of distress would disappear, are placed in our hands. Our colonial wastes are mines of gold—millions of treasure slumber in our unappropriated lands.”

Having now, as we venture to believe, succeeded in establishing the important principle, that colonization loans raised in anticipation of the proceeds of the land sales of a new country, and expended in supplying labour and in effecting improvements for increasing its efficacy, are capable of creating a marketable value amply sufficient to secure their ultimate and complete redemption, we will conclude with the suggestion of an illustrative arrangement, for the purpose of tracing out with more precision and distinctness the actual process through which the redemption might be accomplished.

We have seen that in the United States, during the period between 1795 and 1840, an average annual increase of population to the extent of 200,000 created a demand for additional territory which yielded an average revenue of 500,000*l.* Now the public lands in the United States are sold at the price of one dollar and a quarter per acre. Were the British government to fix the price of the crown lands in East Africa, laid out and intersected by roads as above detailed, at 3*l.*s. 3*d.* per acre, or six times the price obtained by the United States for the forests of the far West, then, according to the proportion in which, in the United States, increasing population requires additional land, the planting of a British population of 10,000 in the province of Natal would create a demand for nearly 100,000 acres of land, yielding, at the government price of 3*l.*s. 3*d.* per acre, 150,000*l.*

The price of public land in the province of Natal being fixed at 3*l.*s. 3*d.* per acre, let us assume that Exchequer Bills to the amount of 100,000*l.* are issued as a colonization loan for preparing the land and sending out settlers; that the surveyor-general has instructions to lay out 100,000 acres of the most eligible land in District No. I., nearest to the centre of government, and another 100,000 acres of the most eligible land in District No. II., in the next degree remote from the centre; that the proceeds of the sale of the 100,000 acres in District No. I. are appropriated to paying the interest of the Exchequer Bills, and to sending out additional settlers; and that the proceeds of the sale of the 100,000 acres in District II. are appropriated, first, in paying off the Exchequer Bills, and then in sending out a further supply of labour. The adoption of these arrangements would, upon the principles already established, lead to the following results:—

1st. It is stated in the masterly speech of Mr. Buller, already so frequently alluded to, that the land sales in New South Wales, amounting to 1,000,000*l.*, would have been sufficient to plant in that colony a population of 100,000. On this calculation the colonization loan of 100,000*l.* would not only convey a population of 10,000 to the much nearer settlement of Port

Natal, but would give a large surplus fund for surveys, roads, and public buildings.

2nd. According to the proportion between the increase of population and the demand for additional land which has prevailed in the United States for a period of forty-five years, the conveyance of the first 10,000 settlers to the Province of Victoria would create a demand for the 100,000 acres laid out in District I., the proceeds of the sale of which 100,000 acres would yield, at the government price, a new colonization fund of upwards of 150,000*l*. This sum would be sufficient not only to effect further surveys and other preliminary improvements, but to convey to the colony 10,000 additional settlers; and this increase of the population would create a demand for the 100,000 acres which had been reserved in District II. as a sinking fund, and the proceeds of which would pay off the loan of 100,000*l*. advanced in Exchequer Bills, and leave a surplus of 50,000*l*. for effecting further surveys and further preliminary improvements. The first colonization loan would be wholly discharged, and the province would have a population of 20,000, with 200,000 acres of appropriated land.

3rd. The process might be repeated so long as there remained any considerable extent of fertile and unoccupied territory at the disposal of the Crown. A second colonization loan of 100,000*l*. would again increase the population by the 10,000, and this increase of population would create a new demand for land to the extent of 100,000 acres, and the proceeds obtained by the sale of these 100,000 acres would liquidate this second loan. Should 20,000 settlers, consisting of a due proportion of capitalists and labourers, be disposed to migrate to the new province, government might advance a colonization loan of 200,000*l*., because an increase of population to the amount of 20,000 would create an additional demand for public land to the extent of 200,000 acres, yielding at the government price 300,000*l*. The only precaution which would be necessary in order to give the imperial treasury complete security, would be to ascertain that for each and every colonization loan there remained in the colony a sufficient extent of fertile and unappropriated land to yield, at the government price, proceeds exceeding by some considerable proportion the amounts of the loans advanced. This precaution being duly observed, it would be a matter of perfect indifference, as far as regards the security of the imperial treasury against ultimate liability, whether the Exchequer Bills advanced as colonization loans should amount to 100,000*l*. or to 1,000,000*l*. While the Crown continues to possess, or can acquire through purchase, and treaties with native tribes, fertile and unoccupied territory in climates congenial to

the European constitution, and while a tendency exists to migrate from a confined to an expanding field of employment, no limit can be assigned to the extension of colonization, or to the acceleration of its progress.

In conclusion, we have only to repeat, that the practical arrangements which we have thus ventured to detail are purely suggestive, and have been resorted to only for the purpose of presenting an illustration of the principle, that the expense of colonization may be defrayed out of the value which it creates. The discovery of that principle we regard as amongst the most important improvements which have hitherto been effected in the science of human society. We are impressed with a deep conviction, that by its extensive application, not only to East Africa, but to Canada, Newfoundland, New Holland, and New Zealand, the predisposing causes of distress might be removed, and England raised to a degree of prosperity and power hitherto unexampled, while becoming the favoured instrument in working out the design of Providence, and causing Christian civilization to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. To your ships, O England! "Awake, and meet the purpose of the skies."

ART. IX.—1. 5 & 6 Victoria, c. 47, entitled "*An Act to amend the Laws relating to the Customs.*" July 9, 1842.

2. *Thoughts on Traits of the Ministerial Policy.* By a very quiet Looker-on. London. 1843.

3. *Lord Stanley's Speech on the Canada Corn Bill in the House of Commons,* May 19, 1843. (Published by authority.)

4. 6 & 7 Victoria, c. 19, entitled "*An Act for reducing the Duty on Wheat and Wheat Flour the Produce of the Province of Canada, imported thence into the United Kingdom.*" July 12, 1843.

THE very favourable geographical position of Great Britain in relation to other countries—the great fertility of the soil—the vast extent of the sea-coast—the numerous rivers by which it is intersected—and the valuable minerals with which it abounds—seem to have early pointed it out as equally adapted for the seat of commerce with any other country in Europe. From the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, the English legislature has accordingly anxiously directed its attention to the affairs of commerce, for the purpose of advancing, by every possible means,



the greatness and the wealth of the country. A statesman, if he has any principle and patriotism at all, must know and feel that it is his duty to administer such laws only as in his sober and sound judgment are calculated to promote the welfare of his country; and it may, therefore, be assumed as a general principle, that such measures as are passed by a majority of the legislature are such as the collective wisdom of parliament has deemed best adapted to accomplish that end. It is believed to have always been more or less the aim and study of the different governments of Great Britain, since the time of Elizabeth, to advance the interests and prosperity of commerce. The position and resources of England rendered this an obvious and important source of political, as well as of social, greatness and power. Such facilities, therefore, have always been granted, and such restrictions imposed, as appeared best calculated and most desirable for promoting the commercial prosperity of the kingdom. The result of this uniform progressive policy has been that the country has gradually but steadily advanced to a degree of greatness, power, and importance in the scale of nations, exceeding anything that has ever existed in the world. The inventive genius of man, however, travels infinitely faster than the steadily revolving wheels of commercial industry and of honest enterprise; and had governments been driven by that force of imagination which some classes of society have exhibited, it is questionable whether the greatness and the power of Britain would not have been long ago for ever engulfed in irretrievable ruin.

It is well for a great country when those men are to be found at the helm of the state, who, by the exercise of sound wisdom and experience, can steer through the surging billows of popular commotion, without hazarding either the safety of the ship or the lives of the crew; but by keeping steadily in a course of progressive advancement, corresponding to, but not outrunning, the development of general experience, pursue a voyage alike safe and beneficial to all. It is well when wisdom, seated in authority, can lay a restraining hand upon thoughtlessness and error, and peacefully rebuke the indulgence of those excesses that would lead only to anarchy and ruin. Great and rapid as has been the advance of trade and commerce in Britain, and magnificent as is the spectacle which she now presents of wealth, power, and influence among the other nations of the world, there are hundreds and thousands of her inhabitants ready to gainsay this mighty truth, and to fulminate the thunderbolts of discontent and revolution upon the executive government, because the wheels of trade do not revolve with the rapidity they desire; because every honest and salutary restriction upon commerce,

domestic and foreign, is not at once and for ever, without thought or compensation, thrown to the winds; because every poor man is not supplied with an abundance of food; and because money, as in the days of Solomon, is not as plentiful as the stones in our streets. Each man looks around his own fireside, or his own workshop, and because he sees not that abundance, nor enjoys that constant demand for his labour, which his selfishness or his avarice would desire, he is ready to tax the executive government as the authors and promoters of his misery. He knows nothing of the principles of trade, and perhaps thinks less, but becomes a willing instrument in the hand of every demagogue whose interest and ambition may be served by filling his mind with vague, undefinable, and absurd ideas that the government can make the trade of the country prosperous or adverse at pleasure; that it can make money scarce or abundant—men rich or poor, miserable or happy, at will. The same views, with various modifications, extend into higher classes of society; so that whatever may be the natural facilities or impediments to trade—whatever may be the prosperous or adverse condition of other countries—whatever may have been the rates or principles, if any, by which production was regulated—the government are held to be the authors of all commercial, as well as political misery. If manufactures are depressed, the government is to blame, because certain restrictions exist in respect to agricultural produce; if agriculture is depressed, it is because it is not sufficiently protected from foreign competition; if the general trade of the country is deranged, it is because the currency is unsound, and the government will not issue inconvertible paper. Thus the government is always at fault when there is any derangement in the trade, commerce, and agriculture of the country. Nay, one class will combine themselves into an association for the futile purpose of endeavouring to persuade every other class, and convince even the government, that some great interest in the country ought to be broken down and destroyed. Such, for instance, is the Anti-Corn-Law League, chiefly composed of the manufacturing classes, who, because their own trade has been overdone and become depressed, vainly attempt, by the force of numbers and false reasoning, to assure the public that trade will never be improved until the corn laws are abolished. Their mode of argument is not the most consistent, but it may be taken as a specimen of the means by which particular sections of the community will often wickedly attempt to accomplish their own selfish ends. The Anti-Corn-Law League assure the people, that if a free trade in corn is established, bread will be cheap and wages high. They inform the masters that wages will be low, and manufactures con-

sequently cheaper. They represent to the manufacturers that the landlords and farmers are taxing the country to the extent of many millions annually; and they endeavour to mystify the landlords and farmers into the belief that foreign corn cannot be imported cheaper than it is grown, and that free trade in corn will infallibly benefit the landed interest.

Although it is too much the practice in our own, and in many other countries, to throw all the blame of commercial and political adversity upon the government, and to overlook what are in reality the great and active natural causes of such changes, it would be idle to suppose that governments must never deserve censure. It would be alike foolish and erroneous to contend that the affairs of a nation may not be mismanaged, as well as the affairs of a household; and that the general interests of commerce may not be neglected, as well as the private interests of a merchant. At the same time it ought to be borne in remembrance, that every branch of our commercial industry is liable to be affected by causes which are amply sufficient of themselves to derange the entire trade of the country without the interference of the legislature; and that to such influences no counteracting measures can be applied by government.

As regards influence and responsibility in commercial as well as in political matters, governments may be ignorant, negligent, or wilfully perverse, obstinate, and incapable. The capacity and adequate qualifications of men for official and political stations are seldom accurately known, and must indeed remain in some measure doubtful, until they have been fairly and fully tested; until the nation has had ample and sufficient opportunity to form a cool and dispassionate judgment respecting them. The professions of some statesmen when out of office are always more or less profuse—more or less unbounded, extravagant, and adapted to entrap the understanding, confound the reason, and excite the most glowing visions of future greatness and prosperity in the event of their being intrusted with power. The affairs of government, however, if honestly and diligently attended to, if entered upon with a sincere determination to investigate and advance, by every possible means, the general interests of society, are found not to hold out nor realize to official characters such important and pleasant seats of mere sinecures, which many clever men, contemplating them at a distance, fondly but ignorantly imagine. It is one thing to look at the glitter, the trappings, and the imposing array of steeds, carriages, and attendants, with which the affairs of a nation, like the mere onward procession of a state coach, are conducted; and quite another and a much less enticing and delightful exercise, to hold the reins of government; to

wield the whip of power, influence and patronage; and to curb, control, and successfully guide in a smooth, even, prosperous, and triumphant course, those varied, conflicting, and ever restless and contending interests which compose the individual materials of the aggregate mass of society.

Thus when the Whigs came into power, under the emblazoned and wide-spread banner of "Reform, Retrenchment, Peace," the world, as if by enchantment, rushed headlong after the lurid, glowing, but evanescent meteor, as it flaunted pompously before their enraptured gaze, and shouted with long, loud, and increasing voice for Grey, Russell, and Reform. The Reform Bill was to have been a complete, perfect, and absolute cure and preventative of all disorders in the state, social and political, and thenceforward Englishmen were to behold nothing in the constitution and character of their country but what was fair to look upon, lovely in its moral excellence, ennobling and awe-inspiring in the grandeur, dignity, and independence of its political perfection. But that measure, however honourable, upright, and well-intentioned may have been its projectors, evoked with fearful celerity, from the vast unfathomed deep of society, from the chaotic mass of countless thousands that had not before heard the loud call of senatorial privilege, a gaunt and terrible spirit, representing millions of unprivileged beings, which stood up mighty in the strength with which it was invested by the fears of its creators, and demanded with loud and undaunted fortitude, the concession of rights, privileges, and immunities that must have undermined for ever all the social and political greatness of the empire. Earl Grey shrunk abashed, rebuked, and confounded before his own Frankenstein, and retiring to meditate in solitude upon the uncertainty and dangerous nature of the elements that surround all human greatness, left to his unhappy colleagues and successors the unenviable and impracticable task of carrying out his various intentions, and of supporting, as their imbecility would best enable them, such measures as they considered calculated to promote the interests and the welfare of their country.

The whole tenor of their policy, during the ten years that the Whigs remained in office, exercised the most mischievous, the most injurious, and, but for their timely removal, must have precipitated the most disastrous consequences upon the country at large. The steady and regular retrogression of affairs at home and abroad; the unsettling of commercial questions; the disturbing of political relations; and the incessant tossing, turning, and throwing about, without any apparent aim, object, or advantages, every thing sacred and profane, civil and political, relating to the social, moral, and national character and interests

of the people—tended to stamp the entire Whig government with an indelible mark of imbecility, and the want of any defined plan or motive in administering the affairs of the country. As might be expected, in the absence of sound tact, talents, and capacity for carrying on with success the onerous business of the executive departments of the state, the nation was gradually visited and encumbered with so great an amount of difficulties and suffering, that the longer toleration of a Whig ministry was impossible.

The following extract from the clever pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on Traits of the Ministerial Policy*, affords a fair idea of the state of affairs at home and abroad, when the Whigs were compelled to relinquish office in 1841 :—

“ In the autumn of 1841 Sir Robert Peel entered office, at a period of distress and distraction which, on the representation of the men who for several years had held the administration of public business, stood altogether unexampled in the annals of this empire. The statement of Mr. Baring, the Whig finance minister, presented a gloomy prospect; the condition of large multitudes of the people was more gloomy still. The external markets of the world had been closing against the productions of British industry, and the home demand was scarcely more promising. Misery, fearful and widely extended, pervaded the great seats of manufacturing enterprise; deep despondency had been the general impression at home, while our relations with foreign states stood on the most critical and precarious footing.

“ Year after year had passed, and year after year the financial deficiency—the unfavourable disproportion between the revenue and expenditure—had become more startling; the total deficit, for a period of ten years, amounting to the enormous sum of ten millions sterling. Without for the moment referring to the wisdom of a policy which flung away large sources of revenue with one hand, while it went on swelling expenses with the other, it is well to bear in mind that the ‘expedients’ resorted to by Mr. Baring, such as increasing the dead weight of assessed taxes, and of other imposts that press directly upon the material comforts of the middle and humble classes, had most miserably failed. So far from equalising the outgoings and incomings, they did not even mitigate the proportion of the discrepancy. We had wars impending, and wars in actual course of prosecution. There was the expedition of horrors north-west of India—there was the questionable contest with the Emperor of China—France, the most prominent power of the European continent, had been literally arming against us. In America, the long-rankling dispute on the boundary had festered into a threatened rupture. Give all praise for ‘dexterity’ to Lord Palmerston’s conduct of our diplomatic correspondence with these two great powers—award to his lordship the most ample eulogy that may be earned by verbal ‘cleverness,’ by smartness of repartee, and much exercitation in routine ceremonial,—admit all this, and there still remains the mournful truth, that however smart and salient might have

been his lordship's manner of transacting business, its effective result was peculiarly and almost invariably unfortunate. The lapse of two years had brought France to the verge of a declaration of war—had inspired millions of Frenchmen with an unbounded hatred of England—had brought about the arming of a million of men in France, and the withdrawal of the money expended on that armament from the means of the French community to purchase articles of British manufacture.

"In America, as in France, a hostile sentiment had been excited against us. In America the call for British manufactures had diminished in an alarming degree, and there was the darkening prospect of a mutually injurious war, which would altogether close that great foreign outlet against the industrial produce of our people.

"Most grievous of all, in the heart of our land there were millions of men suffering harrowing distress: there was an extensive and obstinate dearth of employment: the manufacturing population was miserable; and though food was dear, the position of agriculturists was anything but satisfactory."

The eyes of the nation were therefore turned, with respect, solicitude, and the most lively hope, to the only man, who, in a case so apparently desperate, appeared qualified to disentangle, arrange, adjust, and place upon a safe and solid basis, the complicated political and commercial affairs of the empire. Sir Robert Peel was fully alive to the arduous duties he was called upon to perform, and the unexampled difficulties with which he was surrounded. He had also the peculiar satisfaction of being assured and taunted by his predecessors in office—themselves altogether powerless for good—that he and his colleagues were ignorant of the amazing and almost inextricable complication of difficulties with which they would have to contend,—the widespread discontent, the starving multitudes, the evil spirit of agitation, the deranged and daily diminishing commerce, the wars actually in operation and in prospect, with which they were surrounded. What was the reply of the undaunted minister, whom her Majesty, in the exercise of a wise and proper discretion, and in compliance with the wishes of the majority of her people, had invested with the important and arduous office of restoring, if possible, to some degree of stability and prosperity, the affairs of the country, both political, commercial, and financial?

Sir Robert Peel had previously enumerated, in a speech delivered to his constituents at Tamworth, in July, 1841, the causes that, in his opinion, had tended to produce, and that still occasioned, the great depression that existed in trade and manufactures. These were the rapid and extensive accommodation granted by the Joint Stock Banks in Yorkshire and Lancashire, by which "an undue stimulus was given to manufacturing pro-

ductions by capital of a fictitious nature,"—the interruption of our trade with South America, in consequence of the blockade of her ports and her internal dissensions,—the prostration of trade in the United States, through extravagant speculations, stimulated by too much banking accommodation,—the rebellion and discontent in Canada,—the internal political convulsions in Portugal and Spain,—the horrors of war in Syria and also in China,—the internal disquietude and warlike preparations in France. To sum up the whole in his own words—

"When we come to consider the undue stimulus to industry in the manufacturing districts of the country; when we come to consider the condition of the United States—the state of China—the way in which France has been;—when you put these things together,—all causes, mind you, affecting the market for your goods,—and then combine them with the two or three defective harvests we have had, I ask you to answer me the question, whether or not they have not been sufficient to account for the depression of manufacturing industry?"

No intelligent, dispassionate person can have any moral doubt, that the circumstances here enumerated tended powerfully to depress and derange the trade and commerce of this country. The period at which that address was delivered was also remarkably distinguished by the want of confidence among all classes of traders, by an absence of that dependence on the good faith, upright intentions, and honest character of parties, which is necessary to the prosperity of trade and commerce. That want of confidence—that general suspicion of the credit and stability of each other,—in addition to the causes stated by Sir Robert Peel, had brought about a period of stagnation of trade, and of commercial distress, which had not been equalled by any of the convulsions of 1793, 1810, 1816, 1819, 1822, 1825, 1832, 1837. The course of political events in this country, for two or three years previous, had also largely contributed to effect the same result. There had been a restless spirit of agitation at work, which threatened the stability and existence of various important interests in the kingdom, in consequence of which the minds of men were kept in a state of constant inquietude and alarm. The interests of the church were assailed—marriage made a civil contract—bishoprics tampered with and extinguished—the Dean and Chapters' property ruthlessly invaded—the mode of administering the currency threatened with extinction—harsh, and at the best questionable, laws relating to the poor attempted to be imposed—matters of vital importance to the stability and independence of the empire treated with levity and derision—and to crown all, heavy defalcations in the revenue. The task, then, which Sir Robert Peel was called upon to undertake, was to

adjust, arrange, reform, consolidate, and improve all these diversified and conflicting circumstances—to restore the country to peace at home and abroad—to cultivate and improve a good understanding with foreign powers—to remove with care and judgment such restrictions as could be proved to impede the advancement of legitimate commerce—to consolidate the institutions of the empire, more especially the church—and to adopt such measures as might be deemed expedient for making up the extraordinary deficiencies of the revenue that had arisen from Whig misrule, and for providing for the current exigencies of the state. This task was by no means an enviable one. It was, indeed, quite Herculean. And what was the language of Sir Robert Peel after he had entered upon office?

“It is my intention,” he said, “to act upon a sense of public duty, and to propose those measures which my own conviction of what is requisite for the public interests shall make me think it desirable to propose. It is right that there should be a distinct understanding as to the terms on which a public man holds office. The force of circumstances and a sense of public duty have compelled me to take upon myself the harassing and laborious office in which I am placed. What can be my inducement to take office, and to make the sacrifice the acceptance of it enjoins? What can be my inducement, but the hope of rendering service to my country and of acquiring honourable fame? Is it likely I would go through the labour which is daily imposed upon me, if I could not claim for myself the liberty of proposing to parliament those measures which I believe to be conducive to the public weal? I will claim that liberty—I will propose those measures—and I do assure this house, that no considerations of mere political support should induce me to hold such an office as that which I fill by a servile tenure, which would compel me to be the instrument of carrying other men’s opinions into effect. I do not estimate lightly the distinction which office gives. It is not valuable on account of the patronage which it enables its possessor to dispense, nor from the personal distinction it confers upon him; it is only valuable to any man fit to hold it for an hour, on account of the opportunity it gives him of serving his country; and the moment I shall be convinced that the power of doing that according to my conscientious sense of public duty is denied to me, then I tell every man in the country that he has conferred no personal obligation on me by having placed me in this office; but free as the wind I reserve to myself the power of retiring from the discharge of onerous and harassing duties, which, under such circumstances, could no longer be discharged with satisfaction to myself or advantage to my country.”—(*Hansard*, vol. 59, p. 555.)

Entering office with these independent sentiments and feelings, possessed of a large fund of legislative wisdom and state policy, and well versed in the practical duties of a statesman, the whole



of his measures have been especially directed to the cultivation of friendly relations with foreign powers, the discontinuance of war, the establishment of peace, and the passing of such laws and regulations as have appeared best calculated to promote the commercial prosperity of the country.

We shall confine ourselves, at present, to a consideration of his commercial policy alone.

National commerce consists in the exchange of the surplus productions of different nations. The exports of each nation comprise the produce of its soil, its mines, its waters, and of the skill and industry of its inhabitants. Its imports include such articles as it either does not produce at all, or which it does not produce in sufficient abundance for the wants and consumption of the people.

All nations, either for the purposes of revenue, or for those of protection to their own trade, have imposed duties more or less considerable upon the imports of the productions of other nations. When duties are levied for the purpose of revenue they ought not to be so high as to diminish consumption or encourage smuggling, otherwise the object may probably be defeated. When imposed for the purpose of protection they should not be so high as to give the home producer an absolute monopoly, otherwise the tendency will be to discourage his enterprise, and to weaken, by not calling into sufficient activity, his exertions to improve the quality and increase the quantity of the article he produces.

When Sir Robert Peel came into office he found in operation an extensive system of protection that had existed for a long series of years—a deficient revenue—and great commercial depression. There was also a strong disposition in the public mind towards measures of free trade. The manufacturing interests were especially and unreasonably clamorous for the abolition of the corn laws. The protective duties were denounced as the cause of the depression of trade. The committee on the import duties reported that—

“The tariff of the United Kingdom presents neither conformity nor unity of purpose; no general principles seem to have been applied.”—  
“The tariff often aims at incompatible ends; the duties are sometimes meant to be both productive of revenue and for protective objects, which are frequently inconsistent with each other; hence they sometimes operate to the complete exclusion of foreign produce, and in so far no revenue can of course be received; and sometimes, when the duty is inordinately high, the amount of revenue becomes in consequence trifling. They do not make the receipt of revenue the main consideration, but allow that primary object of fiscal regulations to be thwarted by an attempt to protect a great variety of particular interests,

at the expense of the revenue and of the commercial intercourse with other countries."

The remedy which the committee recommended for the evils and incongruities alluded to in their report, was the supplanting of the then existing system of protection and prohibition by "a moderate tariff," being persuaded that—

"The simplification they recommended would not only vastly facilitate the transactions of commerce, and thereby benefit the revenue, but would at the same time greatly diminish the cost of collection, remove multitudinous sources of complaint and vexation, and give an example to the world at large, which, emanating from a community distinguished above all others for its capital, its enterprise, its intelligence, and the extent of its trading relations, could not but produce the happiest effects, and consolidate the great interests of peace and commerce by associating them intimately and permanently with the prosperity of the whole family of nations."

One of the first measures of Sir Robert Peel's government, accordingly, was to introduce a modified tariff, in which he reduced the duties upon a great variety of articles, and admitted others that had previously been prohibited. These articles were chiefly such as were of general consumption, or raw materials for the use of our manufactures. Articles of foreign manufacture were admitted upon such terms as to bring them into fair competition with articles of home production, but at the same time a reasonable protection was continued to the home manufacturer. This was the first attempt to reduce our tariff to a system, and to afford every facility to commerce consistent with the general interests of the country and the importance of our foreign and colonial trade. The great object of Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues was, to abolish prohibition by reducing prohibitory duties, and to reduce the duties on raw materials, and on materials partly manufactured. By this means they expected to lower the general expense of living in this country;—not that every individual article would be so cheapened as to afford any great relief, but that upon the aggregate of consumption there would be considerable relief. Reductions were made upon a great variety of articles, so as to give to almost every class that might suffer from some one or more of the reductions, a compensation upon others. Thus, the reduction upon different kinds of seed might, by admitting a supply from abroad, injure the profits of particular dealers, but the benefit thereby conferred upon agriculture in general was important. Again, the high duty upon furniture woods had greatly discouraged the cabinet-makers, and led to importations of foreign furniture. The reduction of that

duty was calculated to establish an export trade in that manufacture, and lead to the extensive use of mahogany in some branches of ship-building, to which it is peculiarly applicable. Next as to foreign ore—copper, for example. That metal was then smelted abroad, and there sold and used for the sheathing of vessels and other purposes, at much lower prices than could be afforded in England, notwithstanding that we possessed coal in abundance, and other advantages. The duty on whale oil was reduced, because that article had been 100 per cent. dearer in this country than in the United States, where there were manufactures extensively consuming that article, and successfully competing with our own. This country, having plenty of untaxed iron and coal, required only plenty of untaxed wood to give abundant employment to her industry, therefore the government reduced the duties on timber about one half. On all great articles of foreign manufacture the duties were so far reduced that they should not in any case exceed the maximum of 20 per cent. On salt provisions the duty was reduced one third and one half. Cattle and other live animals were admitted at duties ranging at about 10 per cent. on their value. On the importation of potatoes, rice, and hops, the duty was also largely reduced. It is unnecessary to enumerate all the other articles upon which the reduction was equally liberal, and equally well considered.

This great and comprehensive measure was hailed by the country as well calculated to advance its general prosperity. All classes, and men of every political sentiment, united in complimenting the government upon the spirited and laudable manner in which it had entered upon the administration of affairs, and the fortitude and sound judgment with which it had relaxed our commercial code, from which the happiest results were naturally expected to follow.

This measure, it ought to be remembered, was brought forward at a period of considerable financial embarrassment. A noble example was thus set to the whole world, plainly exhibiting that in the midst of heavy financial difficulties England was not afraid to reduce her import duties, and to modify, to a great extent, the duties on foreign articles of consumption; and she was, therefore, naturally entitled to expect that her example would be imitated, and eventually exercise a beneficial influence upon the commerce of foreign countries.

The next great and contemporaneous measure of the present government to be considered was the alteration of the corn law, by which the scale of duties upon the admission of foreign corn was reduced to a maximum of 20s. and a minimum of 1s. per quarter. This new sliding scale, as might have been anticipated,

met with strong opposition from those who were opposed to any reduction of duty. It was also denounced by the manufacturing interests, and by such as desired a fixed duty; while the Anti-Corn-Law League endeavoured to heap all the odium upon it which their malice and disappointment could devise. But, although the sentiments of the different members of the new government on this subject were well known previous to the introduction of the bill, and even previous to the election in 1841, it was carried through both houses of parliament by triumphant majorities. This modified sliding scale has already brought about a slow, but certain and enduring, advantage to the country. It was a measure of very considerable relief, and has been declared, even by its opponents, to be a material improvement upon the old law.

Another great measure of the present government was the Canada Corn Bill, passed in the last session. By that bill it is enacted, that—

“Whereas on the twelfth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, an act was passed by the legislative council and legislative assembly of the province of Canada, and reserved by the governor general for the signification of her Majesty's pleasure, imposing a duty of three shillings sterling money of Great Britain on each Imperial quarter of wheat imported into Canada, except from the United Kingdom, or any of her Majesty's possessions, and being the growth and produce thereof: And whereas it is recited in the said act, that it was passed in the confident belief and expectation, that upon the imposition of a duty upon foreign wheat imported into the province, her Majesty would be graciously pleased to recommend to parliament the removal or reduction of the duties on wheat and wheat-flour imported into the said United Kingdom from Canada: And whereas, in consideration of the duty so imposed by the said act of the legislature of Canada, it is expedient that, if her Majesty shall be pleased to give her sanction to the said act, the duties imposed by an act made and passed in the last session of parliament, entitled ‘*An Act to amend the Laws for the Importation of Corn*,’ upon wheat and wheat-flour, the produce of and imported from the province of Canada, entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom, should be reduced as hereinafter is mentioned; Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the tenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, and thenceforth during the continuance of the duty so imposed by the said act of the legislature of Canada as aforesaid, there shall be levied and paid upon all wheat and wheat-flour, the produce of the said province of Canada, which shall be imported thence into the United Kingdom after the said tenth day of October,

and shall be entered for home consumption, (the same having been shipped and imported with such declarations and certificates as are required in respect thereof, in and by the said act passed in the last session of parliament,) in lieu of the duties charged thereon by the said act of parliament, the duties following; (namely,)

“For every quarter of such wheat one shilling, and so in proportion for a less quantity.

“For every barrel, being one hundred and ninety-six pounds of such wheat-flour, a duty equal in amount to the duty which would hereby be payable upon thirty-eight gallons and a half of wheat, and so in proportion for a less quantity.

“And the said duties hereby charged shall be levied, collected, paid, and applied in such and the same manner in all respects, as if the same had been imposed by the said act of parliament; Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall repeal, reduce, or alter the duties payable under the said act of parliament upon wheat or wheat-flour, the produce of Canada, which shall be imported into the United Kingdom previous to the said tenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, notwithstanding the same shall not be entered from the warehouse or otherwise for home consumption until after that day.”

Regarding this measure much ignorance and misrepresentation have been exhibited. The object of the bill is to give encouragement to the agriculture of Canada, by admitting grain, the produce of Canada, grown as well as ground in Canada, into consumption in this country upon more favourable terms than formerly, without varying, as remarked by Lord Stanley, in any material degree, the effect of the existing law with regard to the produce of the United States. For a space of fifteen years, from 1828 to 1843, United States corn has been admitted into Canada duty free; and, as flour ground in Canada has been imported into England, this bill, to impose a duty of 3s. per quarter upon the importation of United States wheat into Canada, was ignorantly opposed and condemned on the ground that a grievous injury was about to be inflicted upon the millers of this country; and that United States wheat would thus be introduced in the shape of flour. This was, however, a complete fallacy. The millers will be in precisely the same condition as they were previous to the passing of the law. The following interesting statistical observations on the subject were made by Lord Stanley:—

“Let the house recollect, that hitherto the import of American wheat into Canada has been wholly free; and what quantity has been imported into this country? In the course of the last 13 years, from 1830 to 1843, the amount of wheat and wheat-flour imported into this country from Canada, including what was imported from the United States, was only 1,153,968 quarters. That is to say, somewhere about 90,000

quarters of wheat is the whole amount, which, upon an average of thirteen years, Canada has been able annually to export to this country; not, be it remembered, from her surplus produce only, but that being absolutely the whole of her surplus produce, supported and backed up by all that she could import from the United States free of duty (hear, hear). And this brings me to the question, at what rate can this Canadian corn be imported and brought into consumption here? This is not an unimportant point to keep in view, in the discussion of any measure having for its object to give greater facilities to the trader. Now I find, that, of the 1,153,968 quarters, there were imported at and above 67s. 387,389 quarters; at and above 55s. and under 67s. 566,748 quarters; making in the whole above 950,000 quarters, out of 1,153,000 imported and brought into consumption here, when the price in this country exceeded 55s. a quarter. At lower prices than these about 93,000 quarters were imported, when the prices ranged from 50s. to 55s., and the whole amount brought into consumption, when the prices were under 50s., scarcely exceeded 106,000 quarters during the whole thirteen years' importation\* (hear, hear). But this is not all, I will go farther, and will show you how, and when, and under what circumstances the importation took place when wheat was below 50s. in price. I have not the returns as to flour, but I have a return as to wheat, and I find this result:—There were three years, and three years only, in which wheat was brought into consumption from Canada, at a rate of price below 50s. in this country; and those were the three years, 1834, 1835, and 1836. Now I beg attention to these facts.—1831 and 1832 were years of very high prices, and accordingly wheat from Canada, imported and brought into consumption, was, in the first year, 110,000 quarters, and in the next year, 164,000 quarters. The next year, 1833, was a year in which the price varied from 49s. 10d. to 55s.; and in that year the import fell from 164,000 to 61,501 quarters. The three next years were years of constant falling prices. In the first year prices fell to 41s. 10d.; in the next, to 36s. 10d.; and at the commencement of the third year prices for a con-

\* The following table will, perhaps, assist in explaining the noble lord's figures:—  
Wheat and flour, the produce of British North American Colonies, admitted to home consumption between the 5th of January 1830, and the 5th of January 1843.

	Wheat.	Wheat-flour.	Wheat and Wheat-flour stated in qrs.
	Quarters.	Consumption.	Quarters.
When the average price of wheat was under 50s. . . . .	74,438	111,626	106,332
50s. and under 55s. . . . .	75,123	62,217	93,499
55s. and under 67s. . . . .	270,186	1,037,965	566,748
67s. and upwards . . . . .	166,579	772,838	387,389
Totals . . . . .	586,326	1,984,646	1,153,968

siderable period averaged 36*s.* 8*d.* Now, in these years, so hopeless did the Canadian merchants consider the prospect, that, by referring to the returns moved for by the honourable member for Bristol, and now upon the table of the house, you will see that not a single quarter of wheat was imported from Canada in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837; and that the merchants who had brought large stocks into this country, upon the faith of the high prices of 1831 and 1832, and who held back in 1833 in the expectation that they would yet be able to realize a profit by the rallying of prices, were obliged, at last, in 1834, 1835, and 1836, to bring their stocks into the market at a very considerable loss, and the wheat sold under these circumstances constituted the whole of the Canadian wheat ever brought in any year into the British market, at prices below 50*s.* per quarter (hear, hear). This, then, at least, is satisfactory evidence—in the first place, that no great importation of Canadian corn is to be apprehended when the average prices in this country are low; and next, it is satisfactory proof, that Canadian wheat cannot be profitably introduced and sold here, unless prices range at least from 50*s.* to 56*s.*, nor, probably, unless they are higher even than the latter average. And mind, these prices were under a system of free importation from the United States. When there is a duty of 3*s.* per quarter on the importation of that corn into Canada, will it not necessarily follow that prices at Montreal must rise? (hear, hear, from Lord Howick). The noble lord cheers me, and I can understand his cheers; but let me remind him that I do not seek by this measure to establish any system of unlimited free trade (ironical cheers from the opposition). Sir, I do not bring this measure forward as a measure of free trade, and I give the noble lord the benefit of that admission. With his notions respecting unlimited free trade, he has quite a right to resist my motion. If he desires to sweep away all distinctions—if he wishes to deprive the colonies and the agriculturists of the mother country of all protection—if he wishes to put all nations on a perfect equality with regard to the introduction of corn, he is quite justified in opposing my motion (hear, hear). He is justified in doing so, because, as I repeat, this motion is not a motion for free trade (cheers)—it is founded, I tell the noble lord, upon the principle of giving encouragement to the agricultural industry, and to the produce of our colonies (loud cheering)—leaving the protection of our native agriculture, as respects the United States of America, as nearly as possible in the same condition in which we found it—neither increasing nor attempting to reduce it (hear, hear). I stated at the outset, and I will again repeat it, that it is as a measure of encouragement to our colonies, and of undiminished protection to the home grower, and not as a measure founded on the principles of free trade, that this measure has been brought forward by her Majesty's ministers (hear, hear)."

The real and simple object of the measure, as stated in the United States newspapers, is to promote the emigration of British farmers to Canada, where there is as good wheat land as

in any part of the world; to give protection to the Canadian millers; to provide employment for the British shipping connected with Canada; and, in times of scarcity in "bread stuffs" in England, to give our own subjects a pre-eminent advantage over foreigners in operating under a fixed duty, whilst others have the hazard of the sliding scale of duties. Canada possesses a climate very similar to our own, is cultivated by our own countrymen, and is capable of furnishing us with supplies of wheat whenever there is any indication of a deficiency at home. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to Britain that every encouragement, consistent with a due regard to the interests of the mother country, should be afforded to the inhabitants of her colonies, and Canada has many strong claims upon her affection and assistance.

"It is the refuge," said Lord Stanley, "of your surplus labourers, where they may still labour in their accustomed toil, and furnish supplies to their accustomed market—where they may still look to England, not as a country from which they are banished, but as a country to which they cling and feel that they belong; which is capable of supplying your deficiencies, though not of supplanting your productions; which must consume your manufactures, and which has only this one desire, to possess additional means of paying for them."

Several other measures have been passed by the present government, more or less calculated to advance the general interests of commerce; but, in reference especially to those we have mentioned, and which sufficiently indicate and declare the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel, it may be of importance to consider some of the beneficial effects which that policy is calculated to produce.

1. *Its Effects upon the Happiness of the People.*—By the reduction of the duties upon the importation of corn, cattle, timber, wool, silk, provisions, vegetables, raw materials, and manufactured articles, the people will be enabled to obtain cheaper food, clothing, dwellings, furniture, and other advantages. These effects have not been instantaneous and immediate upon the passing of the new laws. It was impossible that they could be so. They can only be brought about gradually; but they are at the same time certain and inevitable. They have been already experienced to some extent, and will continue to be more so, in correspondence with the increase and prosperity of trade. Whatever tends to increase the supply of food and the necessaries of life—to make them more cheap and abundant, and more attainable by all classes—must also tend to promote and advance the general happiness of the people; and upon the happiness or contentedness of the people must, more or less, depend



the general prosperity and security of the state. In reference, therefore, both to the tariff and the corn laws, the present government have an especial claim upon the gratitude and support of the country.

2. *Its Effects upon the Extension of Trade.*—The reduction of duty is calculated to produce a general reduction in prices. And the consequence usually attributed to reduced prices is an increased consumption. The immediate effect of increased consumption is to advance and increase trade. Both our domestic and foreign trade will be increased in consequence of the reduction of duty. The prosperity and adversity of different trades depend so much upon each other, that what tends to advance or depress one department will come in time to affect in a corresponding degree every other. Whatever, therefore, increases or facilitates the means of consumption, especially of the essential or necessary articles of subsistence and use, by raising a demand for them, will stimulate and advance the trade under which they are produced; and every improvement in one branch of trade, or the circumstances of those connected with it, will improve every other trade to which it is related, and the circumstances of the parties depending thereon. Thus in respect to our foreign trade, speaking generally, an increased consumption of foreign articles will lead to an increased demand for the different articles of manufacture which we export. If our consumption of foreign articles increases, our export trade may reasonably be expected to improve. It is upon this principle that the Anti-Corn-Law League are supposed to advocate a free trade in corn. But they are not content with moderate measures. They wish to carry everything by wholesale, without regard to the vested rights and privileges of others. A free trade in every other article as well as corn, ought, according to their doctrines, to place us at once upon the very pinnacle of prosperity. But, without dwelling upon their sweeping and unreasonable arguments, it will be clear to all moderate thinkers and sound judging men, that an increased importation of foreign articles is naturally calculated to lead to an increased exportation of our own productions.

3. *Its Effects upon the Demand for Employment.*—An extension of trade will necessarily occasion an increased demand for labour. An increased consumption both of domestic and foreign produce must not only improve and extend trade, but, in order to furnish the enlarged supplies necessary for exportation, will increase the demand for labourers, and thus render employment more general and remunerative among the labouring population. In respect to our colonies, for instance, the encouragement and promotion of the trade with our colonies would

lead to increased emigration. This would diminish the number of labourers at home, and at the same time increase the demand for manufactured articles to be exported to the colonies. The cheapness of living in England may induce annuitants, and numbers of persons with moderate fortunes, who now reside in foreign countries, to return and remain at home. This would, of course, so far also increase the demand for labour. Again, if more pasture land, in consequence of the smaller inducement there may be to rear cattle, be turned into tillage, there will also necessarily be a farther demand for labourers in the agricultural districts.

4. *Its Effects on the Shipping Interest.*—The increase of our foreign and colonial trade will necessarily occasion a greater demand for ships. They are indispensable for the conveyance of all our articles of merchandise, our exports as well as our imports; and these additional ships must be manned, provisioned, and furnished with all the varied articles indispensable to their safe and efficient navigation. In the supply of these articles various trades must be brought into activity, and, therefore, an improvement in the shipping trade will necessarily occasion an improvement in other trades more or less dependent upon the shipping interest. In consequence of the reduction of duty on timber, ships will be built at much less cost than they have hitherto been. It must of course be admitted that the *money price* of all existing ships will be diminished, but a similar consequence must be experienced by all parties who held stocks when the duty was reduced. It was impossible that a measure so comprehensive as the tariff, and fraught with such immense advantages to the community at large, could be so constructed as that no individual might suffer temporary inconvenience, or perhaps loss. Due compensation, however, must in time be reaped by them, from participating in the general benefits conferred by so enlightened a policy. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the statement of Sir Robert Peel, that the measures he has introduced will produce more benefit to the shipping trade than any that have been passed for the last 50 years, will be fully realised.

5. *Its Effects on the National Revenue.*—Sir Robert Peel did not reduce duties with a view to increase the revenue, as some parties contend is the proper and legitimate mode of providing monetary resources. He appears to have fully calculated upon a reduction or diminution of revenue notwithstanding an increased consumption.

“No one,” he remarked, “has greater confidence than I have in the ultimate tendency of reduction in taxation, on the great articles of

consumption, if wisely managed; but after giving to this subject the fullest consideration, I have come to the complete conviction, that it would be mere delusion to hope for supplying the deficiency by diminished taxation on articles of consumption. I have a firm confidence that such is the buoyancy of the consumptive powers of this country, that we may hope ultimately to realise increased revenue from diminished taxation; but a long period must elapse before this end is attained. \* \* \* In almost every instance,—in all, I believe, without exception,—the space of time which elapses after reduction of taxation, before the same amount of revenue is realised, is very considerable.”—(*Hansard*, vol. 61, p. 437.)

He therefore had recourse to direct taxation, and contended that the reduced price of commodities would enable the people to pay this increased tax out of their savings. Instead of taxing the prices of the articles, he taxed the profits of the dealers and the consumers. By this means the national revenue was increased by an abstraction from the profits of the wealthier classes, while the lower and working classes were not only exempted from additional taxation, but were made to participate fully in all the advantages conferred by the modified tariff and corn law.

6. *Its Effects on the Agriculturalists.*—While the Anti-Corn-Law League have proclaimed that nothing short of the total abolition of the corn laws will satisfy them and their patrons the manufacturers; while the Whig government formerly held, and the opposition now maintain, a moderate fixed duty to be the best, safest, and most just line of policy, the agricultural interests have looked with contempt upon the one party, and with suspicion upon the other. The modified sliding scale of the present government, where it is imperfectly understood, may have perhaps produced some little dissatisfaction, as tending to lower the general prices of grain, but the advantages it confers in effecting a greater steadiness of price, gives it a permanent superiority over the former scale, as well as over the equivocal policy of a fixed duty.

The wide spread alarm which seized the minds of agriculturalists, cattle-dealers, and graziers upon the first announcement that one portion of the tariff would materially facilitate the importation of live cattle from foreign countries, and consequently tend to diminish the price of food, has at length given place to more settled and correct opinions as to the manner and extent in which they will be affected.

The money value of rents will in all probability fall. It is in fact difficult to understand how the present rents can be long maintained. But this reduced sum, if spent at home, will purchase a larger quantity of commodities, and of luxuries, corres-

ponding to the general fall in prices. The interest of money there is also every reason to believe will continue to be low, and hence the interest paid on mortgages will be less. The extensive improvement in trade which must sooner or later follow these enlightened measures must be largely participated in by the agricultural interests, and, therefore, instead of having any cause for discontent or apprehension, they have every thing to hope for from the increase and extension of general commerce.

Such are a few of the advantageous effects which the enterprising policy of the Peel government, founded upon the great measures of commercial reform to which we have alluded, is calculated to produce. It was not to be expected that these effects could be instantaneous or immediate. The vessel that has been running close to the wind among quicksands and breakers, under an ignorant or besotted pilot, and an incapable crew, cannot be immediately brought out of her dangerous track by suddenly and inconsiderately backing the sails, and putting down the helm. The danger would thus only be increased, and the risk incurred of total and disastrous shipwreck. It can only be by skilful and experienced seamanship, by slackening sail, and steering cautiously by the lead, that she will be preserved from taking the ground, and be eventually brought safely into the enjoyment of the deep sea, and of a fair wind. The commercial affairs of this country having been brought into a state of almost hopeless intricacy and confusion, could not be restored to prosperity as if by magic. Powerful as a statesman, and profoundly wise as a politician, possibly, taking him all in all, the largest mind of his era, in spite of the low *Westminster's* ribaldry, it would be folly to imagine or believe that Sir R. Peel possesses the virtues of a Prospero, and that by the mere "Hey, Presto!" of his will he could in one moment unravel all the difficulties which had been woven for him by the Whigs, bring their sibylline leaves into order, or educe prosperity out of adversity. As regards his tariff—time—that all potent remover of difficulties—is necessary to develop and demonstrate its advantages. Time is required by the foreigners to rear their cattle, and to produce the various articles now admitted more freely under the new scale of duties. Time is required by our merchants and manufacturers to recover from the difficulties into which a variety of unfavourable circumstances at home and abroad had assisted to plunge them.

As a nation we are generally not only impatient of restraint, but we are apt to be very impatient under delays, to be cross and ill-tempered, ready to find fault that every thing is not done at once, and according to our own particular views; and especially apt to storm and condemn, because the result has not been so immediate and complete as the fervour of our imagination, or the

blind impetuosity of our judgment, had led us to anticipate. We are, in fact, not entirely guiltless of a disposition to find fault occasionally with the actions of those whom a little cool reflection ought to satisfy us can be no other than our very best friends. This may perhaps be shown by a short consideration of the objections that have been raised against the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel.

1. His supporters object that he has adopted too extensively the principles of free trade.

This objection is urged chiefly by the agriculturalists, who refer especially to the reduced duty on corn, and on the importation of cattle.

It is not to be denied that the new corn bill presents a lower scale of duties than the old. But it at the same time presents advantages to the agriculturalists which they ought not to overlook nor undervalue. It unquestionably ensures greater steadiness of price, and therefore must give rise to less speculation in grain. The new mode of taking the averages is calculated to prevent fraud, and hence much less corn is likely to be introduced at the one shilling duty through fraudulent sales. The corn trade will necessarily get into a more steady, healthy, and safe state, both as regards the merchant and the agriculturalist.

With reference to the importation of cattle, the landed interest could not expect that with our rapidly increasing population the entire supply of food could be gathered solely from our own soil. There is no doubt as to the fact, that the population of this country increases much more rapidly than the supply of food; and, therefore, in legislating generally for the benefit of the country, no one circumstance demanded more seriously the calm and earnest consideration of the government, than the means of encouraging or providing a supply of food adequate to the wants of the people. The price of food had for many years been gradually rising in this country, and also in the four great neighbouring countries of France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. In those countries prices had been rising, cattle were in course of importation, and, in consequence of its dearness, the consumption of meat in proportion to the population had been diminishing. Although this was and is the case, it has been urged, and not without much truth, that if the inhabitants of those countries are not able to pay the increased price of meat, the English are; and that of course an English demand will produce a supply while a Belgium demand will not, as the latter is unable to pay so good a price as the former. The necessity is, therefore, clearly demonstrated for encouraging the rearing of cattle at home; as well as for admitting their importation from abroad.

Corn, being a necessary of life, is protected that we may not

become entirely dependent for our subsistence upon foreign powers. We record it, though taxed by our revered friends in some quarters with the reverse opinion, as our hope, that it *always will be*. Let the Anti-Corn-Law croakers say what they may, this Review will never damage the greatest interest in the country. But cattle, wool, timber, tallow, spirits, and other articles cannot be prohibited or protected upon the same sound principle. In fact, by allowing their importation from foreign countries, a larger portion of the soil may be devoted to the production of food, and of that description of food most essential to existence.

2. Another objection urged by the opponents of Sir Robert Peel is, that he has adopted the principles of his predecessors.

If they are really and honestly satisfied that this is the case, that he has in very deed and truth adopted only the views and principles of his predecessors; that he has not carved out and acted upon any enlightened and independent opinions of his own, then he ought to be entitled to their gratitude rather than their enmity, to their praise rather than their censure. By adopting their views he must naturally be held to commend and esteem them, while the Whigs cannot possibly do less than approve of and support measures founded, according to their professed belief, upon their own principles. Even the stoutest of the Radicals, Joseph Hume, was candid enough to do so, and to declare his approbation of the measures of Sir Robert Peel generally, as calculated to benefit the country, and to advance its prosperity. Lord Palmerston, in winding up a long address at the close of the Session of 1842, asserted that ministers had only taken up the ground of their predecessors, merely improved upon their policy and proposed measures, and regaled themselves upon the provisions found in the Whig larder. He insisted that they must go on in this course, and that if their friends should forsake them, he and the opposition would stand by them. It is most gratifying certainly to have the good opinion, and even the professed support, of those to whom upon principle we are opposed. But let us examine the extent of the relationship which has been asserted to exist between the projected measures of the Whig government, and those carried out by Sir Robert Peel.

The three great commercial measures of the Whig government referred to corn, timber, and sugar, and to these three articles alone.

With regard to corn, they intended to impose a fixed duty,—the present government have adopted a modified sliding scale. Between these two plans, it is imagined, no resemblance can be traced.

With respect to timber, they proposed to lower the duty on

foreign timber, and to increase the duty on colonial timber. The present government have most wisely and considerately reduced the duties on timber, both foreign and colonial. Sir Robert Peel informed the House of Commons, in 1842, that—

“The statements he had received from the dealers in timber in this country represented the great depression of trade,—there was no demand for timber, and in consequence of that depression the price of timber had fallen considerably, so that it was impossible now to sell Canadian timber, even at prime cost. The answer he had to make to all such representations was, ‘Then let us try to revive the demand by encouraging industry, and opening new sources of employment.’”

Mr. Deacon Hume stated before the Import Duties Committee, that we possess iron for all purposes of manufacture, and wood was the next essential article.

The policy of the two governments, therefore, in respect to timber, appears to have been somewhat at variance; and the colonial interests, which, as stated by Mr. Gladstone, had been much opposed to the plan of the late government on some points, timber for instance, must now, it is imagined, be very well satisfied.

With regard to sugar, the Whig government proposed to reduce the duty immediately, but the present government have not as yet thought it advisable to make any alteration.

Much unreasonable dissatisfaction has been expressed on this ground, and it has been erroneously affirmed that the decrease in our exports to Brazil has arisen from our prohibitory duty on Brazilian sugar. Were we to reduce the duty upon the slave-grown sugar of Brazil, it has been asserted that she will consume more of our manufactures. Of course, whatever tended to raise the value of Brazilian sugar would also tend to increase Brazilian imports. One effect of the admission of that article for home consumption might be to equalise the price of sugar throughout Europe, and probably in the degree in which the price advanced would be the increased demand for our goods. It must be borne in remembrance, however, that by admitting Brazilian sugar, we should, to the same extent, depreciate the productions of our own colonies and eastern possessions, from whence we can obtain ample supplies, and restrict their rapidly increasing consumption of our manufactures. The quantity of sugar produced by Brazil appears to be greatly overrated. One would be disposed to imagine, from the urgency of the advocates of this measure, that Brazil produced a very large surplus of sugar beyond the wants of those states which obtain their supplies from that quarter. But this is not the fact. The demand

is already fully equal to the supply, and there is frequently not a ton of sugar in the warehouses of Bahia and Pernambuco. No doubt the supply could be increased, and were we to open our ports for its admission there would be an immediate increase of the labouring population, procured for that purpose from the slave markets. It has been contended that with her present population Brazil cannot increase considerably her production of sugar; that her black population of slaves diminishes from natural causes, and is only maintained or increased by periodical importations from Africa; that by the admission of her sugar into England—

“Cent. per cent. profit would over-ride all her slave trade suppression treaties, and escape all the vigilance of our cruisers; and that infernal traffic, which our righteous efforts have almost driven from the ocean, would be revived under the influence of an agency which triumphs alike over policy, humanity, and Christianity—gold.”

There are parties, however, who take a different view of this subject as regards the mere question of slavery, and who maintain that we cannot abolish slavery in the Brazils while we refuse to take sugar and coffee from that country. They hold the opinion that it is by free and friendly commercial intercourse alone, and by the facilities for instruction and remonstrance which such intercourse will afford, that we can ever expect to diminish and effectually destroy that most revolting and unchristian system. But we shall not at present enter upon this discussion. It is under any circumstances our especial duty and interest to extend protection and privileges to our own colonies, in preference to foreign states. The present government are understood to admit, upon general principles, the benefits to be derived from a supply of cheap sugar; but it is contended by Sir Robert Peel, that in the existing feeling of the people of Brazil with respect to the slave trade, it cannot be expected that the people of this country, after our sacrifices for the abolition of the slave trade, and of slavery, and after the professions we have made in the face of the whole world, could admit, without fixing a stain on the character of the nation, Brazilian sugar to the British market, unless we obtained, at the same time, further concessions from them in favour of the suppression of the slave trade.

If, then, the present government have adopted the principles of their predecessors, they have certainly done so in a very strange manner, and are surely, at least, well entitled to the credit of having gone very considerably beyond them. The last government proposed a reduction of duties upon three articles, the present have reduced the duties upon upwards of *seven hundred!*



3. It has been objected that Sir Robert Peel, in his commercial measures, is inconsistent with himself.

If this were true, it could no doubt be easily proved by quotations from his speeches ; but no attempt, so far as we are aware, has been made to convict him in this honourable manner. As a mere assertion, therefore, it is entitled to no credit. He has adopted, we are told, the principles of free trade, but has not carried them out. If, by not carrying out the abstract principles of free trade, it is meant that he does not admit all foreign productions duty free, then the imputation is perfectly just. Does the most violent advocate of free trade inculcate such a doctrine ? Do the Anti-Corn-Law League insist upon the free admission of every article of foreign manufacture and of foreign production, as well as corn ? It is questionable whether the views of the majority of free traders, so called, contemplate any very material reduction in the duty of any single article beyond that of corn. Free trade, as an abstract principle, may be perfectly just and commendable, but in the circumstances of particular countries its extensive application may be inconsistent with prudence and sound policy. Sir Robert Peel has adopted the principles of free trade so far only as they shall be found practically conducive to the happiness of the people. He has been condemned for not carrying them out ; but, in his own language, he has done more in the removal of restrictions than any other administration for many years. In considering, as a practical statesman, to what extent the principles of free trade might be adopted, it was necessary to bring under review the interests that may have grown up during the season of protection, the number of labourers employed, and the condition of the country financially and politically, as well as the mere abstract principles of political economy. But while one party condemn him for not carrying out the principles of free trade to an extent commensurate with their peculiar views, another party is to be found condemning him, in unmeasured terms, for having already carried them too far. They assert that the tariff of 1842 will, with our present money laws, be found, in the course of time, the deadliest blow that could be struck at the export trade of England, because, as the stringent complement of the measure of 1819, it imposes a low scale of prices, and it will therefore operate as a bar to our merchants freely obtaining equivalents for their exports. Absolute free trade, the same party assert—with perhaps a little more justice—would, in the circumstances of this country, be chaos ; would involve such a breaking up of property, as to render it necessary to re-construct society in England upon a new basis. Sir Robert Peel is, therefore, placed in an unenviable position, between those who would urge him forward and those who would hold him back

—those who clamour for free trade and low prices, and those who insist upon protection and high prices. The march of intellect, however, and the gradual advancement of all the great nations of the world in commerce and the arts, indicate distinctly, and teach us by unmistakeable facts, that the policy of Great Britain must be progressive, and that the commercial tariff of Sir Robert Peel, as well as his other measures, is directly calculated to promote the general prosperity of the country. It is no argument against his consistency, that he has adopted, to some extent, the principles of free trade, but that he resists the importunities and clamours of those who would have him to plunge headlong into the chaos of change, to unsettle all fixed principles, to violate private rights, and to disorganise the whole framework of society. There is nothing inconsistent in a man believing certain fundamental principles to be abstractly true as general rules, and yet applying them only partially in any peculiar circumstances, where they may be brought to bear with advantage. The application of such principles, however just and advantageous, may sometimes be very properly suspended, out of regard to some higher principles of a moral and religious character,—such, for instance, as the exclusion of sugar raised by slave labour, to which we have already alluded in reference to the Brazils.

4. It is said that Sir Robert Peel's measures are all temporary, and hence the commercial world is kept in a state of suspense.

This statement must be entirely without any foundation in fact, as there appears no evidence, either in the nature of the measures themselves, or in the language of the government, to warrant such a conclusion. It is absurd to imagine that great measures are to be carried out one session, and stultified or annulled the next. The tariff is so extensive, so comprehensive and particular in its details, and has undergone so much close and deliberate consideration, that there can be no solid ground for believing that any change will be made in it for many long years to come. The same thing may be said of the corn bill. "I do not and cannot believe," said Sir Robert Peel, at the close of last session, in reply to the speech of Lord John Russell, on the state of the country,—

"That the tariff of last year has been fairly tried. There are many of its relaxations of duties on import which must work well for the working population, which have not yet been brought into operation, to enable the house and the country to decide, and form a just opinion upon the full extent of benefit which may thence be derived by the public."

And Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a motion by Mr. Ewart, on the import duties, on a subsequent evening, remarked,—

“It would be the extreme of folly and imprudence, to be continually proposing changes in the duties on the import of the great articles of consumption into this country, for by thus keeping the commercial policy of the empire in a constant state of change, the uncertainties and fluctuations which would take place in the value of commodities would be attended with very serious consequences to the mercantile and trading classes. To illustrate this argument, he needed only to recal to the recollection of the house the inconvenience arising from this cause, which was so greatly complained of by the mercantile classes last session, during the protracted discussions that took place on the new tariff. He therefore thought that the most severe and well merited censure would be incurred by any government which, after having made such extensive and important changes as were effected last year, should give any intimation of an intention to make fresh alterations in the tariff, during the present or following year.”

These statements must at once negative the unfounded assertion that the measures of the present government are only temporary. It is quite possible that new measures may yet be adopted with regard to sugar and wines; but they will not affect those already in operation, which, as we have just shown, there is the best and most unexceptionable reason for believing are, for the present at least, fixed and permanent. Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone are evidently both deeply impressed with the fact, that a degree of stability in the duties already imposed is essential to the commercial enterprise and prosperity of the country; and we are, therefore, assured that there will be no “fresh alterations in the tariff during the present or following year.”

5. It has been objected to the present government that their measures have, as yet, been of no advantage to the country; that distress has continued to prevail and increase in the manufacturing and mining districts.

“What,” said Lord John Russell, “is the general state of the country, and in what condition, after the legislative labours of six months, shall we leave the country in the hands of the government?”

He referred particularly to our recent transactions with the United States and with Brazil. We have already alluded to Brazil. Our export trade to that country has always been, more or less, characterised by fluctuations. The value of our exports to Brazil in 1836 was 3,030,532*l.*; in 1837 it fell to 1,824,082*l.* In 1838 it again rose to 2,606,604*l.* Last year it fell considerably. This year it is again increasing. It is a mistake to imagine that some other country has gained in Brazil the amount of export trade which we lost in 1842. There appears to have been a general and contemporaneous decrease of European and

United States exports to Brazil in 1842. Brazil bought less goods in that year in consequence of a heavy depreciation in the value of her sugar, coffee, cotton, wood, and other articles, which necessarily circumscribed her ability to purchase.

No doubt exists as to the diminution of our trade with the United States, which must be a subject of as much regret in America as it is in this country. But the trade with that republic has been at various periods characterised by great fluctuations, and it is generally acknowledged that the present depression is owing, in a great measure, to the policy adopted by the United States. The course taken by the British government, in reducing the duties on the importation of American produce, was not immediately followed by such a reduction of duties, on the part of America, as we were entitled to expect. We also gave facilities to the United States to carry on commercial intercourse with our colonies; but, notwithstanding our liberality, they imposed a high tariff, to which must be attributed the falling off of British exports to that country.

"We had a right," said Sir Robert Peel, "to expect to be met by the United States in a more liberal spirit than we have been; and the falling off in the export trade to the United States is not the act of the British government, but it is the act of the government of the United States, in imposing a prohibition upon the introduction of our manufactures into the United States, within a few months after we had made important reductions in the duties on the produce of the United States."

But independent of this unfavourable position of our trade with the United States, it is gratifying to know that a marked improvement has been exhibited in the general trade of the country during the present year.

Taking the first six months of the year, the declared value of the exports for the six months, ending the 5th July, 1842, was, of cotton, 7,078,700*l.* The declared value of exports of the same article for the six months, ending 5th July, of the present year, was 7,983,000*l.* In linen there was a slight increase, from 1,294,000*l.*, in the six months of 1842, to 1,361,000*l.* in the corresponding period of the present year. In the woollen trade, which was much depressed last year, the declared value of the exports for the first six months of 1842, compared with those of 1843, was in the former period 2,226,000*l.*, and the latter 6,035,000*l.* These returns relate to our exports to all countries, including Brazil and the United States. The improvement is found still more marked, by contrasting the month ending 5th July, 1843, with the same month in 1842. The declared value of exports of cotton in June, 1842, was 1,084,000*l.*; in June of the

present year it was 1,445,000*l.* Linen was, in June, 1842, 201,000*l.*; in June of the present year, 271,000*l.* The woollen manufacture shows a striking improvement. The declared value of the exports, in June, 1842, was 408,000*l.*; in June of the present year, it was 791,000*l.* These returns, therefore, show a decided progressive improvement in trade. It was alleged last year, that depressed as the cotton trade then was it would sink still lower. This prediction has happily proved untrue. The consumption of cotton during the first six months of the present year has been 688,000 bags, a larger amount than was ever before known in this country. The years 1836 and 1837 were years of the greatest prosperity in this branch of trade. In the first six months of 1835 the number of bags of cotton was 451,000; in 1836, 474,000; in 1837, 497,000; while in the first six months of the present year they were 688,000. This comparison is between the present year and the most prosperous years in that branch of industry. Taking again the declared value of our exports. In the first six months of 1842, the quantity of yarn was 58,000,000*lbs.*, while in 1843 it was 62,000,000*lbs.* Cotton thread, in the first part of 1842, was 935,000*l.*, in 1843 it was 1,324,000*l.* Printed calicoes were in the first six months of 1842, 123,721,000 yards; and in, the present year, 145,295,000 yards. In plain calico, the number of yards exported, in the first six months of 1842, was 152,827,000; in the present year it was no less than 253,318,000, being 100,491,000 yards more than was exported during the corresponding period of last year.

These facts surely demonstrate, that at least some considerable advantage has already resulted from the corn law and the tariff of last year; they surely show some indication of returning prosperity; they surely encourage some hope that, by a steady perseverance in the same enlightened course of policy, the trade and commerce of this mighty empire will speedily attain to that greatness and prosperity of which they are the welcome harbingers.

It would be foolish and unreasonable to suppose that the government is either ignorant of the distress that exists in the country, or that it entertains no desire and anxiety for its removal. But it is still more foolish and unreasonable to suppose that it can find a remedy for every depression and derangement in trade, that it can at all times render commerce prosperous, find employment and adequate wages for workmen, and sufficient profit for manufacturers. It appears unreasonable for the manufacturing and mining interest to say—because our trade is less prosperous at present than it has been in former years, we there-

fore look to the government to restore it to prosperity; because we have enlarged our means of production beyond all demand, the government ought to find consumers; because we can manufacture unlimited quantities by steam, the world should be made to consume by steam also. Some parties will even assert, that there can never be too much of any thing. The doctrine of demand regulating supply is by them treated as antiquated—is exploded and repudiated as unsound and visionary. Their cry is, increase the power, and the means of consumption, and the profits of the producers. It is idle to represent to them, that they produce too fast—that having obtained an undue expansion of the credit system, they have rushed headlong into schemes and undertakings in which they ought never to have embarked, or in which having embarked, they ought to have acted with more caution and circumspection. Do not these remarks apply forcibly to the coal and iron trades as well as to the cotton manufactures? In the mining districts, where private capitalists could barely obtain a remunerating profit, have not joint-stock companies invested large capitals in the sinking of coal mines, and the erecting of iron works which were perfectly uncalled for by the state of trade, and upon which in many instances no profit has been realised, and in many more heavy losses have been incurred? The extensive system of competition that has been carried on in those districts has not only diminished general profits, but has seriously diminished the value of capital. In some instances the interest paid for the capital invested in the coal trade has much exceeded the amount of profit it could realise. The revolution that has taken place in the value of iron is certainly great. Prices had been for some time unduly exaggerated by temporary causes. These fostered a boundless spirit of speculation, and a reckless extension of all the powers that could be brought to act upon production; as if population, and the means of consumption, must necessarily increase and enlarge with the velocity and energy of steam; as if the sun of prosperity should never be dimmed by a cloud, or followed by the season of night. The wild and insatiable spirit of avarice might be allowed to endure unpitied the bitter consequences of its own grasping and inordinate enterprise, were it not for the multitudes, the millions of innocent victims which it usually drags into the same labyrinth of difficulty and misery with itself, and then demands that the state should find them employ mentor relief. The statements of Mr. Charles Mott, the Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, before the Select Committee “appointed to inquire into the results of the Allotment System,” afford an instructive commentary upon these observations.

“ Looking to the improvements in machinery, do you think it likely that want of employment will cease? I do not see how it can cease; I think it is more likely to become permanent.

“ Therefore, do you contemplate a large body of able-bodied men unable to find work, notwithstanding any increased prosperity of manufactures? I think any possible increased prosperity of manufactures will be more than met by increased machinery.”

Here, then, is unquestionably one great source of obstruction to commercial prosperity; a boundless power of production, which, the moment any demand springs up, is instantly set in motion to produce a hundred, it may be a thousand, times the quantity required. This system must, it is imagined, ultimately work its own cure, by leading to the withdrawal of capital from undertakings so hazardous and unprofitable, rather than to its more extensive investment. But, so long as it continues to be practised, it is liable to be followed by the same miserable consequences to employers and workmen by which it has already been visited.

It is apprehended that this view of the subject is not contemplated with much interest by the manufacturers; that the question as regards production is of less importance to them than that which relates to consumption. That a certain demand only can exist, for which a certain supply only is requisite, may be an abstract truth in political economy, but it is at variance with what seems to be the advanced intelligence of the age. The doctrine now appears to be this—an unlimited power and disposition to produce having been discovered, the consumption must be made to correspond. How is this to be done? Some parties imagine that it is the province of the government to provide the means of consumption. Others, more considerate, have an infallible prescription of their own. They insist upon a depreciation of the coinage; that gold should be made to bend to the national exigencies, and that there should be an inconvertible paper currency based upon the national credit. At the beginning of the present year they confidently predicted, that unless Sir Robert Peel adopted this plan his government would not exist three months. It is to no purpose to assure those philosophers that money is already so abundant in the country that it cannot find legitimate employment; that the Bank of England has nearly twelve millions of bullion in her coffers, and twenty millions of notes in circulation; that money is something like a drug in the market; that the currency is of the same nature now as it was in 1836, when they were in the full blow of their prosperity; and that an alteration in the currency would not effect any improve-

ment in trade. This will not satisfy them. They entertain a conviction that, so long as there are any number of honest workmen in the kingdom out of employment, the currency ought to be farther depressed,—there ought to be a still larger issue of notes. If any man had a quantity of inconvertible paper placed in his hands, he would certainly have no reluctance to become a consumer of manufactures to the extent to which his wants or his folly might incline him. If this sort of currency became general, there is no difficulty in foreseeing that prices would soon run up very pleasantly ; but if it was never to be redeemed by the interposition of property or capital of some kind, it would become mere rubbish,—we might as well make a currency of the stones on the streets. The idea of having it based upon the national credit is fanciful enough, but it is to be apprehended that the national credit would be a very intangible security for a national issue of inconvertible notes. We must take leave, therefore, to dissent wholly and totally from such a remedy for national distress, or in other words, for a depression in commerce. It has been alleged that ministers ascribe the existing distress to general over-production, but we are not aware that there exist any just grounds for such an allegation. On the contrary, both the Prime Minister and the President of the Board of Trade have severally disclaimed such an absurd and untenable doctrine ;—the first upon introducing the present corn law to the House of Commons, the latter in the course of repeated addresses in the same place. The existing distress they ascribe not to one, but, as previously remarked, to a variety of causes. They justly consider that over-production which is really based on capital is not likely to occasion weighty or permanent inconvenience to a country where free trade has fair play. The evils arising from an undue extension of the credit system must cure themselves ; but they appear to entertain the very reasonable belief, that the period of time required for that purpose must be an interval of suffering, and they apprehend that this is the very ordeal through which the country has been passing.

It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the great commercial policy adopted by the present government, to accord to them that full measure of approbation and confidence to which they are so pre-eminently entitled, to discover the importance and extent of the advantages we may reasonably and justly expect to reap from their talented and enlightened administration, without also taking into consideration the happy results of their foreign and financial policy. These we may take a future opportunity of examining in detail.

It is impossible to forget the melancholy position in which they found almost every interest, foreign and domestic, at the



period of their accession to office. The finances of the country were in a state of miserable depression,—the budget of the Whig minister exhibiting a lamentable deficiency; all the various branches of manufacture were in the course of gradual decay. The foreign markets were excluding or declining to purchase our productions; the home markets were languishing from the general want of employment. There were wars impending with various nations, and wars actually in prosecution with others. In the north-west of India we were enacting a horrid and bloody tragedy. In China we were engaged in a questionable and sanguinary contest. France was arming against us; and America had been aroused into an attitude of defiance. All these cases involved the consideration of questions of great commercial, as well as of national policy. In some of our own colonies, Canada for instance, where there had been two rebellions, there existed wide-spread discontent. After a lapse of two years, what is the result? The present government have happily succeeded in establishing permanent peace with those powers with which we were at war, and also with those whom their predecessors had stirred up to the preparation of hostilities; they have pacified the disaffected colonies; they have established advantageous commercial treaties with other nations; they have set an example to the whole world by reducing the duties upon upwards of 700 articles of consumption, and by the introduction of a modified scale of duties upon corn; they have restored the national finances to a more satisfactory condition; and they have facilitated the means for a gradual and permanent revival of commerce. All these circumstances taken together afford the best evidence that could be desired of the claim which they possess upon the confidence and support of the country. If the evils under which the country has suffered, and is still in some measure suffering, have arisen, as it is generally alleged, from too great a pressure upon the springs of industry, from too severe a system of restrictions upon commerce, then the present government have done much more towards the removal of those sufferings than any previous administration. This has been fully and frankly admitted by their opponents, whose only complaint is that they have not gone far enough. They have removed restrictions both upon our imports and exports; one of the last acts of the last session being the removal of the remaining restrictions upon the exportation of machinery, an act calculated to be productive of the greatest advantage, not only to that especial branch of our industry, but to other trades connected with it, and to manufactures in general. It is an act, also, the passing of which will tend to remove the accusation and reproach on the part of France and Belgium, that while England was calling out for fair dealing and recipro-

city, she was herself keeping up a close monopoly by prohibiting the export of her machines. This measure, therefore, while it will remove any such ground of complaint, may induce a more speedy adoption, on the part of other nations towards England, of that liberal and enlightened commercial policy of which she has afforded them such a distinguished example. It is not the fault of the present government that the general trade of the country has not sprung up with that rapidity which the fervid imaginations of some parties had led them to expect. Had it been at this moment in a state of great prosperity after so recent an escape of the nation from the dangers and horrors of a general war, after such an extensive alteration of the tariff so recently made, and in the face of hostile tariffs enacted by other nations, the government would indeed have been entitled to the credit of having performed a miracle. They cannot, however, indulge such high pretensions. They have established peace—they have made great improvements in our commercial code—they have sown the seeds of gradual, and it is hoped, of permanent prosperity. The signs of this prosperity are already more or less manifest, and it becomes the inhabitants of the greatest commercial country in the world, instead of incessantly calling for change, to give a fair trial to the measures that have been passed, and to continue unabated that confidence in the bold and enlightened policy of Sir Robert Peel, which has enabled him, within so short a period, to effect improvements, and to complete negotiations, so signally calculated to advance the best interests and prosperity of the kingdom.

“The state of our trade,” said Sir Robert Peel at the close of the last session, “it must be confessed has been, and is depressed. I think this has arisen principally from, or as a consequence of, the last four unfortunate years, during which America has been in a hostile attitude to this country, or subject to the paralysing effect of derangements in finance, which still continue to depress her national energies. I have, however, confident expectations that the great financial measure of last year, aided by the operation of the tariff, will lay the foundation for the reparation of our finances. I trust the house will see that we have not forfeited by the course we have pursued since our accession to power, that confidence with which it has hitherto honoured us. Although we may have disappointed some of our friends and supporters, who anticipated that the agricultural interest would have been protected by still higher duties on corn imported into this country, I beg to remind them, that there was nothing said in or out of this house by me or by any of my colleagues, which would lead them to suppose that we would sacrifice the general interest to any such views. I trust that we have not lost the confidence reposed in us by our friends, and whilst we enjoy that, we are determined to apply ourselves actively to the duties of our deeply responsible situation, impressed with a due con-

viction that there is an energy and public spirit in this great country which, whatever may be the difficulties by which she is surrounded, will enable her to surmount them all, and place her in that proud situation amongst nations which she ought to maintain. No partial dissatisfaction, no partial disappointment, has alienated from us the approbation and confidence of our friends; and relying on that, we shall persevere in the discharge of our public duties."

ART. X.—*Canzone attributed to Dante, published by Permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.*

A MS. volume (3459) in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum contains a Canzone (consisting of eighty verses of eleven or seven syllables each intermixed), therein, and in the printed Catalogue ascribed to Dante Alighieri. The volume, which is in folio, and on paper, comprises, in addition to the whole of the Divine Comedy, a commentary subjoined to each canto, the well-known metrical Prologue of Dante's son Jacopo, and arguments to the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" in verse, and to the "Paradiso" in prose.—The whole is not very clearly written. It certainly escaped the attention of Foscolo, who, as appears from the list of Dante MSS. appended to the recent edition of his Commentary, had examined personally only two, the Mazzuchellian and the Roscoe.

Although the Harleian MS. above alluded to is referred in the Catalogue to the fifteenth century, the party who compiled it probably merely drew the inference from the date 1487 appearing on the fly leaf, at the end of the following memorandum, which is here copied verbatim from the original.

"Questo libro de pel amore de dio alluogo (here twelve words have been erased, the last two seem to be di Firenze) Bartolomeo de Giovanni torniaio el quale disse volea fusse per elemosina e per l' aia de dicto Giovanni suo padre e vole sia messo. s. uo. posto (about five more words are here also erased, the last seems to be detti) frati accio preghino dio per lui e per l' anima de dicto suo padre e dell altri suo pxri. E questo de a di 9 de Marzo 1487."

It would seem, then, that at the last mentioned date, the book had been given, for the good of the souls of the donor and his relatives, to some monastic institution in Florence. Now it is remarkable, that the ink in which the body of the volume is written is much fainter than that of the donation itself: the book is wormed, and not very legible. Upon referring to parties connected with the Museum, and conversant with the character of the old MSS., it was stated to the writer that the volume ought to be regarded as of the fourteenth, or at all events as not later than the beginning of the fifteenth, century; in other words, they referred it to some period within an hundred years of the death of Dante.

The book, as has been stated, contains a poem, entitled "Chanzone di Dante," commencing "Ghuai a chi nel tormento," and written, not, it is believed, in all respects in a very common metre.\* It is far

\* Quadrio, in his History of Poesy, furnishes no such precise form of the Canzone, although he carefully considers the four species—the Petrarchesque, Pindaric, the Canzoni a ballo, and the Anacreontic.

from being without poetical merit; conceived in a tone of rough energy, it contains almost in every line some allusion to public abuses, or to the bad usage which the writer had encountered. Far from possessing the elegance which characterizes the productions of Petrarch or Boccaccio—more nervous, yet less graceful than those of Cino da Pistoja—too artificial and too good for Antonio Pucci,—who could it be, that at that early period of Italian Literature contrived to convey in such forcible language his view of the disastrous state of public society, and to insinuate in such indignant terms the story of his private misfortunes? It is impossible to read and not regard it as the genuine effusion of one trusting and betrayed—a man of ardent feelings smarting acutely under the keen sense of wrong. It has all the earnestness of truth. The writer feels it hard to endure the injury, where he was entitled to look for far different recompense—"service and honour." He has suffered anguish, "tormento;" he has been compelled to bow to his bitterest foe; imperative reasons forbid him to detail his grounds of complaint, or to denounce its cause. He has confided his fortunes to others, and the trust has been betrayed. He has undergone a severe reverse of fortune, "from high to low:" he has constituted himself the servant of others, in the hope of obtaining "fruit," and finds in the end that he has made no advancement whatever towards his object. He has endeavoured to conciliate men of various moods and tempers, and he has been unsuccessful in the attempt. He has suffered rather for the faults of others, than his own. He has been treated unjustly by some ordinance, "legge." He is at once energetic, satirical, egotistic, unfortunate, vindictive, and religious. What Poet of that early epoch satisfies these various conditions? Let the poetry speak for itself. In the notes are given the various readings of Allacci and Ubaldini; in the text, the phraseology of the Harleian MS. is for the most part retained, corrected occasionally by the other copies. We have, however, omitted throughout the letter *h*, which Florentine transcribers of the early centuries thrust in indiscriminately after every *c* and *g* that had a hard sound; a practice which the lower classes of their countrymen retain in their pronunciation to the present day, to the no small disparagement of their beautiful dialect.

Guai<sup>1</sup> a chi nel tormento

Sua<sup>2</sup> non può spander voce,

E quando fuoco 'l cuoce,<sup>3</sup>

Gli<sup>4</sup> convien d'alegrezza<sup>5</sup> far sembianti.

Guai a chi nel suo lamento

Dir non può chi gli nuoce:<sup>6</sup>

E qual gli è più feroce<sup>7</sup>

Costretto è d'aggradir<sup>8</sup> se gli e<sup>9</sup> davanti.<sup>10</sup>

Guai a chi 'l ben di se in altrui comette:<sup>11</sup>

Chi non<sup>12</sup> certo di se vive languendo;

<sup>1</sup> Allacci.—Guay throughout.

<sup>2</sup> Harl. MS.—Suo.

<sup>3</sup> All.—seco il coze. Harl. MS.—il fuoco cuoce.

<sup>4</sup> All.—li.

<sup>5</sup> Harl. MS.—de lo grazzir.

<sup>6</sup> All.—che li noze.

<sup>7</sup> All.—feroze.

<sup>8</sup> Harl. MS.—digradar.

All.—di gradir. <sup>9</sup> Harl. MS.—soglia.

<sup>10</sup> All.—denanti.

<sup>11</sup> Ubald.—somette.

<sup>12</sup> Ubald.—Che l' uom.

Esso vento<sup>13</sup> temendo,  
 D' alto in bassezza<sup>14</sup> rimuta poi<sup>15</sup> stato.  
 Guai a chi servire altrui<sup>16</sup> si mette,  
 Chi cominci<sup>17</sup> amistà frutto chiedendo,<sup>18</sup>  
 Perché l' util fallendo<sup>19</sup>  
 Dimostra 'l fin il cominciar<sup>20</sup> vietato.<sup>21</sup>  
 Grave è, poter in pace<sup>22</sup>  
 Ingiuria<sup>23</sup> soffrire,<sup>24</sup>  
 Da chi dovria venire  
 Per merito servir ed onorare.  
 Grave all' uomo<sup>25</sup> verace,  
 Repression del fallire<sup>26</sup>  
 D' altrui forse partire;  
 La virtù coli vizij dimorare.<sup>27</sup>  
 Grave, star innocente tra<sup>28</sup> corrotti,<sup>29</sup>  
 Fa lunga usanza debil il costante,  
 Non arà<sup>30</sup> virtù tante,  
 Che non inciampi se non gl' abandoni.<sup>31</sup>  
 Grave all' uom poter piacer a tutti,  
 Perché a ciascun piace dissomigliante  
 E presso è scordante,  
 Ma soprattutto all' usanza de' buoni.<sup>32</sup>  
 Folle, chi si diletta,  
 Ed a diservir<sup>33</sup> prende;  
 Uom,<sup>34</sup> chi non si difende,  
 Perché fortuna toglia<sup>35</sup> e da potere,  
 Folle è, chi non aspetta  
 Prezzo,<sup>36</sup> di quel che vende;  
 Così,<sup>37</sup> chi l' altro offende,  
 Aspetta dallui<sup>38</sup> guidardone avere.  
 Folle, chi è si compreso<sup>39</sup> d' arroganza,<sup>40</sup>  
 O chi di se presume valor tanto,<sup>41</sup>  
 Che fa del piacer<sup>42</sup> canto,  
 Perché uom ch' inciampa talor non dicade.<sup>43</sup>

<sup>13</sup> All. and Ubald.—E sovente.<sup>14</sup> All.—basezza.<sup>15</sup> All. and Ubald.—ritorna suo.<sup>16</sup> All.—alcun.<sup>17</sup> All.—comenzi.<sup>18</sup> All. and Ubald.—cherendo.<sup>19</sup> All.—L' utel falendo.<sup>20</sup> All.—el comenar.<sup>21</sup> Ubald.—viziato.<sup>22</sup> All.—en paze.<sup>23</sup> All.—Enzuria.<sup>24</sup> Harl. MS.—sostenere.<sup>25</sup> Ubald.—buon.<sup>26</sup> All. and Ubald.—se 'l fallire.<sup>27</sup> All.—d' altrui fa in se perire

La virtù e con vicij a dimorare.

Ubaldini reads the same, only "Le virtudi," instead of "La virtù."

<sup>28</sup> All.—entra. Ubald.—intra.<sup>29</sup> All.—corrotti.<sup>30</sup> All.—auray. Ubald.—avrai.<sup>31</sup> All. and Ubald.—Che sol non sie se tu lor abandoni.<sup>32</sup> All.—Perche à ciascun suo plaze somigliante

Cusi leve e pesante

Son differenti. Plaze dunque ag boni.

Ubald.—Perche a ciascun suo piace somigliante

Cosi e lieve il pesante

Se differenti piace dunque a buoni.

<sup>33</sup> Harl. MS.—servire.<sup>34</sup> All.—om.<sup>35</sup> All.—tolle. Ubald.—tole.<sup>36</sup> All.—prezzo.<sup>37</sup> All.—cusi.<sup>38</sup> All. and Ubald.—Di quel che fa dee.<sup>39</sup> Harl. MS. omits the "si." All. reads "chi compreso è."<sup>40</sup> Harl. MS.—daro ghanza.<sup>41</sup> Harl. MS.—prosuma valer tanto. All.—the same, only "presume" instead of "prosuma."<sup>42</sup> All.—pianzer.<sup>43</sup> All.—Perch' omo encappa

tal or e non cade. Ubald.—the same, except "inciampa," for "encappa."

Folle, chi cher<sup>44</sup> d' offesa perdonanza,  
 E mentre<sup>45</sup> offende con celato manto,  
 Perchè l' offeso alquanto,  
 Dimostri<sup>46</sup> non veder chi dietro<sup>47</sup> 'l trade.  
 Saggio, chi ben<sup>48</sup> misura  
 La sua<sup>49</sup> operazione:<sup>50</sup>  
 E 'nnanzi le prepone,<sup>51</sup>  
 Esempio fa, com' uom<sup>52</sup> ricevitor.  
 Saggio, chi si<sup>53</sup> procura  
 Viver<sup>54</sup> ogni stagione,<sup>55</sup>  
 In modo che ragione  
 Vinca 'l voler, e quei<sup>56</sup> ne va col fiore.  
 Saggio, chi l' uom<sup>57</sup> non giudica<sup>58</sup> per veste,<sup>59</sup>  
 Ma per lo far che 'n lui si sente e vede;  
 Saper<sup>60</sup> talor si rede,<sup>61</sup>  
 Per apparenza tal<sup>62</sup> che dentro è vano.  
 Saggio, l' uom circondato<sup>63</sup> da tempeste,<sup>64</sup>  
 Quel che scampar non può, pure 'n Dio crede,<sup>65</sup>  
 Avendo sempre fede,  
 Che doppo 'l moto<sup>66</sup> può trovare 'l piano.<sup>67</sup>  
 Guai, poichè il<sup>68</sup> mio danno  
 Dir non m' è conceduto;  
 Perchè oggi<sup>69</sup> è vil tenuto,  
 Schivando i vizij,<sup>70</sup> 'l animo<sup>71</sup> gentile.<sup>72</sup>  
 Grave m' è per inganno;<sup>73</sup>  
 Trovandomi traduto,  
 Convenirmi star muto,  
 Richiede<sup>74</sup> 'l ver talor segreto stile.  
 Folle fui, quando in falsi<sup>75</sup> mi comissi,  
 Chi vuol fuggir malvagi<sup>76</sup> vive solo:  
 Padre inganna<sup>77</sup> figliuolo;  
 Chi non<sup>78</sup> si fida via miglior<sup>79</sup> elegge:  
 Saggio<sup>80</sup> non son, ma quel ch' altrui promissi  
 Sempr' ho servato,<sup>81</sup> e dico nullo dolo.<sup>82</sup>  
 Vorrei servare ruolo:<sup>83</sup>  
 Dio tratti altrui per qual me<sup>84</sup> tratta legge.

<sup>44</sup> Harl. MS.—chiede.<sup>45</sup> Harl. MS.—Esso più.<sup>46</sup> All.—Dimostri.<sup>47</sup> All.—drieto.<sup>48</sup> Harl. MS. inserts a "si."<sup>49</sup> Harl. MS. has "In ogni op."<sup>50</sup> All.—operazione.<sup>51</sup> All.—E sempre a se prepone. Ubald.—the same, only he reads "propone."<sup>52</sup> All. and Ubald.—Se mentre fa come ricevitor.<sup>53</sup> All.—e l' om che. Ubald.—the same.<sup>54</sup> Harl. MS.—A viver.<sup>55</sup> All.—atasone.<sup>56</sup> All.—quel.<sup>57</sup> All.—l' om.<sup>58</sup> All.—zudicha.<sup>59</sup> All. and Ubald.—vesta.<sup>60</sup> All. and Ubald.—saver.<sup>61</sup> All. and Ubald.—crede.<sup>62</sup> All.—en tal.<sup>63</sup> All.—l' om circondato. Ubald.—circondato.<sup>64</sup> All. and Ubald.—tempesta.<sup>65</sup> All.—se en don concede. Ubald. omits the "en."<sup>66</sup> All.—doppo monte. Ubald.—dopo morte.<sup>67</sup> Ubald.—trovarlo piano.<sup>68</sup> Harl. MS.—Guai che pocho mio. All.—Guai o poichè.<sup>69</sup> All.—ozi.<sup>70</sup> All.—vicij.<sup>71</sup> All.—anemo.<sup>72</sup> All.—zentile.<sup>73</sup> All.—enganno.<sup>74</sup> All.—Rechere.<sup>75</sup> Ubald.—in fals uom. All.—en fals om.<sup>76</sup> All.—malvasi. Ubald.—malvaggi.<sup>77</sup> All. and Harl. MS.—enganna el.<sup>78</sup> All.—men.<sup>79</sup> Harl. MS.—viemiglioro.<sup>80</sup> Ubald.—Saggio uom.<sup>81</sup> All.—sempre servay. Ubald.—osservai.<sup>82</sup> All.—e di zo nullo o dolo. Ubald.—e dico nullo dolo.<sup>83</sup> All.—Vorey posare e volo. Ubald. reads "vorrei," instead of "vorey."<sup>84</sup> All. and Ubald.—mi.

## I.

*Woe* to the man, by torture bow'd,  
 Forbid to speak his grief aloud ;  
 Who in the furnace must the while  
 Smooth his wrung features to the smile !  
*Woe* to the man whose agony  
 Must leave unnamed his enemy ;  
 Compell'd before his fellest foe  
 His haughty, humbled frame to bow !  
*Woe—Woe* to him, the wretch who hath  
 Set his whole weal on others' faith ;  
 Fearing each wind, without a hope  
 To see defined his being's scope,  
 He falleth from his high estate  
 Low in the dust disconsolate !  
*Woe* to the slave, the voluntary slave,  
 Who friendship forming straight the fruit would crave.  
 By specious views of interest led astray,  
 He finds too late his labour thrown away.

## II.

*Hard* 'tis to brook the injury  
 Whence honour and respect should be.  
*Hard* too, to upright mind, to rue  
 The just rebuke, the censure true, }  
 To faults perchance of others due. }  
*Hard* with the vicious to remain,  
 And yet your innocence retain ;  
 For use will weaken constancy, }  
 Vain e'en on virtue to rely, }  
 Best to abandon them and fly ! }  
*Hard 'tis*, but oh ! most chiefly to the good,  
 To please of different men the various mood.  
 Discord ensues ; and lo ! your plans are cross'd,  
 Your hopes confounded and your labour lost.

## III.

*Fool* he whose longings pleasure crave,  
 Who constitutes himself its slave ;  
 Who right defends not, since the sway  
 Fortune can give or take away.  
*Fool*, who, unpaid the price, would fain  
 From him who sells his purpose gain ;  
 Or who expects offended foe  
 Guerdon will yield, and not the blow.  
*Fool* he, the arrogant and vain,  
 Pleased his own merits to maintain,  
 Who throws a scornful glance on all,  
 And deems who trips must always fall.  
*Fool* too, who, when the injurious act is o'er,  
 Would pardon ask, and so offend still more ;  
 Nor know that where no grievous harm is done,  
 The wrong'd one rather would not see the wrong.

## IV.

*Wise* he who always in his need  
 Measures his strength before the deed ;  
 So doth the clerk, with caution meet,  
 First check the account, then give receipt.

*Wise* he who steels his soul to dare  
 The ills the changing seasons bear,  
 And subjects unto reason's pow'r  
 Passion that fadeth with the flow'r.  
*Wise*, who would not by garments scan,  
 But value by his acts the man ;  
 Who can by outward show see plain  
 The mind how shallow and how vain.  
*Wise*, who, in peril when the wild winds rave,  
 And the loud ocean threatens the wat'ry grave, }  
 And when no mortal strength avails to save,  
 Still firmly trusts in God without alarm,  
 That to the tempest shall succeed the calm.

## V.

*Woe—Woe*, that lightest breath may ne'er  
 My cruel nameless wrong declare ;  
 All gentle worth, of vice the foe,  
 Now in the dust is trampled low.  
*Hard* 'tis to find my trust betray'd,  
 Of others' treach'ry victim made ;  
 Tho' hush'd my voice, and mute my tongue,  
 Still " secret style " doth ask \* the wrong.  
*Fool, fool*, the false for friends to own ;  
 Who'd shun the bad, must dwell alone.  
 The father his own son deceives,  
 Safest his course who none believes.  
*Wise* I am not, but that my promise spoke,  
 No wily art I used, no faith I broke.  
 Still would I wish to tread the path I trod :  
 As law of *man* treats me, so treat thou others, God !

This Canzone, both in the ancient MS. volume and in the printed Harleian Catalogue, is ascribed to Dante, although it is not even mentioned in any printed edition of his works. The transcriber, whoever he was, inserted it in his volume, and entitled it " Canzone di Dante,"—influenced probably by its terse phraseology, its adoption of pithy epigrammatic and proverbial sayings, (the Comedy abounds with such,) its bitterness, its energy, its artificial construction, its strange mixture of vindictive and religious feeling, the remarkable line with which it concludes, and its accordance in many particulars with ascertained facts in the life of Dante. And if there are some allusions which do not, at the present day, appear to be so explicable,—and, indeed, the period which intervenes between Dante's ceasing to act with the Bianchi and his appearance in the character of a decided Ghibellin is very obscure to us,—still that probably was not so at the time when the MS. was transcribed. According to many biographers of Dante, he separated himself from the Bianchi about the year 1304 ; the cause assigned is the ill-will borne to him on account of his having dissuaded them from assembling their friends in the winter of that year,—the consequence being, that before the summer arrived they were dispersed and

\* " Richiede 'l ver," say all the texts, otherwise it might be suspected that the word ought to be read by the change of a single letter, ' richiade.'



the party broken up.\* To some period not long subsequent might have been referred the composition of the Canzone.

Still, notwithstanding the positive assertion of the transcriber of the ancient MS., and the acquiescence of the compiler of the Harleian Catalogue,—notwithstanding the intrinsic merit of the composition, and its occasional approximation to the Dantesque style, however true it may be of its author, that he too—

“ Was tutor'd into Poesy by wrong,  
And learnt in suffering what he taught in song,”—

the Canzone, nevertheless, is not the composition of him who has been aptly termed by an elegant writer of our own day,

“ Dell'ira gran maestro e del sorriso.”

It proceeded, however, from a contemporary of Dante, the Siennese, Bindo Bonichi, very few of whose productions have been printed—and those few, it is believed, are now rarely met with. His name is as little known; it is not to be found in the “*Bibliothèque Universelle*,” in Corniani, nor, it is believed, in Tiraboschi. His printed poems comprise thirteen Sonnets and five Canzoni: all the former, and three of the latter, are included in the “*Raccolta de' Poeti Antichi*,” published by the Cardinal Allacci at Naples, A.D. 1661, from MSS. in the libraries of the Vatican and the Barberini family. They had all of them been previously subjected to the careful consideration of various literati and learned Academies of the day. The MSS. were found to be written in the character of the age in which the different writers lived.

The Canzone in question had been previously published by Ubaldini in a volume containing some poems of Petrarch, and the “*Tesoretto*” of Brunetto Latini.

Both the printed copies differ from the Harleian MS. in dialect, in particular words—nay, sometimes in whole sentences. Allacci gives the poem in the Lombard, Ubaldini in the purer, the Harleian MS. in the coarser, dialect of Tuscany: still, in several instances, where there is a material discrepancy in the sense, the latter seems the preferable text.

Bindo Bonichi was buried in Sienna, A.D. 1337: some particulars respecting him are said to have been preserved by the earlier annotators on the “*Decameron*.” As to the merits of his writings, Ubaldini regards them as evincing a true vein of poetical feeling, as characterized by a nobility of thought; and concludes by remarking, that had Bonichi been as distinguished by propriety of diction as of sentiment, he would certainly be entitled to take his place not far from Petrarch. His Sonnets have, it is said, sustained less injury from the transcribers than his Canzoni, all of which have the same metrical arrangement,—one, as has been already observed, not very much used.

\* Opere, tom. VI. p. 702, in note. Florence ed. 1830—41.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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### ART. XI.—*Ancient Letter relative to the Accession of Queen Mary to the Crown of England.*

THE succession of Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., to the throne of England was, as we all know, vigorously contested. She was, however, at last acknowledged as the legitimate sovereign, and made her triumphant entry into London.

Every fresh document which serves to elucidate the events of that period must be of great interest. We have great pleasure in laying before the readers of the *Foreign and Colonial*, a literal translation of an original letter, lately found in the records of Flanders, and written from London to one of his friends at Bruges, by a person sent to England, and who was an eye witness of the passing events. This letter contains some particulars not to be found in our historians.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Praised be the Lord, for having delivered the good Lady Mary from the hands of tyrants, more cruel than Holofernes. Now the danger is passed, we may write freely and give you some account of our journey, which is rather curious.

"Having arrived in London on the fourth of July, at the house of the Ambassador, we went the next day to pay a visit to the members of the King's council. His Majesty had rendered up his soul to God on the Thursday, the day of the arrival of the envoys extraordinary.

"We remained until Saturday, without finding a lodging, and during this interval we were able to convince ourselves of the favorable manner in which the envoys extraordinary were received.

"The King's death was kept secret until Monday the tenth of the month; during this time the Duke of Northumberland received the oaths of the lord mayor and of the other principal personages of the town of London, whom he had successively sent for. He had also, from the first, commanded that all artillery and the ammunition necessary for the towns and fortresses in the country, should be in readiness for war; and that all the gold and silver, and treasure that could be found, should be collected, even the shrines out of the churches, and put into his hands, and there was no one to prevent his doing as he liked. The old servants of the Crown were dismissed, and others put in their place, so that no one should throw any obstacles in the way of the enterprise which he meditated. He thought, fool that he was, that he was sure of matters, and had also seized on the Tower of London. On the tenth of July he made the King's death public, and at the same time Jane of Suffolk, wife to one of his sons to whom she had only been married two months, was proclaimed by him Queen; and Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of King Henry VIII. and sisters to the late King, were declared bastards and unworthy of the Crown. This audacious proclamation was sent to us. No one cried 'God save the Queen!' but the crier and the herald; and soon afterwards there were tears and lamentations on every side. There was such sorrow and desolation amongst the English people, that I swear by my faith it would be impossible for me to describe it. The population remained in this state until the 19th. The Duke seeing this ordered the drums

to be beat, to assemble the troops ; and wishing to raise money he found great difficulty in obtaining any.

" Giving orders to the King's guards and pensioners to follow him, he went, about twelve, to take the Princess and rightful Queen Mary, determined to bring her by foul or fair means, dead or alive. He slept that night at Ware, about twenty miles from London. But God did not suffer harm to come to her whom he had preserved during thirty-nine years for the restoration of the country. Mary left her house of *Menane*? twenty-eight miles from London, having only with her six hundred florins in silver. She went, without stopping, to the Castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk, where she was well received, and gained courage. The whole country, nobles and peasants, immediately assembled. One town brought her a thousand pounds and provisions. She met on her journey a cart loaded with chalices and other church ornaments, which the Duke had ordered to be sent to London. The Princess commanded them to be sent back, saying that the goods of the church must remain in the church. In a short time the whole country was in arms, and from the 10th to the 19th there were more than 30,000 men on foot. Mary presented herself in the midst of them and said, that if her life would satisfy her enemies, she would willingly give it up ; but she was convinced that their vengeance would extend further, which gave her great sorrow. Every-body swore to live and die in her service, and cried, ' God save Queen Mary ! '

" We left the Duke at Ware, which he quitted the next day, and was much astonished when he found what despatch the Princess had used. He slept at Cambridge ; from thence he went to Newmarket and then to Bury, where he waited for his other accomplices who had promised to meet him there, but failed in so doing, and turned their backs on him and deserted him. To fill up the catalogue of evils the Lord Admiral Grey, and some other Lords who accompanied him, went off one morning with their followers and left him to join the Queen, who received them into favour. At the same time six great men of war, armed by the Duke, arrived near Framlingham, where, while they lay at anchor, their crews heard the shouts of the people for the Queen and against the Duke, on which their officers gave orders to put out to sea ; but the crews refused to obey, and taking their officers and shutting them up in the hold of the ship, they sent about 600 pieces of cannon on shore with ammunition, and went over to the Queen's side who received them friendly. The Duke thus abandoned by his followers, found himself alone at Bury with his guards, who seeing that there was no longer any hope, began to say that the Duke was the cause of all their disasters, and that they would revenge themselves on him. They executed this threat, and gave him up to the Queen's minister, who left him in the charge of the Mayor of Cambridge, just as the Duke was preparing to go and join his army in London. The council declared Madam Mary, Queen ; and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir MASSOMPIUS (?) were sent to announce to her this news. As soon as the proclamation was made public, declaring the Lady Mary, Queen of England, I can no more describe to you the rejoicings, the illuminations, the banqueting which took place in London, than I can tell you the hour of my death ; and although I have seen everything and have been present everywhere, still it all appears to me incredible. This proclamation took place at London on the 19th of July. On the 20th of the same month the Duke was made prisoner, and brought to London by order of the Queen, and with him the Earl of Warwick, the Lords Ambrose and Henry Dudley, Lord Andrew Dudley, brother to the Duke, the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir John Cheke, Captain of the late King's guard, Sir Thomas Palmer, Dr. Sandys Vice-chamberlain of Cambridge ; they were led through the town to the tower in great shame, for the women and children cried out ' There go the wicked men and traitors ! ' On the 26th Lord Edward Montague and the Lord Chamberlain were made prisoners, on the 27th the Marquess of Northampton, the Bishop of London (Ridley), who had publicly preached at St. Paul's, that the Queen was a bastard, Robert Dudley and Sir Richard Corbet ; on the 28th the Duke of Suffolk and Sir John Cheke. On the 31st Lord Guilford Dudley and Lady Jane Dudley, who was Queen for ten days, were sent to prison. In the mean time the Queen retired to her old house at *Menane*, where she sent for

my lords the ambassadors to come to her as soon as possible. They set off, and I accompanied them; we were more than 80 all on horse back, and almost all of us dressed in velvet. We started on Friday at two o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at *Menane* at twelve at night, where the Queen was waiting for them, and conversed with them for a long time; and at one o'clock at night the lords were all lodged in the house. At three o'clock on Saturday the lords had a solemn audience to declare the object of their mission. The Lords Arundel and Shrewsbury, as well as my Lord Paget, came to fetch them. The latter is in greater favour than ever. The Queen answered the envoys in person. On the Monday following they returned to London. The Queen also left her house to make her solemn entry. She arrived with great pomp and triumph on Thursday the 3rd of August, all the lords walked three and three in good order before her. The Spanish envoys of the Low Countries also entered London, each accompanied by one of the lords of the council. The Earl of Arundel bore the sword of state before her Majesty. The Queen wore a crimson velvet dress with long sleeves; her horse was covered with the same colour, and his caparisons were enriched with gold, embroidery, and precious stones. Some said that there were more than 8000 horses at this same entry. I followed close behind her Majesty and Lady Elizabeth her sister, then followed such a great number of Duchesses, Countesses, Marchionesses, ladies, and young girls, that I counted at least a hundred and sixty. All the Tower guns began to fire as soon as the Queen entered Aldgate, and continued until she was near the Tower, which is about half a Flemish league distant. There was an amazing crowd of people who all cried—'Long live Queen Mary!' Her Majesty entered the Tower and took possession of the crown, released from prison and restored to his wife the old Duke of Norfolk; she also released Lord Courtenay, the last of the White Rose, (who had been confined there from the age of 12 years to 28,) and the good Bishop of Winchester. On Saturday we went to her Majesty in the Tower, and the Bishop of Winchester came forward to meet my lords, the envoys, and there was great joy and embracings between them. We met there Courtenay and his mother. Her Majesty has always kept up her private chapel in its ancient state, with the crucifix and images; and we saw many people in the church on their knees before the crucifix. As to the day of the coronation nothing is yet known, and I think that we shall have good leisure to write about what is going on. Concerning the rumour spread abroad on the death of the late King, they say that he was poisoned by the Duke and the Ambassador of France. It is certain that no one was allowed to see him during his illness. They speak so strangely about it that I do not know what to think. The said Duke had informed the Lady Mary a short time before the catastrophe, that the King could not live, and that he would himself place the crown on her head, nevertheless she could not see the King. The Duke acted thus in order to deceive her, but he was himself deceived. I saw yesterday the prison in the Tower where he is confined, and there is no danger of his making his escape. By the Queen's invitation, the envoys of Flanders, on their return to London, were lodged at her Palace of St. James. London, 1553."

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ART. XII.—*Faust, A Tragedy*. Part the Second. Rendered from the German of Goethe. By Archer Gurney. London. Senior. (D. Nutt.)

IN the November Number of the *Westminster* for 1842 was inserted a most abusive critique on a version of the Second Part of *Faust*, by Mr. A. Gurney, which had recently made its appearance. The most unmeasured terms of reproach were showered on the translator's devoted head in this article, and a tone of most unkindly abusiveness towards a young author was adopted, which would of itself have gone some way in inducing us to take up the cudgels in his behalf; espe-

cially when we called to mind the enormous difficulties which must necessarily have attended the rendering into any language of that stupendous production of the human mind—the Second Part of Faust. The *Westminster*, indeed, commenced the critique to which we are now alluding with the following observations:—

“Faust is the work which the student of German first reads, first translates, and last understands. To render it into any language would be impossible—to give the faintest image of it would require immense labour, backed by great acquirements. But the Second Part of Faust, though quite equal to the First in its way, is still more opposed to a translation, from its enigmatical, symbolical, and allusive nature, no less than from the exquisite witchery of its expressions.”

Now, this being the case, it was obvious that great allowances should be made for the shortcomings in any translation of such a work, particularly in one in which the metres of the original were closely followed, and the rhymes throughout retained. But the *Westminster* Critic did not rest content with general denunciations of Mr. Gurney's incompetence, but proceeded to give what were meant to be specific proofs of the grammatical ignorance of the translator of that language from which he had undertaken to translate. Now, in perusing these supposed proofs of Mr. Gurney's incompetence, we were somewhat astonished to find that the reviewer had himself made the most grievous mistakes, and betrayed his own profound ignorance of the German tongue. Mr. Gurney's version, on the contrary, we found to be a somewhat free, indeed, but in the main a correct translation of the original. Under these circumstances, we resolved to expose the ignorance which had adopted this acrimoniously condemnatory tone, in speaking of one who was evidently a much better German scholar than the critic who attempted to hold him up to ridicule. We therefore devoted a short article in our Review to a notice of the *Westminster's* blunders, and felt some satisfaction, we admit, in applying the rod. In the *Westminster's* May Number for this year, there has, however, appeared another short article, in which the critic has attempted to vindicate himself, and to expose us as supremely ridiculous in endeavouring to defend such a “very faulty version.” In this article the *Westminster* Reviewer has tried to shield himself under the authority of Mr. Hayward; and as he does not yet appear sufficiently humbled, we think it advisable to show clearly, that that gentleman, instead of supporting, confutes his errors,—and thus to take away from him the last shadow of right in a matter in which he is so flagrantly and so wonderfully in the wrong. Before we do this, however, we would advert to a notice or criticism of Gurney's Second Part of Faust, which now lies before us, in one of the most respectable critical journals of Germany, the *Leipsic “Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.”* This criticism extends through two Numbers of that Journal, and fills nearly five columns. Some portions of this we must quote, that the reader may be enabled to judge in how far it bears out the recorded opinions of the *Westminster* on this subject. The latter, be it remembered, in an article which only filled two pages, declared that Mr. Gurney

"was liable to the charge of perpetual misconception; that his poem was the most tedious the reviewer had ever met with, and as unlike Goethe as Mr. Gurney could well have made it had he directed his faculties that way;—that the adornments with which Mr. Gurney had beautified his work were worse than insipid;—that they were ludicrously absurd, because they were quite opposed to Goethe's style;—that a few months' lessons in German would improve his knowledge of the meaning, but that nothing could make him a translator," &c. These, and similar remarks, with such epithets applied to the renderings of various passages as lame, trivial, milk and water, &c., were very plentiful in this notice of two pages; and, finally, the critic wound up as follows:—

"It is really a pity that ever such labour should be thrown away in propagating a version like the present of so great a work as the *Faust*, because there are too many English readers ready to save themselves the trouble of reading the original, or of pronouncing on a distortion like the present as if it were the original. To Mr. Gurney himself we would recommend more serious preparation the next time he undertakes any work, with a more rigid interrogation of his own fitness for accomplishing it."

Of course, when so high and mighty an authority as the *Westminster* has delivered its sentence of condemnation, we could not think of opposing our insignificant opinion to its magniloquent "*ipse dixit*;" but fortunately for Mr. Gurney we are enabled to call another witness to the bar, whose evidence is more likely to benefit him than our own could do. Thus speaks the *Leipsic Literary Journal*, for June 6th and 7th, 1843, of Gurney's *Faust*, Part Second:—

"The admirable critical translator of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust*, A. Hayward, says, in the Preface to one of his last editions, that he advises English people, from reverence for the First Part, not to read the Second at all, because the former was so fully and fearfully completed by Margaret's dungeon scene, that the sequel, moving as it does in the vague realm of dreams and ideas, could only weaken the effect produced. Since then at least three translations of the Second Part have followed the ten or twelve translations of the First. We were not able to convince ourselves that Hayward was wrong, from the specimens of the former attempted versions which we have had an opportunity of seeing. How should an Englishman be able to thread the fantastically labyrinthine course of the philosophising ancient bard, where the German himself has so much difficulty in following him over those heights and depths, and into those singular caves and ravines, through all of which the poet has wandered, led, as it would at first appear, by the most capricious fancy. A young Englishman, Archer Gurney, who, as we hear, has spent a long time in Germany, and made himself acquainted, in Weimar and other places, with German habits and customs, and German ways of thinking, has now ventured—completely, and in rhymed verses—not to translate, but to render into English, the Second Part of *Faust*. We read in truth this rendering with ever-waxing astonishment, wondering how it should be possible for an Englishman to make that clear to the practical British nation, which has remained mysterious to the ideological Germans. 'Wonderful!' we again exclaim: 'this Englishman has succeeded in making that firm, which even for us was unsolid, and in giving that which charmed us from its mystery an equally charming lucidity. And still more wonderful! he has a poet's mind, and a fanciful and truly poetical diction; and he has known so well how to employ this, that we Germans, too, follow with pleasure his flowing and melodious verses, which make many things clearly evident that the original has left half indistinct. In one word, this English version reads more agreeably, more freshly, more flowingly,

more clearly, than many of the enigmatical and mysteriously abstract verses of Goethe. It could not be said of the First Part, that any one translation had at all equalled the original in naïve power of expression. Here, too, many of our readers may be horrified by our bold assertion, and exclaim, that this Englishman must have smeared the lime from his rough trowel over the beautiful hieroglyphs of the original. Perhaps, here and there; but now no hieroglyphs are left: the beholder sees nought but what is equally clear and beautiful.'—'We have then a free translation before us,—free in the true sense of the word,—in which the translator becomes a poet again for his own nation.'—'How admirably and characteristically, however, Mr. Gurney can *translate*, let the following passage, in a lighter vein, demonstrate.'—'It would not be difficult to quote almost numberless lyric and drastic passages from this work, and others from the dialogues—passages distinguished by that union of reflective and conversational power which is only to be found in Faust—all of which are rendered in their full power and freshness by the translator. How rich is the English language in expressions for outward and material objects! When our German mother tongue is in danger of losing herself in abstractions, it is from her English child that she may ever draw fresh life and vigour; therefore, as many a German has no doubt read for his instruction Hayward's translation of the First Part, (its short practical notes should be translated into German,) so might many a German study with advantage this rendering into the true English vernacular—this Anglicisation of Faust, Part Second, by Gurney,—if not in order to gather critical instruction, at least to widen his range of thought. Most remarkable examples will be found here of the differences betwixt these two so nearly connected nations.'—'Finally, most worthy of observation are the artifices, by means of which the English translator has avoided, with much tact and knowledge of what he was about, the introduction of those repulsive images and sensual allusions, which an English ear could not well bear to hear, and yet has managed to do this in such a manner that he cannot be reproached with having translated incorrectly.'"

Perhaps some of our readers may be inclined to think that this critique must err as widely on the side of praise as the notice of the *Westminster* on that of blame. At all events, the German Journal tells a very different tale from the English publication. We shall give our readers a few extracts from the work in question before we conclude, which will enable them to decide for themselves which of these rival critics has come nearest to the truth in his appreciation of the merits of Mr. Gurney's work. But, in the first place, we must crave our readers' patience whilst we show the mingled ignorance and presumption of him of the *Westminster*, and so enable the public to form an estimate of his means of pronouncing an authoritative sentence on such a subject. We devote so much space to the matter, because we think it highly desirable that such flagrant incapacity, when combined with such seeming critical authority, should be fully exposed—1st, for the sake of other future deserving writers who may share Mr. Gurney's fate; and 2dly, for that of the public at large, who are liable to be imposed upon by such self-sufficient effrontery, even when combined with the most deplorable critical ignorance. We need not say that we are not now about to speak of the *Westminster* Critic's opinions of the poetical merits or demerits of Mr. Gurney's version. On this subject we have, for the present, nothing more to say. The grammatical knowledge or ignorance of German of Mr. Gurney and the reviewer is the question here at issue. In our former short article on this subject we exposed many of the critic's ludicrous mistakes—amongst others, his rendering of the German word "*Alle*," by "*all things*." We then

told him that "Alle" was never employed like the Latin "omnia" in this sense; but that, on the contrary, it was used with reference to some substantive, which either went before, or followed soon after it. We may add, that it sometimes stands for all persons, as in "Alle lieben ihn"—but never, for all things. A most violent attack had been made by the critic on Mr. Gurney's reading of the first two lines of Faust:—

"Wenn der Blüten Frühlings Regen  
Über Alle schwebend sinkt;"

which was:—"When the blossoms' Spring rain sinks over all of them." In this reading the Spring rain was supposed to be designated flowers' rain, or rain of the flowers, from its power of engendering and vivifying the blossoms. We asserted that this reading was perfectly grammatical, and expressed our dislike to that of the *Westminster Reviewer's*, which was "When the Spring shower of blossoms over all things hovering sinks." What we especially complained of was this severe critic's rendering the word "Alle," in a translation purporting to be correctness itself, by "all things." We will admit that the mere words, "Blüthen Frühlings Regen," may be rendered "rain of blossoms," as well as "rain of the blossoms," or "blossoms' rain;" but, despite Mr. Hayward's preference of the former, we consider the latter interpretation correct, from the position in which "Alle" is placed in the second line.\* But this is not the actual point at issue. The *Westminster Critic* has adduced Mr. Hayward and Mr. Bernays as authorities for his translation of the word "Alle" as "all things." The latter of these gentlemen, whom he rather absurdly brings forward as a son of the well-known German Professor, and himself an *Oxonian*,† has produced a translation of Faust, Part Second, in the metres of the original, but unrhymed. This is a highly creditable performance, and does not clash at all with Mr. Gurney's, purporting to give only a general idea of the poetical beauties of the original, but to produce a far closer version than any rhyming translator could possibly lay before his readers. However, in this matter Mr. Bernays has fallen into an error, he having really translated "Alle" as "all things;" but it must be remembered that he was writing in a peculiar metre, besides which he had not critically undertaken to expose the faults of another's translation in construing the passage, and might, therefore, easily fall into this mistake. We feel ourselves bound to add that Mr. Bernays is generally very correct in his readings, and has not often

\* Besides this, the German article "der" conveys, in this instance, the sense of "pertaining to the." Thus, if Goethe had meant to say "the shower of blossoms pertaining to —i. e. of—the Spring," he would have worded the sentence thus:—"Wenn des Frühlings Blüten Regen." Having, on the contrary, given the distinctive article to Blüten, he must have meant "the Spring showers pertaining to the blossoms."

† Had he said, "a Heidelbergian or a Göttingian," we should have understood the meaning of the assertion, but how a mere residence at Oxford can enable a man to be a better German scholar than his neighbours, we cannot for the life of us discover.



missed his author's meanings. And now for Mr. Hayward, whom the *Westminster* Critic has also summoned to the bar in this matter. He translates—"When the Spring shower of blossoms drops wavering over all, when the fields' green blessing smiles on all the earthborn." Now surely it is very evident here that the first "all" refers to persons. Otherwise Mr. Hayward would have added the word "things:" for it will be felt immediately on a perusal of the passage, by every English reader, that "all," when thus employed alone in English, is far more likely to signify all men than all things. Yet the *Westminster* Critic goes on to say, "If the reviewer," (meaning ourselves,) "after this, will persist in saying, that 'über Alle' does not mean 'overall things,' we envy him the profundity and accuracy of his knowledge of German." We have seen that Mr. Hayward translates "Alle," "all," and not "all things;" but even if he had fallen into the error of the *Westminster* Reviewer, that error would not cease to be one. Once more we repeat it, "all men love him," may be rendered by "Alle lieben ihn;" but to express all things, as in the sentence, "all things look up unto God," we cannot use "Alle," but only the neuter of the singular, "Alles." Again, the last four lines of the first stanza, chanted by the fairies in chorus, were most ludicrously translated by the *Westminster* Reviewer after the following fashion:—"Gently murmurs the sweet tranquillity, &c." We exposed the absurdity of this, assuring him that it was not tranquillity which murmured, but something else that went before, and that Frieden, the German word for this tranquillity, was in the accusative, and not the nominative case. The reviewer has quoted Mr. Hayward's version of the last four lines, leaving out that of the preceding four, from which it would have been seen that Mr. Hayward translates, twilight "gently murmurs sweet tranquillity, rocks the heart to childlike rest, &c." To give our readers a clear conception of this passage, we will quote this stanza from a more literal version of this scene which Mr. Gurney has forwarded to us.\* It will be seen that he has followed our advice in discarding his former perfectly grammatical but less poetical reading of this passage, which con-

\* It must be confessed that this first scene of Mr. Gurney's production is not as closely rendered as the rest of his work; and this he has himself satisfactorily accounted for in a communication which he has addressed to us, thanking us for our former defence of his cause, and inclosing the version above referred to. This scene, it appears, was translated by Mr. Gurney several years ago, before any of the rest of his work, and it was then corrected, and, in point of fact, remodelled with a view to greater metrical beauty, by his father, who did not himself understand German. Still Mr. Gurney says, that he liked his father's translation, as he calls it, so much, and considered it *so correct in all main matters*, that he could not prevail on himself to throw it away, when some years after he took up and completed the work. He adds, to prevent the possibility of misapprehension, that, with the exception of two lines in the second scene, there is no single passage in the rest of the work which has been corrected or at all altered by any other person than himself. This accounts for what we could not ourselves at first well understand—the difference betwixt the style and manner of the first scene, and all the ensuing ones. We may also observe, that the further Mr. Gurney went in his translation, the more literal he became, so that all but about the first half of the first act has been kept very close to the original.

strued the verb "lispelt" as the second person of the imperative addressed to the fairy sprites, "Ihr Elfen" being understood :—

"When the zephyrs, gently breathing,  
Hover o'er the verdant plain,  
Softest shades and mists enwreathing  
Summons Twilight in her train;  
Whispers low of peace to mortals,  
Rocks the heart in infant rest,  
And conceals the daylight's portals  
In the far and silent West."

Here the words in the original, "from the eyes of the tired one," are omitted at the conclusion—so the *Westminster* Reviewer will of course find fresh food for discontent. However, his mistakes remain not the less ludicrous from his own extreme critical severity; and, perhaps, in taking the accusative *Frieden* for the nominative, and translating "Gently murmurs *the* sweet tranquillity," he may be said to have surpassed himself. These are the two matters on which the *Westminster* Critic labours to exonerate himself from the charge of ignorance. *Alle*, he maintains, does mean all things, and tranquillity does murmur; i. e. *süssen Frieden* is in the nominative case. With respect to various other charges brought against him he shows no fight at all, with one solitary exception. He, in his much debated article, had so stopped a passage of Mr. Gurney's translation, as to render it absolute nonsense, and had then asked whether it was not nonsensical. For this we reproached him somewhat severely. In his reply, he attempts to justify himself on the score of an error in the printing, and inquires how we can excuse ourselves for having written *Dämmerung* with one m in our article, if we are so severe upon him for such a casual inaccuracy. Now we need scarcely point out the enormous difference betwixt the two cases. When a critic quotes a passage for the sake of exposing its absurdity, he is at least bound to quote it correctly—and no excuse can be tendered for such errors in printing as should make the passage altogether unintelligible. With respect to the word *Dämmerung*, the *Westminster* Critic's knowledge of German was probably not sufficiently practical for him to be aware that any person in the habit of writing that language would only draw a line above the first m to express the second in that word, thus —*Dǟmerung*. Of course the printer did not understand this, and the error was inadvertently allowed to remain. If, further, in the numerous notices to the article on Dante, the printer forget to do the same in Italian, we presume this is to be put down to our ignorance; but the public will not believe so readily the word of a *Westminster* Reviewer against scholars and gentlemen. But this attempt to turn the tables upon us, when the carelessness (to use the very mildest expression) of the offending critic is clearly so extremely reprehensible—this attempt, we say, would really excite our astonishment, if any thing on the part of that most remarkable reviewer could do so. On one subject, in which, for the preservation of his critical reputation, an answer would be more

especially needful, "the unfortunate" in question is altogether silent. We allude to his translation of "Unerhörtes hört sich nicht," (the Unheard of or Supernatural cannot be heard), as "the *Unheard hears itself* not." The pomposity with which our Westminster friend expounded the passage was vastly amusing, as well as the virtuous indignation with which he chafed at Mr. Gurney's version, who, avoiding this rather extraordinary Germanism, had simply said, "Sight is blinded, *hearing lost*." We observe, by the bye, that he is more literal in his new version of this scene, translating—

"List yon trumpets, elves astounded !  
Sight is blinded, hearing wounded,  
None the unearthly tones may hear."

And now, to adopt a more serious tone—is it not a great misfortune for literary men, that such self-sufficient and ignorant critics as he of the *Westminster* should be enabled to lord it over unfortunate authors, and to crush their budding hopes by his inexorable fiat of doom? Ignorance should at least be charitable; it requires charity itself, and what it needs it should bestow. In this case we have a young writer bringing his first production before the public, in modest monthly Numbers—a production which has probably cost him much labour, and which has merit enough to draw forth the most enthusiastic encomiums from German critics—for we see, from Mr. Gurney's advertisements, that the *Berlinese Magazine* has also most favourably noticed his work—we see this production, I say, brought forward by an author who has passed, as he has himself informed us, almost half his life in Germany; and yet he is told by a *Quarterly Critic*, who assumes a tone of the most arrogant superiority, that a few lessons in German would improve his knowledge of his author's meaning—that he is liable to the charge of perpetual misconception—that his poem is one of the most tedious the reviewer ever met with, and as unlike Goethe as it was possible to make it—and finally, that it was a "distortion," which ought never to have been brought before the public. And all this, remember, in an article in which the reviewer contrives to expose his own ignorance of German by half a dozen grammatical errors within the space of two pages. This is really stupendous. We shall now leave the delinquent reviewer to his, we trust, repentant meditations, entreating him to abandon all German subjects to some one or other of his coadjutors, and find out some field for himself in which he may be more at home. And now we must proceed to give our readers some extracts from Mr. Gurney's translation before we conclude these remarks, which have stretched to far beyond their intended length, but have not been entirely thrown away, if they have tended to expose one of those abuses, which are, alas! but too common in the critical world—the condemnation, namely, of deserving authors by critics who are utterly incapacitated, by their own ignorance, from forming any opinion, whether for good or for evil, on the subject of the particular works which these authors may have produced. One of the most flagrant instances of this occurs when a translator is violently

condemned, and declared to be ignorant of the language he is translating, by a man who knows very little about that language himself. But leaving this subject once for all, we shall now endeavour to give an example of Mr. Gurney's renderings of the various styles, both light and serious, which diversify this extraordinary work. And first, we will commence with the following comic but singular passage, in which the alliteration of the words in the original has been closely followed in the translation. It occurs in the midst of the Classical Walpurgis Night, or meeting of classic spectres on the plains of Pharsalia, in which Mephistopheles finds himself rather out of place, but still, being a devil who has seen the world, endeavours to adapt himself to existing circumstances, and thus courteously addresses the sphinxes and griffins around him :—

" Hail to the beauteous maids, the greybeards wise !

*Griffin (snarling).*

Not greybeard, Sir, but griffin. No relation

Betwixt those words, be sure, Sir. Words assume

The primal nature of their derivation :

Grey, grumbling, grating, groaning, grannam, groom—

Each odious sound our learned ears dismays ;

I hate your *grims* and *grums*, I hate your *greys*.

*Mephistopheles.*

Without the slightest wish to start a tiffin,

I must remark that *GRIF* forms part of *GRIFFIN*.

*Griffin (snarling as above, and so ever after).*

*Me*, Sir, your base suggestions cannot pain,

For ignorance was ever wisdom's bane.

Know, Griffin comes from Gripe. Oh, word sublime !

Revered in every age, 'neath every clime.

Know he on earth has loudest cause to boast,

Who grasps the foremost and who gripes the most."

We shall now pass to the Third Scene of the Third Act, the greater part of which, our readers will observe, is not rhymed. The passage we shall next quote is extremely beautiful in the original, and in a metre not easy to translate. A few explanatory observations will be needful to make what follows clearly intelligible. Faust, in this extraordinary work, is supposed to be united with Helen, and they are imagined to have dwelt for some time in a spacious cavern in Arcady with Phorcyas as their attendant, whilst Helen's maidens are slumbering at the mouth of the cavern. Phorcyas at last issues from it and awakes the sleepers. They start up and demand to know what things may have befallen their mistress whilst they were lost in their magic slumber. The ancient hag replies :—

*Phorcyas.*

" Harken, then ! In yonder caverns, yonder bowers and grottoes smiling,  
Home and shelter have been granted, as to some fond rural lovers,  
To our lord and fairest lady.

*Chorus.*

What ? Within there ?

*Phorcyas.*

Yes, divided

From the world, with me alone as faithful servant, dwelt they gladly.

Highly honoured stood I near them, but, as confidantes besee meth,  
Gazed I round for other pastime. Turned now here, now there in silence,  
Roots, and bark, and herbs collecting, each of health the source and fountain,  
And they thus remained alone.

*Chorus.*

Ha! thou speak'st as if within these subterranean worlds were lying,  
Woods and meadows, lakes and rivers—are thy legends false or true?

*Phorcys.*

True in sooth, ye giddy maidens! there lurk fathomless abysses,  
Halls and courts that never end them—lost in thought through these I passed.  
Of a sudden, mirthful laughter echoes through the cave's recesses;  
And behold! a boy of beauty to and fro is lightly springing  
From the mother to the father: and the greetings, the caresses,  
Eager love's delighted toyings, cries of joy and mirthful antics,  
They confused my wondering soul.  
He, a naked wingless genius, like a fawn without his wildness,  
Leaps upon the ground beneath him; but the ground with quick reaction  
Casts him upward to the ether, and thus twice, thus thrice rebounding,  
He the o'erarching vaults attains.  
Wildly anxious cries the mother—Spring and leap as best thou pleasest,  
But beware, beware, thou fly'st not; flight, my child, to thee's denied.  
And the loving father counsels:—In the earth that power resideth,  
Which impels thee upwards—let thy foot but touch the earth in passing,  
And, like famed Antæus, quickly thou shalt new won vigour gain.  
Thus then, springs he on the rock's o'erhanging brow, and o'er the chasm  
Leaps to yonder cliff beyond it, like a ball that flies through air.  
But, behold! within a fissure's gaping rent, he now hath vanished,  
And for ever lost appears he. Mother weeps, and father whispers  
Words of comfort—awe-struck stand I. But what sight again behold we?  
Lay concealed there wondrous treasures? Garments, all with flowers embroidered,  
He hath donned with graceful care.  
Ribbons round his arms are waving, fillets round his breast have turned them;  
In his hand the golden lyre, like a youthful Phœbus beaming,  
Steps he on the cliff above us, to the rocky edge; we wonder,  
And the parents all delighted, join in rapture's fond embrace.  
But what shines around his tresses? What may mean those beams of glory?  
Fall they from some golden circlet, or from genius' inward fire?  
Thus he moves in graceful measure, even as boy himself revealing,  
As the future Lord of Beauty, in whose light and youthful members  
Music seems to dwell and linger; and e'en thus shall ye behold him—  
Thus shall hear his voice of magic—gaze, and wonder, and admire."

At last Euphorion (who typifies Poetical Genius, and more especially Lord Byron) issues from the cavern with Faust and Helen, and a beautiful scene follows. Euphorion longs to soar on high, and is with difficulty restrained by his parents. (All this scene is supposed to be sung.)

*Helen and Faust.*

" Child of Love, child of Hope,  
Boy whom we cherish,  
Give not thy feelings scope,  
Or thou must perish!  
O'er yon vale's borders  
Mirthfully stray.

*Euphorion.*

But for your orders  
Here I delay."

And then he entwines himself amongst the chorus, and draws them into the dance, singing, as they move in ever-changing circles—

*Euphorion and Chorus.*

“ When, thou, thy arms so bright  
Softly entwinest ;  
When 'neath thy tresses' night  
Starlike thou shinest ;  
When thy light feet have past  
Over the earth so fast,  
Like zephyrs soft in air  
Speeding now here, now there ;  
Then is thy charms' spell cast  
O'er us, fair child !  
All the most cold and wild  
Love thee at last.”

But all is in vain. These delights cannot detain the fugitive. The trump of glory calls him from afar. He mounts on high and sees Greece in the distance, a field of war and strife. He feels himself bound to aid its inhabitants in their conflict with their oppressors, and soars ever higher in order to pass the mountains which surround the vale. Till now he has only sprung from cliff to cliff, but at last he feels wings expanding, and resolves to fly. Alas ! his temerity leads but to his ruin, and he falls dead at his parents' feet. We wished to quote the entire of the mourning dirge which follows—and which would be the more interesting to the English reader, from its evident allusion to Byron's fate—but this our space forbids. Here, however, is an extract :—

“ Born to cull earth's fairest blossoms,  
Sprung from sires who high held away,  
Thou, alas ! on falsest bosoms  
Casted'st youth and love away.  
Thine was eyesight keen and rarest,  
For each sorrow pity mild,  
Kindest love of woman fairest,  
And the song of genius wild.”

And here we must, at last, bring this article to a close, but without further apologizing for its length. All the hideous rudeness and repulsive ignorance exhibited in the *Westminster* arise from the fact that the Editor exercises no control over his attendant gnomes. We have heard that the present Editor is a very worthy cordwainer in Smith-field. If so, we entreat him to remember the adage, “ *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,” and then we promise him that he shall have the *last* from us.

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ART. XII.—*The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; written during the Conquest, and containing a Narrative of its Events. Now first translated from the original Spanish, by George Folum.*  
New York: Wiley & Putnam.

COLUMBUS, Cortes, and Pizarro—discoverer of the New World, the conquerors of Mexico and Peru! Before these names how puny look the moderns—for what a confidence in their mission do these men exhibit! Cortes always surprised and took captive our imagination, but these Despatches certainly are well calculated to place him equally high in our judgment. We shall first give a slight sketch of the history of the present Letters—next the early circumstances of the life of Cortes—and then proceed to the very extraordinary Epistles themselves. The translation before us is made from an edition of the Correspondence published by Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal Lorenzana, in Mexico, in 1770. The original editions, probably many—for the letters were published in Spain on their reception—have, we believe, all disappeared. Mr. Rich, the American bookseller, valued a copy of the original edition of the third letter, in his possession, given in the present translation, at ten guineas. Antonio de Solis, in 1684, confesses himself then indebted to an Italian translation for any knowledge of them. They were, however, republished in Spain, in 1749, in the “*Historiadores Primitivos*.” No trace of the first letter is extant. The second was printed at Seville, in 1522; the third in 1523; the fourth at Toledo, in 1525.

We now proceed to the circumstances attendant on the early life of the conqueror of Mexico. It is scarce necessary for us here to advert, having in a previous article done so, to the history of Columbus, or that mistake which led him to suppose that he should arrive at the Indies by a western route; one curious point of which prepossession may, however, be noticed—that he took with him several persons skilled in Arabic, to serve as interpreters in Mahometan countries. In 1502 and 1504 he examined the coast of Central America, from the Bay of Honduras to the Spanish Main. Cuba naturally became the point whence, from its proximity, future adventurers sallied forth, to realise the mighty ideal of Columbus, and to explore his world. The governor of Cuba at this time was Diego Velasquez; in 1518 he equipped an expedition of discovery. This expedition determined Yucatan to be a portion of the main land, and not, as it had been previously considered, an island. The rumoured success of this expedition, which then had not returned, led to the projection of a second, in which the choice of Velasquez fell on his brother-in-law, Hernando Cortes, as the fittest person to conduct it. Educated in Spain, at the University of Salamanca, Cortes had caught the spirit of the hour, and even preferred the New World as a theatre for action to the victorious

banner of Gonsalvo de Cordova. Receiving a small outfit, he joined his kinsman, Ovando, in St. Domingo; and when an expedition was fitted out for the conquest of Cuba, in 1511, accompanied it. Here, after the subjugation of the island, he met with a sister of Velasquez, and attained no small prosperity as an agriculturalist. Velasquez, however, became ultimately jealous of Cortes, but was unable to detain him from his projected expedition, or to damp his energies in its pursuit. The feeling of Cortes, in setting out on this expedition into Paynim Land, was precisely that entertained by the "preux chevaliers," in the times of the crusade. It was, he considered, his vocation to compel the Heathen to embrace Christianity. As for nice points of casuistry or theology—on these Cortes troubled not his brain, nor that of his converts. There is but one God and Saviour—Charles the Emperor is his best Catholic servant, and I am his subject, might form his short confession. The conversions of Cortes and Mahomet are not very dissimilar—for the sword was the instrument by which both proselyted to the crescent or the cross. True is it that Cortes proselyted to truth—Mahomet to error; but the judgment, whether of Indian or Arab, was probably as little called into question by the one as the other. Cortes set out with this motto:—"Friends, let us follow the banner of the cross; and, if we have faith in that standard, we shall conquer." With this, invoking St. Peter, his patron saint, he sailed, on the 18th of February, 1519. Nor did Cortes show himself, from first to last, other than a stout defender of what he understood to be Catholic principles. He certainly was the most daring Iconoclast that ever lived. Before him Knox dwindles into nothing—for he simply broke the images, when the people were convinced of their futility, and when he held a force strong enough to support him;—but Cortes, from first to last, from the first small island which he made, to Mexico, where he was beleaguered with millions, showed idolatry no quarter. It is true his saints, Virgin Mary and crucifixes, formed a species of "Revanche;" but he seems to have met this question always with unwincing earnestness. Yet when we consider the Indian wonderment at the fire-arms and the horses, we need not feel surprised if Cortes assume the ancient position occupied by a Bacchus or a Hercules. The simple people, hearing the horses neigh, inquired what it meant; being told that the animals were offended with them for fighting against them, they begged their horses' pardon, and gave them roses and Turkey hens to eat. It was at Vera Cruz that Cortes landed for his conquest, and singular to say, on a Good Friday.

His victory at Tabasco over the Indians was accompanied by the fortunate result of a deputation reaching him from another city, Cempoal, petitioning for his aid against the Mexican ruler, Mutezuma. Cortes immediately formed the grand idea of subjugating the Mexicans to the Spanish Government. Cempoal is described as containing 60,000 inhabitants, and the Spaniards called it a second Seville. The Cacique of this place complained bitterly of Mutezuma, and



raised the cupidity of the Spaniards by his descriptions of the magnificence of Mexico, the capital of Muteczuma. After settling the first Spanish Colony, Vera Cruz, Cortes set out on his expedition against that city. At Cempoal, Cortes, after admonishing the Cacique on his idolatry, and unsuccessfully, ordered his soldiers to enter the temples and demolish the idols. This was at first violently resisted, but Cortes having seized the Cacique himself, and four of the priests, compelled them to calm the insurgents, and then ordered the priests themselves to burn the broken idols. Thus did Cortes extinguish idolatry in Cempoal. From this point we follow the course of Cortes by the letters. From Cempoal he set out with 15 horse and 300 infantry to conquer Mexico. He left in Vera Cruz 150 men and 2 horses, and the whole province of Cempoal in perfect peace and security, containing 50,000 warriors, 50 towns and fortresses, all subjects of his Most Catholic Majesty Charles V. He had previously stranded his ships, and thereby cut off all hopes of retreat. Levying gold and provisions, "en route," Cortes wended his way. His first step into the enemy's quarters was at Sienchimalen, four days' journey from Cempoal. Here Cortes assured the Cacique that the Emperor possessed some knowledge of Muteczuma, as he writes the name of the Mexican ruler,—it was certainly a rather distant acquaintance,—and had ordered him to visit him purely to pay his respects to that sovereign.

In his route from this place he entered a mountain pass, where the smallest skill on the part of the Mexicans might have put an end to the whole force of Cortes. Three days of a desert route, and in an extremely cold region, led Cortes to a populous valley, the lord of which stoutly refused to contribute gold without permission of Muteczuma. Cortes left him, assuring him that he would receive instructions to that effect soon. After a delay of a few days in this region, he proceeded forward on his route, meeting with other caciques very differently disposed, and prepared to show him every attention. He had, by advice of the Cempoallans, sent forward messengers to Tascalteca; as they did not return, he set out for that province. After advancing four leagues he was attacked by the Indians in considerable force, but, as Cortes tells us himself, they were on horseback, and therefore charged with perfect safety to themselves. On one occasion they actually found themselves unexpectedly in the midst of 100,000 Indians, with whom they were engaged all day until sunset. Cortes had, however, 6 pieces of ordnance, 5 or 6 hand guns, 40 archers, 13 horsemen, and describes himself as suffering no other inconvenience than the labour and fatigue of fighting, and hunger. He had also 400 Indians from Cempoal, and 300 from another region. 149,000 men, however, attempted to force his camp, but after four hours' fighting drew off.

Fifty Indians came the next day under pretence of furnishing provisions, but really with the intention of spying the entrances into the camp. Cortes suspecting them, interrogated them closely, and on

discovering the facts from them, cut off their hands and sent them back to their leader. A night attack by the enemy was completely discomfited; but some distrust began to prevail among the troops of Cortes at their singular position among so numerous a people. Messages came at this period from various chiefs to entreat the aid of Cortes. He received them as subjects of the Emperor, and to him they remained faithful. Messengers soon afterwards arrived from Muteczuma himself, who, with a degree of pusillanimity wholly inconceivable, proffered submission to Cortes, and offered annual tribute; but requested not to be favoured with a visit from him. Cortes continued to augment in force until full 5,000 Indians were regularly engaged on his side.

Various deputations reached him, still advancing on Mexico, from Muteczuma, and on more than one occasion the Spaniards witnessed a singular ceremony. When the envoys were of high rank, and alighted from a litter, the inferior portion of the deputation began to remove stones from their path, and to clean up the ground before them.\* None of these deputations could stop Cortes, until at last he reached Mexico, where Muteczuma received him, accompanied by two hundred nobles, supported on his right and left by his brother and another cacique. The only variation in dress between the three was, that Muteczuma wore shoes. After an interchange of presents, on Muteczuma's side most costly, on that of Cortes amounting to nothing, they seated themselves; and Muteczuma read a paper to Cortes, stating that they (the Mexicans) were not aborigines, but that they came there from the east; that, after a time, they refused submission to the nation from which they originally descended, and that an oracle ran, that some day they would again be compelled to render their allegiance; that as Cortes came from the east, the seat of their fathers, they had no doubt he was the agent destined to reduce them to obedience. Cortes of course was not slow in confirming the simple Mexicans in this notion that he was the precise party described, and his king their ancient sovereign. Little doubt, we believe, now exists, that the Mexicans were of Mongolian race, and therefore their kindred with Spain is certainly rather questionable. After six days' sojourn at Mexico, Cortes discovered that it would very much expedite his plans, if Muteczuma was in his power, and not wholly free from restraint. Cortes was a bold man, and lost no time in giving the Mexican prince a hint to that effect. With this request Muteczuma complied, though it produced a deep sensation among his people. Cortes next, with that peculiar ease the attendant on success, demanded of Muteczuma for the Emperor a complete account of the country. He further required him to resign all the revenues of his country into his hands, and blames the unhappy Mexican for the sorrow he evinced

\* The conformity of this usage with that alluded to in St. Luke, is remarkable:—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth."—Ch. iii. 4, 5.

at parting with his all, but life. Cortes also made him set his Mexicans to work various objects in gold for the Emperor. Shortly after this Cortes removed all the vessels from the temples. "And I forbade them sacrificing human beings to their idols," he adds, in his letter to the Emperor, "as they had been accustomed to do; because, besides being abhorrent in the sight of God, your sacred Majesty had prohibited it by law, and commanded to put to death whoever should take the life of another. Thus from that time they refrained from the practice, and during the whole period of my abode in that city they were never seen to kill or sacrifice any human being."

If Cortes was not misinformed, the manner in which their idols were formed was unusually horrid. Some were composed of a mass of reeds and leguminous plants, and kneaded with the blood of human hearts, taken from the breasts of living persons, from which a paste was made in sufficient quantity to form large statues. When thus completed, offerings were made of the hearts of other victims, which they sacrificed to them and besmeared their faces with the blood. This is a terrible description of idolatry.

If this spirit of cruelty prevailed in their sacrifices, assuredly it does not seem to have reigned in Muteczuma's heart. While Cortes was swaying his kingdom, the captive Mexican was amusing himself with his birds and fishes in his secluded palace. An event, however, soon occurred, the arrival of a body of men from Velasquez, which, had it been duly profited by on the part of the Mexicans, they might still have retained their empire. The fortune of Cortes was, however, dominant again, and the leader Narvaez was captured. The occurrence, however, appears to have given sufficient courage to the Mexicans to attempt something, and accordingly we find that Cortes had great difficulty to reduce Temixtican or Mexico, and was forced to exhibit Muteczuma to the people. A stone thrown from the Indians struck Muteczuma on the head, and terminated his inglorious thralldom. Cortes was compelled to fight hard, though lame from a wound in the left hand. He had to charge the enemy on one occasion alone to relieve his troops in passing a bridge; he lost 150 Spaniards and 2,000 Indians, with the son and daughter of Muteczuma, and was compelled to evacuate Mexico. Singular to say, his reverses only proved the fidelity of his allies. He was wounded in the leg, head, and hand, and was twenty days recovering from his wounds. This was about October, 1520, but in the March following Cortes recovered Mexico. It was, however, a desperate and well-supported conflict. At Tacuba Cortes was nearly seized by the Mexicans, and only saved by the blow of Francisco de Olia, which cut off the arms of the men that had seized him; and, if report can be credited, the Mexicans offered the Spaniards, living and dead, to their idols, pulling out their hearts. The efforts of Guatimucin, the heroic successor of Muteczuma, who alone had spirited up his people to means of successful resistance, proved unavailing. Nothing can be more affecting than his interview with Cortes, and his speech, which we give in the words of his con-

queror:—"That he had done all that was incumbent on him in defence of himself and his people, until he was reduced to his present condition, and that now I might do with him as I pleased. He then laid his hand on a poniard that I wore, telling me to strike him to the heart. I spoke encouragingly to him, and told him to have no fears." The siege lasted seventy-five days.

The quantity of gold found in the city was not considerable, but after the Emperor had been assigned one fifth, Cortes recommended that the spoils obtained in the city, consisting of shields of gold, plumes, panaches, and "other articles," he adds, "of so wonderful a character that language will not convey an idea of them," should be assigned entire to the Emperor, to which his troops assented. Gold, pearls, and precious stones, seem to have been the absorbing passion of the Spaniards, and accordingly no sooner did Cortes attain the chief power than he set about a diligent search after every thing of this description. Gold of fine character from the various mines was the result of this quest. Pearls also were transmitted with this to the Emperor. Meanwhile Temixtican lay a mass of ruins, from which Cortes determined to rebuild it. He erected a magnificent palace for himself, on the site of that of Mutezuma, in which 7000 logs of cedar were consumed. The cedar logs are often 120 feet long, and 12 feet wide. A plot among some Spaniards against the life of Cortes was frustrated at this period. It arose from the machinations of his old enemy, Diego Velasquez. At this time, 1523, Cortes received the formal ratification from the Emperor of his authority as governor and captain-general of New Spain. Cortes, too, was a captain-general in some force, commanding on one expedition 120 horse, 300 foot, and some artillery, with 40,000 native warriors. It is deeply to be regretted, with such offensive means as prevented effectually any dispute of his authority, that the sanguinary character of his countrymen hung around Cortes to a damning extent on his glory and fame. He burnt alive 400 caciques who had opposed him about this period. He lost no opportunity of recruiting his main sinew, his artillery, and, after diligent search, found copper in plenty for his guns, but could get no tin, which he considered essential to their fabrication. "*It pleased the Lord, however,*" he adds, "*who ever protects and provides speedily for our wants, that amongst the natives of a province called Tachso, I should meet with little pieces of it resembling very small coins, and continuing my researches, I found it was used as money, both in that province and others.*" The indefatigable Humboldt has not omitted to notice this early tin money. "By the ships already arrived," adds Cortes, "I shall receive 35 brass pieces, large and small, but all larger than a falconet, and about 70 iron pieces, among which are lombards, passavolantes, versos, and other kinds of cannon made of strained iron. *Thus, praised be the Lord, we shall be able to defend ourselves; and in regard to munitions, God has been no less provident, for we have discovered saltpetre of a good quality, sufficient for our purposes; and we have the requisite vessels in which to bake it, although*

much has been wasted in the first attempts that were made. As for sulphur, I have already made mention to your majesty of a mountain in this province, from which much smoke issues ; out of it sulphur has been taken by a Spaniard, who descended 70 or 80 fathoms, by means of a rope attached to his body below his arms, from which source we have so far been enabled to obtain sufficient supplies, although, as it is attended with danger, it is hoped it will not be necessary for us to resort to this means of procuring it. I have constantly written to Spain for supplies, and your majesty has been pleased that there should be no *bishop*, (in allusion to his enemy Fonseca,) to prevent our receiving them." Cortes was also remarkably attentive to curtailing the Roman Catholic clergy, and to avoid the cumbersome addition of too many prelates for his infant state, and recommended Charles to petition the pope to grant him, Charles, the tenths of these parts for religious purposes. The reason is rather curious : " For if bishops and other prelates be sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins in the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church, and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters, and bestowing right of inheritance on their sons (!) and relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things ;—the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion, and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death,—now, if they saw the affairs of the church, and what related to the service of God, were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries ; and if they understood that these were the ministers of God whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness—as is the case in these days in Spain—it would lead them to undervalue our faith, and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source." Surely the Reformation might claim Hernando Cortes, if desirable, as a witness, whose testimony is as strong as that of Boccaccio, Dante, and Machiavelli, against Rome and her ramifications. And here we must leave Hernando Cortes ; and we have risen from the perusal of these letters wonderfully impressed with his dauntless energy, chivalric bravery, and personal piety, though awfully blended with diabolic cruelty, Asiatic cupidity, and terrible blindness—still the blindness of his age and church—upon the great principles of Christian charity and benevolence. To Spain he added an empire, which she has by the justest retribution lost. We regret that deeper opportunities of observation were not afforded Cortes, from the practical character of his life, on the aboriginal questions. Possibly the peopling of the earth may yet receive deeper explanations than have yet been given, and certainly these letters contain far more information on general matters than Cæsar gives us on Gaul. But the antiquarian and conqueror—the types of the past and present—are rarely blended, and, therefore, the early history of Mexico is yet a mystery.

ART. XIV.—*The Gift. A Christmas and New Year's Present.* 1844.  
Philadelphia: Hart. Wiley & Putnam, London.

THE work before us, in point of execution and getting up, nearly equals the best of our English Annuals. The frontispiece, from a design by Huntingdon, engraved by Cheney, Beatrice, is exquisite; but the other engravings, though many are good, are not of the same supereminent description. The letter-press contains numerous papers, on the merits of which we shall give a fair and unbiassed opinion. "The Cathedral" contains little more than common-place images of an ever-poetic subject. "Ambuscades and Sorties," with some vulgarity, with very peculiar Americanisms, which we confess we do not relish, is not bereft of humour. "A Requiem," by J. R. Lowell, is, however, of very different character to either of the preceding pieces; it is tender, affectionate, calm, holy, and resigned, as Requiems should be, and it is hard to think that it has not been called forth by a loss of one more than beloved. We must, however, give the author a hint, that to form verbs of substantives is strong license, and to us reads unnatural, as does also the position of nouns out of their places after a present tense; in fact, the four closing lines even of our extract are not clear.

"Now I can see thee clearly—  
The gloomy cloud of clay  
That hid thy starry spirit  
Is rent and blown away.  
To earth I give thy body,  
Thy spirit to the sky—  
I saw its white wings quiver,  
And knew that thou must fly.

"Now I can love thee truly—  
For nothing comes between  
The Senses and the Spirit,  
The Seen and the Unseen.  
Lifts the Eternal Shadow,  
The Silence burst apart,  
And the soul's boundless future  
Is present to my heart."

"My Humble Neighbour" is not to our taste. "Heart Augury" is spirited—but weak indeed, when compared with Milman's Lines on the Apollo, or the greater than Milman, Byron. "Mumble the Peg" has a touch of the quality of Rip Van Winkle. A translation from the German of Tschokke follows—"The Journal of a Vicar," which, as familiar to most of our readers, we pass, uttering our protest, however, against the assertion that it gave Goldsmith the idea of his Vicar of Wakefield; since the date of the publication of this latter, March 1766, shows clearly that Tschokke was not the source, and leaves the originality of Goldsmith unimpaired, when the date of Christmas 1765 occurs in Tschokke's own work. This, then, gives Goldsmith the short space of three months to compose and publish the Vicar of Wakefield,

to obtain the German Book, probably not published until some time after written, and is, therefore, a moral impossibility. There are certain features somewhat similar in both stories, but not more so than in numerous other works confessedly original. "Half Lengths from Life" is written with all the clever smartness of the authoress of "A New Home," and "The Old Man and the Little Darling." Mrs. Sigourney drew tears into our eyes, and the sweet spirit of this delightful poetess certainly derives not the least of its charms from its purity and Christian simplicity. "The Muse," by this lady, is in the same exquisite feeling. After speaking, like a ring of bells by water, on the earlier stages of life, she concludes with this exquisite stanza :—

"And now, though my life from its zenith doth wane,  
And the wreaths of its morning grow scentless and vain,  
Though many a friend, who its pilgrimage blest,  
Have shrouded their heads and gone down to their rest,  
Yet still, by my side, unforgetful and true,  
Is the being that walked with me all the way through.  
It doth cling to the High Rock wherein is my trust,—  
May it chant to my soul when I go to the dust;—  
Hand in hand, with the faith that my Saviour hath given,  
May it kneel at his feet, 'mid the anthems of Heaven."

"The Unknown Belle" is probably founded upon fact; at least, we know one story not unlike it. It is one of those sad, life-true tragedies, that, like "The Gamester," leave an impress that they are founded on mournful reality. It is briefly told, beautifully described. The "Legend of the Lake" loses much of its power by the repeated disclosure of the Son, which should have been reserved for the last strong point. How different the effect in the natural burst of passion by Bertram Risingham to Wilfrid, leading to a similar disclosure, which is electrifying. The "Two Camps" is a capital Indian story, told in some parts with almost as much graphic description as the "Last of the Mohicans." An old acquaintance, N. P. Willis, in a paper entitled "Beware of Dogs and Waltzing," writes in his own easy, pleasing style, with considerable "agrémens" and more "ton" than most of his countrymen, who, if they know the wild, describe but ill the civilized world. Washington Irvine forms a bright exception.

"The Young Traders," by Seba Smith, is pleasingly told, though of no great novelty of incident; the expectation is well kept up to a very pleasant *dénouement*. "The Lord of Innes," though somewhat melodramatic, is still no bad approach to the Scottish tales of fierce and desperate rivalry, which one only could give in their full dramatic power; since his day tales of Scotland's antient time have wanted all the vivid life that "Waverley" and "The Abbot" exhibit. And here we close our notice of the Christmas Annual of our Transatlantic friends, and we wish them heartily success in every attempt to throw the embellishments and elegancies of existence over life in the far West. Bound up with us in the common bond of country, kin, and language, we trust that Jonathan will never forget his English brother, John; elder as he is in strain, higher in bearing, his deep heraldic 'scutcheon covered with

the glories of centuries; but with every Christmas and happy New Year will joy in the prosperity of the land of his fathers as if it were his own, or, at least, with a feeling that to England he is closer bound by common ties than to any of the powers of the earth. We further promise Jonathan, "en revanche," that, if he will but keep his Press in a little better order, he shall be safe from any cudgelling in this *Review*, since we feel that even England has little to boast of in some of her own Journals, either on the score of manners or morals.

ART. XV.—*Account of the Atesh Kedah, a Biographical Work on the Persian Poets*, by Hajji Lutf Ali Beg, of Ispahan. By N. Bland, Esq., M.R.A.S.

THE learned and distinguished author of the above brochure (we trust it will prove the introduction to a much larger work) has conferred on all lovers of Oriental literature an additional obligation, in introducing to their notice another rose of sweet and exquisite bloom from the garden of Persian song. The force of poetry in the land of the Sun is extremely well depicted in the following lines, eminently descriptive of the effects that have flowed from her influence amid her Oriental children."

"Lives have been sacrificed, or spared—cities have been annihilated, or ransomed—empires subverted, or restored—by the influence of poetry alone. Armies, levied to avenge the insult of an epigram, have been disbanded at its palinodia; the prison has opened its gates to the ingenious author of an impromptu; stanzas have saved a suppliant's life, and a well-turned compliment in verse more than once soothed a breast in which dwelt all the undisciplined passions of Eastern despotism. Even history itself is indebted to this taste, and if not written in verse, its pages are enriched with metrical fragments and quotations, while the earliest annals of the Persian empire are preserved in the poetic legends of the Shah Nameh."

Von Hammer, in his "History of Persian Poets," published in 1818, after enumerating the principal sources whence he derived his materials, particularizes the "Atesh Kedah," but could not produce a copy to illustrate his work. Mr. Bland has at present two in his own possession. The Museum contains one, the India House another. In England alone, there are now altogether seven copies. Hajji Lutf Ali Beg, the author of the present work, includes in it two centuries, which occurred between the age of the Tuhfah Sâmi, 1487, and his own time, 1191, when he died. He gives us the memoirs of 842 poets, antient and modern.

The title of his book, "Atesh Kedah," "Fire Temple," or "Temple of the Magi," is somewhat remarkable for a Mahometan. The Diwan of Hafiz, however, abounds in similar allusions to those worshippers of Fire, that Lalla Rookh has made familiar to most English readers. The MSS. of this poem contain from 240 to 300 folios, of which a full page gives 100 lines of verse, written in four columns. Space will not permit us, from Mr. Bland's valuable labours reaching us on the point of publication, to detail what "lapfuls of the tulips and roses of Casi-



dahs might be collected therefrom ; nor how our ladies might fill their robes with the basil and hyacinths of Ghazals ; how our misers might store their treasures with the rubies and yacuts of Mesnawi, or the silks and brocades of Rubá'is. With all which, or in plain English, every species of ode, elegy, or song, Lutf Ali has enriched his book. Nor must our readers imagine, from the number of bards enumerated by Lutf Ali, that he was not most careful to make a critical selection of the Sons of Song. Lutf had no idea of geese among his swans, since to some youthful poet, who purposed to insert some of his own immature conceptions in this work, he rejoined that "this work was truly a Fire Temple, in whose furnace thorns would be consumed, but roses turn to delicious attar, to rejoice the senses." "Censers, Flames, Firebrands, Flashes," form the significant chapters of the work, which is, our readers will perceive, in perfect keeping with its title. Of the royal and noble authors, the patron of Firdusi, Mahmud, of Ghazni,—rescued from the embrace of time, by Lord Ellenborough, in the cedar gates of the Temple of Fame at Somnaut,—the Emperors Hamayun, and Akbar, Shah Shuja, Shah Abbas of the Safides, and others may be enumerated. Jámi, Anweri and Senáyí, names of high excellence among poets, are enumerated. Two remarkable memoirs of Násir Khusrú and Zamiri, both of Isfahán, are also given ; nor are the mighty names of Firdúsi, Ahli, Háfiz, and Sadi forgotten—no, nor the poets of Delhi in this immense treasury of song, amid whom we find Nur Jehan Begam, Nourmahal, the favourite empress of Jehanguir, entrancingly given by Moore in all her beauty, which won for her the double name of Light of the Harem and Light of the World. It is an historical fact that she propitiated the anger of Jehanguir by her wit as well as her beauty, by her charms of song equally with the voluptuous enjoyments of the senses. With one quotation from the author himself, Lutf Ali, containing a short casidah, we conclude this notice. The version is from Mr. Bland's own pen, and Isfahán, the native city of Lutf Ali, the subject.

" From Isfahan the zephyr blows  
 Dear home of childhood's happier hours,  
 This morn I met the breeze of dawn ;  
 ' Perchance,' I said, ' this herald boy  
 O bear'st thou greetings from my friends,  
 And lives there still whose breast with  
     fond  
 Smiling, he said, " Of none I know  
 Save that, to greet thine anxious love,  
 A blessing from Nasir I bear

The fragrance of the musky rose.  
 Where once my lowly dwelling rose.  
 Lightly towards Kashan it goes.  
 Some tidings of my country knows.  
 Who far away in peace repose ?  
 Remembrance of this lone one  
     glows ?"  
 Of all thy friends—of all thy foes,—  
 To soothe thee in thy cares and woes,  
 For Azar, wheresoe'er he goes."

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ART. XVI.—*Analytical Inventory of the Charters of the Counts of Flanders, formerly deposited at the Castle of Rupelmonde, &c. &c.*

Part I. Ghent : Van Rychehem. 1843. In 4to. xlv and 208 pp.

THIS work is to be in three Parts : that now published, comprises documents from 1168 to 1293. They are the records of the Counts of

Flanders, which are at Rupelmonde, and which, from the middle ages, have been known by the name of "*Tresorerie des Chartes de Rupelmonde*." For the original we are indebted to the Dukes of Burgundy, and it contains about 2000 documents. Amongst those of the 15th and 16th centuries are found all the treaties and other political acts concluded between the House of Burgundy and Charles the Fifth with foreign powers. There is, besides, a collection of *memoirs*, *letters*, reports, &c., written in Latin, Flemish, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. M. De St. Genois has admirably acquitted himself of his task, and the lovers of historical researches await with impatience the two remaining parts of the volume.

ART. XVII.—*Rerum Flandricarum Tomi X., Auctore Jacobo Meyero Balliolano*. Brugis: Van de Castele. 1843. In 4to. xxv and 147 pp.

THIS second edition is the last that has been published by the Society of Emulation of Bruges in 1842. M. Voisin has added a notice on Jacques de Meyere. The original work had become scarce. It contains many interesting details on the manners and customs of the Flemings in the middle ages. It is from the pen of one of the best historians of Belgium. His annals, written in Latin, and which have never been translated, are a never failing source of knowledge for all who wish for information on ancient Flanders.

ART. XVIII.—*Summary of the Documents contained in the Archives of West Flanders at Bruges*. Second Series, Vol. I. By Octave Delepierre, Attaché to the Belgian Legation of London. Bruges: 1843.

THREE volumes of the first series of this work have already appeared. They contain the analysis of original documents from 1089 to 1780. From the first existence of the kingdom of Belgium, the government has understood, that to create a national feeling it was necessary to give to writers the elements of a good history of the country. Each town, each province, possessed rich collections of historical documents, which had remained unexamined. A classification has been made of them, and the work which we announce is the first on this subject which has been published. We have announced that M. De St. Genois has just terminated a similar work on East Flanders. On the four volumes before us, M. Delepierre has been at work for six years. Many interesting historical details, entirely new, have been brought to light on the corporations, on the commons, on the principal transactions of the Counts of Flanders and the Dukes of Burgundy, and the manners and customs of Flanders.

ART. XIX.—*Account of the State of the Province of East Flanders.* Ghent. 1843. In 8vo. pp. 172 and cxxxvi.

A SIMILAR work has been published for every one of the Belgian provinces. Such a publication is issued yearly by virtue of a clause of the Constitution. The local administration, by this prudent regulation, are compelled to give to the people all the statistical, provincial, and commercial accounts, which are necessary to show that the public money is usefully and economically employed. One day these accounts will become precious documents for the historian.

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ART. XX.—*National Repertory, Historical and Literary Collection, &c.* 2nd Series, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Parts. Brux.: Wouters & Raepsoet. 1843.

PRINCIPAL articles:—Social State of Rome under the Empire, by M. Allmeyer. Historical Notice on J. B. van Mons. The Hungarian Constitution. Sketch of the History of the Rights of Men, of Diplomacy, and of Maritime Rights, from Charles the Fifth up to the Present Time, by Dr. Coremans. Reflections on the Truces of 1607, 1609, and 1632.

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ART. XXI.—*Kunst en Letterblad vierde jaergang*, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17. Ghent: Le Hebbelynck. In 4to.

PRINCIPAL articles:—Flemish Civilization. Belgian Travellers. Gaspard Barzoen. Flemish Orthography. Continuation and End of Edda. Wieland the Blacksmith. Triennial Exhibition of Pictures at Antwerp. Unpublished Correspondence of Bilderdyk. Poetry. Popular Traditions. Literary Medley.

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ART. XXII.—*Analysis of the Meetings of the Royal Academy of Brussels.* Vol. X. Nos. 6 and 7. Brux.: Hayez. 1843.

THESE Numbers contain:—The Will of Guy Count de Namur. The Excavations of Pompeii. Greek Paintings. Extracts of MSS., by M. De Reiffenberg. Antiquities at Brunehaul-Leberchies, par Roulez. On Corneille Scepperus, by De Smet. MSS. of the Middle Age. Penelope, by De Witte.

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ART. XXIII.—*Review of Brussels, July and August.* Brux.: De Mortier. 1843.

HISTORY of Fear. National Chronicles. Jean sans Peur. Legend of the Campine. Gheel. Men of Letters in Belgium. A Convent of the Fifteenth Century. National Legends. Festivals of Namur. Miscellanea. Poetry.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR EGYPTIAN CORRESPONDENT.

*Cairo, September 17, 1843.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I witnessed the other day, at the house of a friend, an extraordinary scene, inasmuch as it is difficult to account for, without admitting some supernatural agency, which one is unwilling to grant, particularly as the performers resisted certain tests of their art, which would have been, if successful, conclusive in their favour.

You must know that in Egypt there is a set of men who pretend to possess a supernatural power over snakes and scorpions; they would fain have you to believe that if any of these animals be in your house, within the reach of the sound of their voice, they would come from their lurking places when summoned in the proper form. The profession of snake-charming is exercised by this particular tribe of Arabs, called Saadi, whose sheikh, or head, lives in Cairo; their performance has indeed something about it extremely magical; but whether these men do really inherit any particular power, or have been instructed in their art by the descendants of those wise men and sorcerers of Pharaoh at the time of Moses, has never been clearly ascertained.

I will relate the circumstances as they occurred, and leave you to judge for yourself.

A snake having been seen in the upper room of the house of a friend of mine, he sent for one of these men, and I happened to be there when three of them arrived. They were dressed in the usual clothes of the lower classes—viz., a red cap and turban, an inner and outer tunic, in this case without a belt, and shoes; each carried a leather bag and a wand.

They were searched and admitted into a lower chamber, where it was proposed they should make their first essay. One of the men advancing from the crowd of servants and people collected (among whom were two Englishmen besides myself), and brandishing his wand, tapping gently the woodwork in the chamber, and then placing himself in the middle of the room, gave a long whistle, and in a loud voice and musical cadence said—"In the name of God, the highest, the most perfect," and several other sentences which I could not catch, in which, however, the name of Solomon the son of David occurred, terminating the chant by commanding the snakes, if above, to come down—if below, to come up to him. After using the same form of incantation two or three times without success, he went into another apartment on the same floor, repeating the like till he was satisfied that no snakes were to be found. He was then conducted into the upper chamber, where a snake had been seen; the same formula was repeated several times, while the doors, at his request, of adjoining rooms were opened when advancing, he made a thrust with his wand behind a door, and then, starting

back, baring his arm and brandishing his wand, thrust it again behind the door, dragging out, with seeming caution, at the end of his wand a snake of about four feet long, which when he had advanced to the middle of the room, with violent and grotesque gesture, he seized by the neck to the great dismay of the bystanders, who retreated as best they could to the doors and walls, leaving him ample space for his manœuvres. Being assured at length of the perfect control he seemed to possess over the enemy, we gradually advanced, while he, with the sleeve of his tunic, drew from the mouth of the snake a number of small teeth, which he forbade us to touch, picking them out from his sleeve with great caution. All now was hubbub and confusion; the crowd had pressed round the man, when something was said in disparagement of the performance, and the man, to our utter astonishment, bit off the head of the snake, and while answering the reproach and chewing the head, took another bite, much to the disgust of our host, who put an end to the repast by removing to the house of a person in the vicinity. The company followed and witnessed the catching of several snakes; in every case, however, the snake was taken from behind the door of an inner room, the man filling up the entrance and frightening away all the witnesses by the violence and suddenness of his movements. We were then taken to the top of the house; then, as a climax, and to remove all suspicion of his having snakes secreted in his dress, the performer divested himself of his habiliments and entered a small dark chamber on the roof in a state of primitive innocence, bringing out with him one of the largest snakes that had been caught. Nevertheless, this also failed to convince some of the company, who, with the three Saadi, were invited to the house of an Armenian gentleman, who caused them to be searched in the street before entering. Having arrived in the court-yard, a black servant of our host submitted to the process of being rendered invulnerable. A serpent was put round his neck and made to bite the lobe of his left ear, and after repeating certain words the boy was considered sufficiently initiated to be intrusted with several snakes, which at last were handed about, the company having become familiar with those objects of terror; and the little white teeth, which at first it was dangerous to remove, even from the sleeve of the tunic, were taken out of many a finger with no worse consequences than the loss of a drop or two of blood, which usually flowed on sucking the wound. Two small snakes were taken out of the house of the Armenian gentleman, and three or four others from an adjoining house. The party then adjourned to the court-yard of the Armenian house, and it was proposed that all the snakes should be put in the middle of the court, while the Saadi should place himself in an adjoining room to call them to him after the approved form. This ingenious test was violently opposed by all three of the Saadi, and during the argument, which was confused and noisy, the snakes were caught up and carried off, and the whole party dispersed.

N.B.—The snakes were all of one kind, except the two small ones found in the house of the Armenian. None of them had the appear-

ance of venomous serpents, the head not flat, joined to the body without any apparent neck, long tail and pointed termination.

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FROM OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.

*To the Editor of the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review.*

DEAR SIR,—You will not receive to-day a complete notice of all the new works which have appeared in these last months, but only slight sketches, which may, perhaps be worked out at some future opportunity. There is no one particular work which has “*fait époque*” during this period; and partly owing to this, partly to the endless quantity of Swedish, Danish, English, and French translations which have of late been showered upon us, it has become a matter of difficulty to attain to a careful reading, and form a sound opinion even of those original works the authors of which have become more or less generally known amongst us. “Have you read ‘*Les Mystères de Paris*?’” is asked with as great an interest as that with which people once on a time discoursed on the new productions of a Schiller or a Goethe. “Do you prefer (Miss) Bremer to Stygara Carlen, or to Anderssen?” “Have you finished ‘*The Last of the Barons*?’” If our old literary dictator, Goethe, had lived to see this almost miraculous fulfilment of his wish, that a “*world literature*” might spread from clime to clime, and land to land; if he had lived to see this wish fulfilled in *such* a manner, that fulfilment would in sooth appear to him like the sardonic granting of some wish, (such as we read of in our elfin legends,) through which the unhappy wisher is thrown into the power of a malignant sprite of ill. For, despite all these sometimes very good translations, how far, how very far, are the nations of Europe from understanding one another’s modes of thought, or peculiar spirits of literature!

In perceiving the names attached to the works which I shall thus hastily call to your notice, you will be enabled to guess at the real value of those productions; and I am the more justified in adopting this cursory tone, from my having already introduced all these authors to your notice in my former letters. In the first place, then, I must inform you that the Fifth Part of Kohl’s Travels, “*A Hundred Days in the Austrian States*,” treats of Styria, and is upon the whole, perhaps, the most interesting and generally successful of the series. Styria’s marked and striking peculiarities, its salt-mines, its other mining and forest districts; Gratz, with its University; the Alps, with their flocks and shepherdesses; the many characteristic national forms and classes, even the unfortunate so-called “*Troddeln*,” (the “*cretins*” of the Styrian Alps,)—all these form themselves, as it were, into one harmonious whole, a whole which becomes a rich landscape background bringing into fine relief one principal and prominent figure, which stands out brilliantly from the groundwork of natural and artificial beauties round it; and this figure is no other than the portraiture of the universally loved and honoured Arch-Duke John, in his life and calling, amongst his own people, and his own Alps.

From Steffens, an author whom the pen of Mrs. Austin has made known to your public, in one of her best critical reviews (in which review she introduced various well-chosen and well-translated extracts from his works,)—from this Steffens we have received two new volumes, the seventh and eighth of his Work,—“What I have lived through,” “Was ich erlebte.” They paint Steffens’s short period of warlike existence with most inimitable *naïveté*. His Address to the Students of Germany, in Breslau, at the very moment when the declaration of war against France was on the point of being made, has become universally known amongst us. His spirit-raising words were of the greatest use; they inflamed with the desire for action the fresh souls of our youths, who soon afterwards, with the permission of the king, were formed into a militia corps, under the direction of Steffens, and eventually were entitled “Garde-Jäger Bataillons. Without ever having learnt the exercises, or any one other part of a soldier’s services,—without, therefore, strictly speaking, having ever become a soldier, though he attained to the rank of lieutenant,—our most amiable and learned Professor made the whole of the campaigns of the years 1813 and 1814, and that in the immediate vicinity of Scharnhorst, Blücher, and Gneisenau. The sincerity with which he paints his personal awkwardnesses, and ramblings, as it were, by the side of the army, independent of its general march, is so full of truth and nature, as to become an actual beauty of sentiment. In general, he is altogether incapable of forming a clear conception of the position of the troops: he wanders through the battle-field, without any one appointed post; and, in short, the pacific nature of the philosopher, amidst the wild uproar of war and conflict, has in it something which is positively touching and even delightful.

The cool courage which enables him, after the first short attack of the so-called “cannon-fever,” to stand exposed to the shower of bullets with the indifference of an experienced veteran, seems the more interesting in such a quiet character: the many important commissions with which he is entrusted, such as—the formation of a corps of volunteers, called a “Landsturm,” in Landeshut—the embassy to Bernadotte, &c.—and the events which occurred in Marburg, when the troops had not yet reached Westphalia, and the inhabitants were therefore necessarily called upon to arm themselves in their land’s defence,—all these things and occasions show that Steffens was of no little importance in his peculiar station. On other occasions, again, his silent but outwardly inactive influence on all his comrades in arms might be compared to a banner, which by its symbolic power at once encourages friends, and invites the attacks of foes, without possessing any active means of repelling their onslaught.

The development of his philosophical system, which occupies the greater part of the eighth volume, might seem hard of understanding to foreigners, without explanatory notes: the narrowness of the bounds allotted to me in this publication do not admit of any critical examination of that system, and I will therefore only say, that the deeply poetical, and, even in its weaknesses, most estimable character of the

author, clearly displays itself also in this more scientific portion of his work.

Gustav Kühne, whom I have also already named to you, has presented us with "*Portraits and Silhouettes*," a book which may possibly have many parts, but as yet has only one; and which displays a very Janus-head, an old and a new countenance, to our regards. Here we find critical articles and reviews, partly belonging to our own, and partly to a somewhat earlier period, on the sayings and doings of the most remarkable men and women of this century. To these are appended observations on, and notices of, the new painters and schools of painting of Europe.

Amongst the so-called "*portraits*," we may particularise the figure of Schleiermacher, one of our most celebrated divines, as being drawn with great care, and forming evidently a labour of love. It paints his course of action in many different respects—a course modified by an all but endless number of imperceptible influences arising from the experiences of his life,—in the most faithful, clear, and admirable manner. Kant stands somewhat further from our author, and is not, perhaps, as clearly appreciated by him. Of Bettina von Arnim, on the other hand, and her talented husband, the author Achim von Arnim, a foreigner may really form a tolerably clear idea to himself from the perusal of Kühne's portraiture of them; and at all events he will be able to trace the source of our German opinions in these criticisms, and learn the manner in which we are accustomed to regard the productions of our authors, and draw them all together into one general estimate of their powers and capabilities.

The Janus-head alluded to above, shows what I should call its young face, after a somewhat eccentric fashion, in the "*Monologues*;" "*The Pains and Pleasures of Watering Places*;" "*The Search of Art for Bread, &c. &c.*" These things were written some ten years ago. This head, or part of the head, wears a species of satirical perruque which already appears old-fashioned in the extreme. There is much mannerism, both in the apparent tendencies which here bear sway, and the violent expressions, which alternate hastily from the highest peak of the sublime to the lowest vale of the common-place. Here we have an unnatural springing of ideas from one subject to another, from Vandyk and the English court which patronised him, to the Duchess Anna Amalia of Weimar, and Schiller and Goethe, and this without any connecting link, apparently from pure caprice, if not chance. Although we women are fond of indulging ourselves in this vague mental rope-dancing, we do not at all like it in men, knowing too well the deficiencies which we generally conceal beneath this vain glitter. Besides, there is something "*capricieux*," something coquettish, in this style of writing, which befits us far better than the self-styled lords of creation. In these earlier articles we find many assertions with respect to Goethe's works, which do not meet with general assent or approval amongst us Germans, and which Kühne himself would not have made in his works of a later day. Altogether they form a



brilliant whole, a mental "feu de joie" as it were, "spirituel" but not always pleasing.

If any one wishes on the other hand to assure himself of the complete transformation which has taken place in the ways of thinking of pristine young Germany's heroes, he cannot do better than compare these *critiques* from the years 1835 and 1836, which are scattered throughout the entire volume, with the reviews from the more immediate present which constitute the old side of the Janus-head. How clear and moderate seem these opinions and views on the various interesting topics of the day, in contradistinction to the lightning flashes of wit which illuminated the earlier disquisitions,—bright, indeed but also most fleeting, most irregular !

Amongst these later articles, the most remarkable seemed to me to be one "on the Ghost-seers of our days." We find an extraordinary variety of things, persons, and subjects, discussed in the course of the work—a proof of the "many-sidedness" of the author. David Strauss, Bruno Bauer, Varnhagen von Ense, Prince Pückler, Steinberg, Laube, and Gervinus, all find their fitting places, not to speak of the numberless French and Düsseldorf painters, sketches of whom are here given to us. But there is nothing disagreeable, nothing painful, in this seeming confusion : *Young Germany* may be said to have ripened into manhood in Kühne, who regards the world around him, with all its shows and marvels, solemnly, often sadly, still more often sarcastically, but ever impartially, and without party spirit.

Willibald Alexis has given us two historical novels lately,—“The False Waldemar,” in three volumes ; and, quite recently,\* another in two parts, entitled “Urbain Grandier.” In his preface to the latter work, he says, “Whilst engaged in studies of a very different nature, I accidentally came upon the most horrible tragedy ever known, which a fatal error conjured into existence in France. A novel this work is not ; it is all true, and supported by the evidences of history, law archives, and numberless manuscripts. No one of the *dramatis personæ*, or of their actions, is invented ; even the smallest details are correct : amongst others, the description of that insignificant source from which all these evils took their origin, that childish sport of young girls who guessed not what horrible consequences their ‘*enfantillages*’ would call into being. But the naked truth of this story seemed so frightful, so terrific, that the mind could not reconcile itself to its contemplation, without striving to account for it on the score of some devilish intrigue, which should alone have led to such results. On this account, then, I thought it necessary to look for another ‘phase’ of truth which was not to be found on record ; for some psychological process, some inward mental cause, which might sever such unheard of, such wonderful results from the realms of chance, and, what I would term, bare cannibal wickedness. This explanation, this mental development of causes and effects, alone forms the novel.”

\* Here our fair correspondent quotes a German proverb or saying, appositely enough, the force of which would be lost in English. It runs thus :—“Were it a cake, ’twould still be warm.”

Well known is the history of those Ursuline Nuns in Laudun, who at the time of Louis XIII. were possessed by numberless devils; well known are the lawsuits which sprang from that source; the assemblies of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne, &c. &c. The Roman Catholic priest, "Urbain Grandier," who was burnt to death at the stake, in the year 1634, after having been most fearfully tortured, and exposed to endless persecutions by the Romish clergy, has already been more than once employed as the hero of a romance. Nor need this be wondered at, when it is considered that he was thus condemned for having sent devils enclosed in all manner of objects, such as roses, birds, articles of apparel, &c., not only to nuns, but also to many other both noble and plebeian females of the city; and having thus proved himself a conjuror and a servant of the devil. The real truth of the matter was not discovered, and Grandier fell a victim to that power, the head and mainspring of which was then the Cardinal Richelieu. The supposed possession with devils in the form of cramps or epilepsy appeared to spread epidemically, one example ever calling up another. According to the explanations of modern writers, Grandier would appear to have been a kind of ecclesiastical reformer, verging towards protestantism, and to have fallen a prey to mere bigotry, like many others who shared his opinions. But it is not thus that Willibald Alexis regards his character. He gives him a species of magnetic power of attraction, a magical inexplicable charm, which forces all women to admire him, even against their will. He joins to his well known eloquence the greatest manly beauty, and a violent yet poetically flaming sensuality, which draw numberless victims into his power; victims, who, when they are again deserted and forgotten by Grandier, neither seek nor wish to take revenge on him. That he was the favourite of women is an historical fact. No less certain is it that the morals of the clergy of that day were most depraved. In our author's present work he has employed the "elements" here referred to with very great power and discrimination: deep psychological truths are therein developed; and a rich variety of characters is introduced in the description of all the different women who loved this magnetic being; all the real details, too, which have become known, such as the first alarm of the nuns by the "pensionnaires" of the convent, are drawn with great truth and vigour, so that the whole forms a true and a striking historical picture of those times. Still, it must be admitted that there is scarcely sufficient story for two volumes, so that we are not hurried on with great interest from chapter to chapter; and there is something monotonous and painful in the whole book, despite the remarkable circumstance that every thing therein recounted may be really and positively true! Yes—none can deny that the explanation here given *may* be the true key to this strange historical problem; but if it is so, does not this very explanation whelm us in a flood of still more mysterious doubts and wonders? On this account, clever and remarkable as it undoubtedly is, this work does not seem to me to be a gratifying production of our all-analysing era.

You ask, what is thought of Bettina's last work? Do you know

that an Ariadne's thread of a rope's thickness would be needful to conduct one safely through the labyrinth of this book, with all its thousand interests and intermingled ranges of thought? And that if this thread should ever break, I, for my own part at least, could never hope to get out from its mazy labyrinth to the clear daylight again? But, to come to the point,—Frau von Arnim's work did indeed create a great momentary sensation on its first appearance. It had been long announced and expected, and its very title set all the people wondering—for it was entitled "This Book belongs to the King." The allusions therein contained to every imaginable, political, artistical, philosophical, or social subject of interest, thrown together in almost endless diversity; and the often poetically beautiful, but, often too, most disagreeably hopping and springing style employed, naturally called the attention of the most highly educated classes to this work, which yet found but a small circle of readers. The hovering, flying, all-grasping, and nothing-retaining thoughts of this talented woman, dazzle our imaginations, and surprise us ever anew; but yet often offend our reasoning faculties, and generally leave behind them no decided impression of any kind, despite the admiration which we are compelled to yield to them. This too hasty power of creation throws out an endless number of thronging forms and ideas, which sometimes excite most deep emotion, sometimes raise our laughter, and always appear to have something of the kaleidoscope in their nature, changing with such lightning speed that it becomes most difficult to follow their course. Bettina seeks a more practically political object in this work than in her preceding ones: she passes in review almost all those conditions of humanity which are influenced by the existence of society, government, church, or state; and treats these subjects in an oracular but generally too highly coloured style, which occasions her to be powerless from exaggeration, where she would fain have produced a real effect. When, for instance, she entitles all statesmen, who stand as mediators betwixt the people and their monarchs, "abominable asses," and "common-place scoundrels," it may be easily conceived that little good can be effected by such means, and that the results produced cannot correspond with the astonishing display of mental power our authoress has laid before us. A critic remarked lately, that 300 years ago Bettina would have probably become a sorceress or witch, and have been accordingly burnt to death at the stake. Bettina will be now burnt to death too by her own inward fire, but her lofty spirit,—the poesy which lives within her—(forgive the daring image for its truth!)—will rise like a phœnix from her ashes.

The dramatic talent of Bettina shows itself after the most amusing and delightful fashion, in the invented portion of this book; the old Frau Rath Goethe, Goethe's mother, is therein depicted in every possible situation—the which situations, though greatly changed, are sometimes partly founded on truth, such, for instance, as "the visit to the Queen of Prussia," who hung a golden chain, still preserved by the family, around her neck. The old lady's toilette, her conversation with the hairdresser, the "*femme de chambre*," the ladies at court, and

with the Queen herself, are depicted with such a truth of colouring, that the old Frau Rath, should she hear of such things in a better world, would be necessarily compelled to believe in them, however true or false they may really happen to be. Bettina's conversations with the Frau Rath fill almost the whole of the book ; and to see this characteristic personality employed, like the "Pierrot" of the Italian stage, under all circumstances and in all cases, produces a very startling effect. She is intended, with her Frankfurt German, and her blunt, straightforward, burgher-republican manner, to typify clear, healthy, and yet poetic common sense ; but I confess that it was extremely disagreeable to me to find the old lady giving her opinion on matters which occurred long after her own time. It is painful to see a personality, which has become dear to our entire nation, gliding like a shadow on a wall, amongst and over the portraits of those whom she never met in life,—portraits, too, which themselves pass before our mental vision with such fleetness as to seem to melt into one another, "in most un-admired confusion." What knew the Frau Rath of Schelling, Paulus, Görres, Hegel, Bruno Bauer, and numberless others, which yet peep out everywhere from amongst the portraits of Frankfurt cousins and female gossips, the tailor Weitling, the old servant-maid of the hairdresser, and—the child Bettina ?

Varnhagen von Ense, again, is a name already known to you. You know that he is celebrated for his somewhat too smooth but really masterly style of writing, and that he holds a position somewhere between that of the historian and the biographer. His many "Memoirs," but particularly his so called "Remarkable Events" (*Denkwürdigkeiten*) which have appeared from time to time within the space of the last few years, have gained him a great reputation even in foreign countries. I need only remark, therefore, that the three volumes which he has just published, of "Remarkable Events in my own Life," well deserve your attention. Varnhagen has been placed near most important historical characters, and he has a most acute power of conception and observation. The chief reproach which has been attached to him, is the imputation of a want of discretion in revealing private matters ; but this he justifies on the score of these things being justly, at present, the property of the nation.

Amongst his present communications we find one of a peculiar nature, which well characterises his manner of conception and delineation ; it is the portrait of "Napoleon in the drawing-room." During the time which Varnhagen passed as a diplomatist in Paris he naturally went to court and saw the Emperor. His remarks on the personality of that wondrous son of the Revolution do not, indeed, display any evidences of a grand historical *coup d'œil*, yet they are striking and also novel. "His demeanour," we read in the portrait alluded to, "was awkwardly heavy : it expressed at once the conflict of his will, which would fain attain a certain object, and the contempt of his soul for those for whose sake that object was to be attained. A favourable impression he would no doubt have gladly made, and yet

the trouble which he would be compelled to undergo to secure it, seemed too great to encounter; the trouble, I say, for in sooth nature had not bestowed the gift on him! Thence indolence and marked intention seemed in turns to govern him, and both united in perpetual unrest, and a feeling of evident discomfort. Dark circles were traced around his eyes, which were always fixed on the earth, save when suddenly upraised; and then their glances were cast quickly, as if half by stealth, yet searchingly, over all who might chance to surround him. When he smiled, the lips only with a portion of the cheeks joined in that smile; his forehead and his eyes remained dark and immoveable. If he forced these also to express mirth, a thing which in later days I have sometimes seen him do, his whole countenance assumed a still more distorted aspect. This union of smiles with severity had something positively frightful, nay, revolting in it. I know not what to think of the people who could find grace and attractive friendliness in this countenance. Hard and severe as marble were his traits, despite their undeniable classic beauty,—void of all that could inspire confidence,—incapable of expressing one feeling of the heart. What he spoke, whenever I chanced to hear him, was of little import, either with respect to thought or phraseology,—void of spirit, of wit, of power,—nay, at times most common and ridiculous. His questioning was not rarely like the lesson learnt by rote of the schoolboy, who not feeling confidence in his own memory, constantly repeats the words to himself, which might otherwise be forgotten at the very moment when he should need them most. The pitiful eagerness which animated his endeavours to render himself an object of admiration in general society, was often perfectly comic: here he failed as completely, as he, to our misfortune, succeeded in all his other endeavours. If he spoke for some time together, he indulged in almost endless phrases; heaping, too, facts and opinions with the greatest speed one upon another; but it was too plain that order and “consequence” were wanting to his ideas, clearness and positiveness to his conceptions. His views and objects, it is true, he still never lost sight of, though it was not through words that he was capable of following and attaining them; still, his superiority as a general, and the iron force of his will, carried him in the end to the wished for goal.”

It may appear strange, indeed, to see Napoleon’s “demoniac” nature subjected to the demands, and viewed in the light of polished society; but a steady and practised gaze, and a certain degree of courage, are undeniably necessary to effect this;—and these be it ours to honour! I do not wish you to draw from this portraiture of Napoleon the unconditional conclusion that Varnhagen’s mental eye is only able to perceive details, whilst the grand whole escapes his observation; this reproach has been addressed to him, but, as I think, unjustly. He does, indeed, observe even the slightest details, but he can also combine them in one masterly whole; and never, for instance, were the sad years of oppression which preceded the war of liberty, drawn with such simple truth, such clear fidelity, as in the work I am

at present noticing. But the name of Varnhagen as a "memoir" writer is already too well established amongst you to require the aid of my pen.

And now, just as I am about to close my this day's letter, my eyes behold a little book, which should be given, or read, or recommended to one and all,—a very May-blossom, which must rejoice the hearts of all—a little book that has been universally noticed, yet attacked by no critic's pen; as if all dreaded to injure it, as if each mortal shrunk from breaking its charming magic spell. It is entitled "*Waldfräulein*," "*The Lady of the Forest*," a legend in eighteen cantos; or "*Adventures*," by Zedlitz, an author now no longer young, but who has brought us the freshest, the most youthful gift of the year, a sweet yet simple forest flower.

The actual story itself is of little moment. The forest lady is the daughter, born in secrecy in the deep Spessart forest, of a lovely princess, who fled thither from the rage of her father, having loved where "she should not." The mother dies in giving birth to the child, which is discovered by the fairy of the Spessart, and brought up in her magic palace, till it has attained its sixteenth spring. Then, on the maiden's birthday, the fairy gives her the golden shoe of her mother, and warns her against too early love; the which love, however, invades the heart of the forest lady, when she beholds the fair knight Aechtern von Möspelbrunn, in spring, the season of joy; and that so hastily, and suddenly, (the knight returning her passion equally warmly,) that all manner of sufferings fell upon the pair, as a punishment for their too unhesitating affections; and they are only united in constant love after passing through an almost endless series of trials and difficulties. The forest lady's grandfather, the old prince, discovers her by means of the golden shoe which her loving knight had carried away with him, and is at last reconciled to her, so that all things come to a happy and prosperous ending.

But oh! this verdant forest freshness! this life-giving breath of nature, which expands the breast, and clears the brow even as we read!—these sweet and odorous blossoms round us!—what a whole do they not form! Spring himself, from leaf, and bud, and blossom, seems to breathe to us the first soft sigh of love; and *such* is the spell of the little book, *such* is its magic charm, that we all must plunge into the forest, the bright green Spessart, and breathe the zephyrs of youth and love once more.

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FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

### ITALY.—FLORENCE.

THE attempt to render an account of the literary movement of the day in Italy has long been as difficult, from the absence or meagreness of matter whereof to speak, as it is in more fortunate Germany from a diametrically opposite cause. There it is an "*embarras du richesse*,"—here a most lean and stunted poverty. Intellectual Italy is, however,

awaking, and, despite the manifold bonds that pin her to the ground, is beginning to move. Witness the sensation which has been caused by the publication of the tragedy which we have reviewed in our present Number.

It has been remarked in that article that the natives of Italy, if permitted to realize the favourite dream of many of her best children, by the erection of one monarchy whose extent should include the whole of the Peninsula, would never be able to come to an agreement upon the choice of a capital. But of literary, scientific, intellectual Italy, Florence has long since been rendered the capital, if not by universal consent, yet by a combination of many circumstances, which so often arrange irresistibly those matters for us which we might fail to arrange at all for ourselves.

One of these circumstances has certainly been the establishment at Florence of the long celebrated Academy Della Crusca. This learned and honoured body have, however, been much reproached by their fellow citizens for want of activity and diligence in the discharge of those functions for which the Academy was established. Corporate bodies invested with exclusive privileges and emoluments will always deserve this reproach to a certain degree, and will always be reproached with it in a greater degree than they deserve. The natural tendency of men who have attained a secure and desirable position, to rest upon their oars, will infallibly lead to the first of these facts; and the equally natural tendency of the excluded to vilipend and attack exclusives will insure the latter.

It must be admitted that the Della Cruscans *did* seem to have relaxed in their efforts to maintain the purity of "*la dolce lingua*,"—which it is their especial duty to do,—as long as they suffered their accusers to point to the date of the last edition of their Dictionary, now more than a hundred years old. From this reproach they are now, after long talking, promising, and preparation, at length freeing themselves.

The first fasciculus of a new edition—the fifth—has just appeared. It is in folio, printed on a very stout and handsome paper, manufactured expressly for the purpose, with a new type, also cast specially for the work. As far as the mechanical part of the undertaking goes, this first fasciculus must be allowed to be extremely creditable to the Florentine press; and the price of each part of eighty folio pages is nine Tuscan pauls, equivalent to four shillings! It is indeed wonderfully cheap, according to our English notions of prices. A few copies are struck off on a paper a trifle larger and heavier, of which the price is fifteen pauls. The number of copies will be about two thousand. The editors make no promise as to the period at which the parts shall succeed each other, or the time at which the entire work may be expected to be completed. On this important head the Prospectus only tells us that, "*Le distribuzioni si succederanno con quella sollecitudine, che sarà possibile in opera di tal fatta.*" (That the parts shall succeed each other with all possible speed, consistent with a work of such a character.) We confess that our acquaintance with the mode in which such matters are usually managed in "*il dolce paese dove si dicono sì*,"

leads us to expect that the progress of the edition will not accord with our ideas of due diligence in these days of railroad-speed existence.

Doctor Paolo Giudici, of Palermo, has been long occupied at Florence in preparing materials for a work on the Life and Times of Michael Angelo. It will probably appear in a few months, and it is expected to throw much new light on the real condition of those social and political circumstances which exercised so powerful an influence on a life by no means exclusively or wholly artistic. Those who are familiar with the Florentine history of that period will feel that this is still wanting. The work, however, which we expect from the pen of Signor Giudici, will be one of critical inquiry more than of simple narration; inasmuch as the learned author proposes to determine, from a general investigation of the intellectual culture of that epoch, what those æsthetic principles were which guided the great artist in question, and caused him to separate himself so widely from those which regulated the other schools of art. From this investigation, which the artistic world will consider one of small interest, the author hopes to educe principles which will lead him to a new arrangement of the history of Italian art, and thence to the real causes of its present low condition, and the true path which might be hoped to lead to a new epoch of brilliancy and grandeur.

The subject thus treated becomes indeed a mighty one; and we shall look for Dr. Giudici's forthcoming volumes with no small interest.

Signor Alberi is proceeding diligently with the great task which has been confided to him by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of editing a complete edition of the works of Galileo. Three 4to volumes have already appeared, and a fourth is now in the press. Much interest has been excited, not only in Florence, but in the scientific world generally, by Signor Alberi's discovery of a treasure, long supposed lost, among the voluminous MSS. of Galileo preserved in the Palazzo Pitti. The *Foreign Quarterly* alluded recently to the occurrence: but the writer of the notice on this subject in our contemporary seems to have been ignorant both of the circumstances of the case, and of the nature of the interest which has been excited. He says:—"Some MSS. of Galileo, which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzo Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence."

Now this discovery of MSS. among old archives, if such can be said to have happened at all, took place *twenty years ago*, when the catalogue of the MSS. in the Pitti Library was formed under the direction of Signor Vincenzo Antinori.

We should be led into a discussion far too lengthy for the limits of this brief notice, were we to attempt to explain here the real point of the present interest which has been excited, and to give an account of the controversy which has arisen respecting these much talked-of MSS. But as the papers themselves are exceedingly curious in more than one point of view, and as the whole history of the dispute respecting them is



interesting, we hope to find a fit opportunity for laying it before the English reader.

The historical student will be glad to hear that Signor Niccolini, whom the world has known hitherto chiefly as a poet, has nearly completed a History of the Swabian Emperors of the House of Hohenstauffen. The work will form four or five 8vo. volumes. It will be curious enough to compare the speculations of the German historian of the same house—(Raumer)—with those of his Italian contemporary; especially on a subject on which so many feelings and associations must lead them to take very opposite views.

Can we hope to be forgiven for having deferred to our last paragraph all mention of Signora Massimina Rossellini's poem, just published, on "Amerigo?" It is, in truth, an epic built on the regular classical model, and beginning in due form, "Canto," &c. &c. But it announces itself in the title-page simply as "Amerigo—Canti-Venti." The authoress has long been known as a writer of novelettes—works for children, &c. It is said that the diction is pure, and true to its classical models, and the versification harmonious; but we cannot say that we have heard anything of the "mens diviniore," or "os magna sonaturum."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### AUSTRIA.

VIENNA.—With few exceptions, all our great literary men and poets are absent. Lenau has quite retired to his country seat near Döbling, Deinhartstein is on a journey in Denmark and Sweden, Franz Schober resides in Florence, Feuchtersleben is wandering among the Alps, Castelli is enjoying happy days in his villa near Lilienfeld, Betti Paoli dreams and sings in a romantic mountain district of Bohemia, Hammer-Purgstall is on the eve of a journey to Graetz. The most interesting journey, however, is the dramatist Grillparzer's, who intends travelling to Constantinople and Greece, returning by Italy.

### BELGIUM.

M. Gachard, principal keeper of the Records for the southern division of Belgium, is preparing a collection of unpublished letters of William I., to which he intends adding some interesting letters of Granville's to the Prince of Orange, and reports of William I. from 1554-56, while commanding at Philippeville, to Queen Maria and King Philip II.

### DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.—It is with great pleasure we notice a collected edition of Ingermann's Dramas, of which the first three volumes, containing "Mithridat," "Massaniello," "Blanca," "Hyrden af Tolosa," "Reinalt Underbar-

net," "Rosten i Orkenen," are before us, and three more are promised to complete the collection. The price is so very reasonable that the circulation will probably be very extensive.—A monument is about to be erected to Rask. The committee have chosen a plain block of freestone, which is to be placed over his grave. To indicate his learning, proverbs in Icelandic, Arabic, Sanscrit and Danish will be engraved on the sides, the Icelandic in Runic letters, and the Danish will be a facsimile of Rask's handwriting. On an urn in alto relievo is inscribed the date of his birth and death, 22 November, 1787—14 November, 1832.

An article in a recent number of a literary periodical takes a review of modern Danish poets, and among them principally praises the following :—Christian Winther, whose lyrical poems are considered inferior, but his ballads and tales, in verse, are said to be excellent ; H. P. Helst, an author of "Remembrances of Travels," and a poem, entitled "The Dying Gladiator."—Schack-Staffeldt, and Heiberg, are known also out of their own country ; the latter is the great advocate of the Hegelian school of philosophy in Denmark ; the former also contributed many beautiful German poems to the German "MUSEN-ALMANACH." In the drama, the most remarkable productions of the present day are Oehlenschläger's "Diana," which has excited universal admiration, and an exceedingly clever satirical comedy, entitled "Romeo and Giuliette," in which the enthusiasm for Italian singers is admirably ridiculed. Halm's "Sohn der Wildniss" has been translated into Danish by Borgaard.

KIEL.—A collection of satirical poems, by Hocker, a Hamburg wine merchant, principally directed against the senate and the affairs of his native city, was published here a few days ago, and already two editions of about 2000 copies had been sold in Hamburg and its neighbourhood, when the police received orders to confiscate the remainder at the publisher's office—they, however, only found two copies.

#### GERMANY.

LEIPZIG.—An Essay on the comparative history of nations, by Professor E. M. Arndt, of Bonn, published here, has gained great applause from every party. The work is essentially the text of a series of lectures delivered at the Bonn University, and contains the portraits of the principal European nations in regard to their resemblances and distinguishing points, with speculations on their futurity as far as it may be deduced from their characters. The introduction is a rare specimen of humility in a man so universally esteemed and looked up to. He says that his inducement to deliver these lectures was solely to gratify the wish of many of his young friends again to hear him, as he is well aware that a man of his years should leave the chair for younger and abler persons. This modesty is the more to be admired, as his lectures show anything but the faults of age, but rather exhibit sound and energetic feeling, often desired, but seldom found in similar productions.

Weidmanns have published a work which is likely to be very popular at our Universities and high schools, by W. A. Becker, the author of "Gallus" and "Charikles," entitled, "Manual of Roman Antiquities."

A new work, by Dr. Waagen, on the artists and collections of works of art in Germany, just issued from Brockhaus's establishment, will be welcomed by all admirers of the arts, and of the productions of this able critic in particular. The first volume embraces Saxony, the North of Bavaria, including Nuremberg and part of Württemberg.

Saxony has at present no less than 154 newspapers, including monthly periodicals. Of these, 149 are German, 2 French, 1 English, and 2 Wendish ; 27 are devoted to belles lettres, 13 to bibliography and literature, 3 to juris-

prudence, 49 to local news, 7 to medicine, 5 to music, 8 to national economy and mercantile pursuits, 4 to philology, 4 to natural history, 5 to Christian and 2 to Jewish theology, and 6 to popular instruction and amusement. 76 of these are published at Leipsic.

Dr. F. Förster, the author of the "Life of Wallenstein," so justly celebrated, announces a history of the Wallenstein lawsuit, which has lately created so great a sensation in Germany. A seventh volume of Von Raumer's "History of Europe from the End of the 15th Century," has just appeared. It embraces the period from 1660 to 1740. The greater portion of the volume is devoted to Russia and Sweden, and their monarchs Charles XII. and Peter the Great. One chapter only is devoted to Spain and France, and another to England.

HEIDELBERG.—An English translation of Engel's "Lawrence Starke," just published here, so many years after the publication of the original, may be reckoned as a *res curiosa*. The translator is a Mr. Th. Gaspey.

GREIFSWALD.—Professor Kosegarten's Dictionary of the Plattdeutsch, or Lower Saxon Dialect, advertised for so many years, is, we understand, now actually in the press, and a part of it will probably appear at the Easter fair of next year.

BRESLAU.—The Arabic edition of the "Thousand and One Nights," edited from a Tunisian MS. by Professor Habicht, and after his death by Fleischer, has just been completed in twelve volumes, at the expense of the University.

HAMBURGH.—A bookseller in Hamburgh, who has made himself very conspicuous by publishing works attacking different governments in Germany, has lately issued several works against the Austrian government, which induced them not only to confiscate all the proscribed works that they could find in their dominions, but also to prohibit all works that were ever published, or that will be published, by the same house. Only two years ago the proprietor of the house was in the same predicament with regard to Prussia, but the latter state withdrew its order, in consideration of the loss the publisher sustained during the conflagration.

DUSSELDORF.—Our clever artist, Schrödter, has just completed the first part of a series of Illustrations to Don Quixotte, which are to be published at Leipsic. Those who remember his celebrated painting of that hero, in the gallery of the bookseller Reimer at Berlin, of which an etched copy forms the first plate in this collection, will be able to judge how admirable an illustrator of Don Quixotte he is likely to be.

HANOVER.—An undertaking of some magnitude and importance, the publication of a collected edition of the Works of Leibnitz, from the Records in the Royal Library, has been set on foot by the brothers Hahn. The first volume of the division, embracing his historical works, has appeared, and contains the "Annales Imperii Occidentis Brunsvicensis," from 768 to 876. The editorship is in the hands of the celebrated Pertz, unfortunately a short time since enticed to Berlin by the King of Prussia; he has added to this volume an introduction on the life and scientific labours of Leibnitz. Among the other novelties in the literary world may be mentioned a collection of poetry by the novelist, Henrietta Hanke, and a little work of great merit, entitled "Attribute der Heiligen," a key to determine the names of the Saints in pictures from their attributes, with a supplement on the dresses of ecclesiastics of the middle ages. A. M. de Marlortie is said to be the author. Baroness Henrietta von Bissing, whose first novel, "Amalie Steinfels," was praised in so extraordinary degree, has a new novel in the press, to be entitled "Waldheim."

Kühne, whose new play "Frederick III.," has been so favourably received at our theatre, has also published a collection of Essays, principally contributed to the "Elegante Zeitung" during his editorship, among which a biogra-

phy of Wienbarg is very interesting, but many are at present out of date. The literary part refers to the notable names in modern literature, and a division is devoted to notices on modern art. The same publisher has also issued a collection of popular stories and legends of Upper Lusatia, by Willkomm, which, although valuable from the diligence with which the materials have been collected, is in many instances spoilt by the injudicious style of the language and arrangement of the plots. That a simple recitation of popular stories is both more popular and more useful, is fully proved by the success of Grimm's works, the larger collection of whose popular stories is just now being brought out in a fifth edition.

FRANKFORT.—In the literary circles, an Universal History, which Schlosser is now writing in conjunction with Dr. Kriegk, the historian, is much talked of. It is intended to produce neither a very popular or school book, of which there are many, nor a work for only the more highly educated classes, such as Schlosser's other works, but a history for every person of education, in the most liberal acceptance of the term. It is intended to form twelve volumes, and the publication will commence in the beginning of 1844.

Gutzkow is expected back here very shortly from a tour in Italy, where we understand he has written an historical comedy, taken from Prussian history, entitled "The Pigtail and the Sword." A new tragedy of his also, taken from Russian history, "Bugatscheff," will shortly be performed on the stage, either here or at Stuttgart.

STUTTGART.—The "Allgemeine Zeitung" has a long article on the proceedings of the "Literary Society" of Stuttgart, established in that town a few years ago, upon the plan of our Camden, Percy, and other Societies. We can only mention the titles of some of the works which have either already been delivered to the subscribers, or are in the press. The series commenced with "Closener's Strasburgische Chronik;" this was followed by "Ritter Georg von Elzingen Reisen," "Ott Ruland's Handlungsbuch," Fabri's "Eragatorium," "De viris Illustribus," by Æneas Sylvius; the Society also intends to republish the "Chronicles of Ramon Muntauer," the "Repgauische Chronik," the "Hirländische Reimchronik," the "Codex Hirsau-giensis," the "Habsburg Urbarbuch," "Letters of the Princess Elisabeth Charlotte of Orleans," and many other very scarce books of interest.

Cotta announces as forthcoming shortly, a new work by Alexander von Humboldt, entitled "Kosmos," or a Sketch of Physical Geography; also a volume of old High and Low-German Volkslieder, collected by the poet Uhland, who has devoted the last four or five years to this labour of love. It is also his intention to add two volumes of dissertation on "Volkslieder" in general, and notes to the particular songs that he has collected.

The concluding division of Plattner and Bunsen's description of Rome, a work unparalleled for its completeness and excellence, has just been published. It contains the Campus Martius, the Insula Tiberina, Trastevere and the Janiculum, with a plan of the Campus Martius. We understand that a condensation of the work by the authors is progressing, and will be published in a short time.

## RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Literature is at a very low ebb in Russia, and lately nothing has presented itself to justify hopes of a speedy revival. The only branch at all cultivated is history, which is employing many talented young Russians in its service. Their researches principally relate to Russia, and the Archæological Commission, established 10 years ago, has been most active in this respect. By the publication of ancient records it has opened valuable sources to the future historians of Russia. The history of this country

necessarily requires a continuation of Karamsin's *Chronicles*, left incomplete, reaching only to the founder of the present dynasty. Polewoy began a history of the Russian Empire, but he was not equal to the task, and did not get farther than the middle ages, so that Karamsin's work is the only useful one, and modern researches have discovered many inaccuracies which render it of inferior value as an authority. General Danilewsky continues to describe the campaigns of Alexander, in which his praises too often overstep historic truth. His last volumes contain the campaign of 1810 in Finland, and of 1828-9 against the Turks. In Russia his works are considered a high authority, but truth has been sadly handled in his descriptions, particularly of the events of 1812-13. A valuable work by Pogodin, the professor of history at Moscow, is a palæography of Ancient Russia. The above mentioned Polewoy is decidedly the most prolific Russian author living; he has ventured on most paths of literature, with different success; his "History of Peter the Great," and a biography of the General Suwarrow, are considered talented productions; but the drama appears to be his favourite pursuit—he is the most fruitful playwright living.

In belles lettres nothing striking has appeared for some time; the veterans Krülow and Shukowsky are resting on their laurels, and Puskin has left no successor worthy to carry his mantle. Lermontow perhaps might have taken his place, had he lived; his novel, "The Modern Hero," promised great things. A young Countess Rostoptschin has written many novels and tales which are not without merit, and Count Sologubs is indefatigable, and his *Tales* are much read.

#### SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM.—The Archbishop of Upsala af Wingard has published a retrospect of the state of the church in Sweden,—a work that has excited great attention. Count Björnstjerna's work on the Theogony of the Hindoos, reviewed in a late Number of the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, has been translated into German, with corrections and additions by the author.

Crusenstolpe has published a fifth volume of his historical novel, "Morian, or the House of Holstein-Gottorp in Sweden."

Miss Bremer's new novel, "The Diary," is in almost every body's hand; the sale of these novels at a comparatively high price is truly astonishing.

In the last year 116 periodicals have been published in this country, of which the majority are newspapers. Six are devoted to theology, four to agricultural pursuits, and many branches of science are represented by a journal.

In theology, a translation of Strauss's "Life of Christ" has excited great attention, and has called forth a number of writings refuting his doctrines, partly translations of the German works by Tholuck, Neander, Umbreit, &c.; partly originals, as the "Life of Christ," by Melin in Lund, and the Lectures on the Authenticity of the Gospels, by Professor Knös in Upsala.

The novelties in philosophic literature are, "Thoughts on the Condition of the Soul after Death," by Petrelli—"Essay on Marriage," by Professor Hwassen. Professors Schröder and Otterbom, in a work produced conjointly, entitled "Plato and Goethe," have defended these great names from attacks by modern Swedish philosophers. Afzelius, in an introduction to his translation of Hegel, has been attacking Schelling and his position in Berlin. Bring, one of the professors of Lund, is publishing, in the shape of Academical Dissertations, a Lexicon to explain the Hegelian terminology; and Snellmann, a tutor at Helsingfors, announces a work on political philosophy, based on Hegel's principles.

"Christmas Eve," an Idyll by Runenberg, is mentioned in Swedish papers as one of the best productions in belles lettres of the current year.

## SWITZERLAND.

Accounts from Lausanne speak very highly of a new Review published under the direction of M. Olivier, entitled "*Revue Suisse*." Olivier is professor of the Academy of that place, author of a celebrated description of the "Canton de Vaud," of "*Etudes d'Histoire Nationale*," and a collection of poems. The outward appearance and division of contents of the "*Revue Suisse*" are similar to the "*Revue des deux Mondes*."—It is well known that several German demagogues, Herwegh, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and others, are now living in Switzerland, and there publishing their foolish rhapsodies, without, however, making many converts to their extreme ideas in that country. A little book of couplets, ridiculing these would-be regenerators of Germany, entitled, "*Der junge Deutschmichel*," has had a large circulation in Switzerland, as well as Germany.—A second volume of Fuessli's account of the principal towns of the Upper and Middle Rhine, with reference to architecture, sculpture, and painting, has just been published, and embraces Mayence, Frankfort, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Aix, and Dusseldorf, completing this valuable work.

## OBITUARY.

Aug. 10th, at Jena, Dr. J. F. Fries, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at that University, a celebrated author in several branches of science, born at Baby, Aug. 1773. His principal works are—"Philosophische Rechtslehre," 1803; "*System der Philosophie als evidente Wissenschaft dargestellt*," 1804; "*Kritik der Vernunft*," 1807; "*System der Logik*," 1811; "*Vorlesungen über Sternkunde*," 1813; "*Handbuch der praktischen Philosophie*," 1817-32; "*Geschichte der Philosophie*," 1837-40.

Oct. 10th, at Athens, Dr. H. N. Ulrichs, professor at the Otho-University, author of "*Reisen und Forschungen in Griechenland*," of which one volume only, containing his travels to Delphi, through Phocis and Bœotia as far as Thebes, was published. He also published many other valuable antiquarian and topographical dissertations. He was a native of Bremen.

Oct. 26th, at Leipzig, Dr. J. C. A. Heinroth, professor of psychology at the University. Equally esteemed as an academic tutor and a valuable writer on many different subjects.

## COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

(SYDNEY.)

INTELLIGENCE from this colony is down to the 29th of July, and the period intervening between the date quoted in our last (the 6th of May), and the above, is crowded with events, the interest and importance of which can scarcely be overrated. The depression we spoke of in our last number as having reached such an extent as to bear upon all classes, and threaten the commercial character of the colony beyond the hope of restitution, has roused that spirit of enterprize and exertion, which stamps the Saxon race pre-eminent. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and never surely was this trite aphorism more strikingly illustrated, than when the flock-masters of

New South Wales, driven by the low state of the sheep-market to seek some new means of realizing a profit from their fat wethers, hit upon the expedient of boiling them down into tallow. Let Russia and all our tallow importing countries no longer imagine that England must be dependent on them for this important article, for it appears from the late intelligence from New South Wales, that we may very shortly expect a great quantity of tallow from thence, and with every prospect that the price it will yield in the English market, will repay the importers. We give an extract below from the *Sydney Morning Herald*, of the 24th June, in which it appears the prospects opened by this new export are regarded in the colony, as most exhilarating :—

“ It is true, every body knew before that a sheep contained tallow ; but the proportion was thought too insignificant an item in the value of the animal, to deserve consideration. It has been ascertained, that by boiling down the entire carcass, the skin and hams excepted, there may be extracted on the average from 25 to 30 pounds of tallow from each sheep, which, at the moderate valuation of 3½d. per pound, is worth 7s. 3½d. to 8s. 9d. ; or upwards of a hundred per cent. more than has of late been realized by the sale of the living animal. But adding to this the value of the wool, skin, mutton hams, &c., the sum total yielded by this novel process, as shown by the praiseworthy experiment of Mr. Henry O'Brien, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th instant, is no less than 14s. 3½d. per sheep. If this result be thought too flattering, let the odd 4s. 3½d. be taken off ; and even then, it is demonstrated that, in the very depth of winter, when the fleece is in the worst possible state, the intrinsic value of a sheep is 10s. ; and even deducting a round 20 per cent. from this, we have still the cheering minimum of 8s. Contrasted with the nominal value which sheep bore a month ago, this is an advance at once most extraordinary and most exhilarating !!! ”

As the quotations of tallow have now become a question of standard importance to the Colony, we have taken pains to collect the average prices in the British market, for several years past ; and we are enabled to state, on authority that may be relied upon, the following facts :—

Average price of ox tallow, in the London market, for the last six years :

		s.	d.
Year 1837	.	41	3 per cwt.
„ 1838	.	52	0
„ 1839	.	49	7
„ 1840	.	50	1
„ 1841	.	47	7½
„ 1842	.	48	2

Average of the six years . . . 48 1½

This average is rather more than 5d. per pound. In Mr. O'Brien's estimate, the price was taken at 3½d., full thirty per cent. below the mark.

It will be seen from some further extracts which we give, that the energetic colonists lost no time in acting upon the above hints, and at the date of our last advices, stations for sheep-boiling were being erected in all parts of the Colony, and the most sanguine, but at the same time well grounded hopes were entertained that New South Wales had added to its already valuable exports, a fresh article likely to benefit her own population in a great degree, and to add annually to her importance and utility as a dependence of the mother country. May her just hopes be realized !

The panic which caused a run upon the savings banks happily passed away, proving, as we apprehended, that there was no ground for such a want of confidence. The affairs of the Sydney bank had been inquired into by the committee appointed by the shareholders for that purpose, and the following favourable report from them had been the result :—

"The committee, since their appointment, have had daily meetings for the purpose of carrying into effect the objects desired by the proprietors; and, having carefully examined the actual assets and liabilities of the bank as they appeared on the evening of the 19th instant, report that there is a balance in favour of the bank of 10,038*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

"The different items of the assets have been carefully and particularly examined by the committee, and found nearly to correspond with the accounts in the Company's books; and upon this subject the committee think it necessary to remark, with regard to the nature of the bills held by the bank, that they have no hesitation in saying they may be considered as a fair average of the bills current in the Colony; and that the bank, in this respect, runs no risk beyond what is incurred by every other similar establishment. The amount of overdue bills, 29,792*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*, includes all since the establishment of the bank; and this list includes a considerable amount which may be considered as perfectly safe, and will be recovered by the directors without delay. The overdrawn accounts, amounting to 22,382*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, appeared to be a very serious item, and in many instances they have been admitted without the slightest regard to the interest of the bank, and contrary to the most common rules of prudence or discretion. The amount of those accounts have, however, been very considerably reduced since the suspension of the late manager. The liabilities of the bank have also been reduced 30,000*l.* within the last two months; and indeed the general aspect of the Company's affairs has assumed a much more favourable appearance under the present management, which induces the committee to recommend that no steps be taken by the proprietors until the general meeting after the half-yearly balance, when it will be in the power of the proprietors to judge for themselves what should be done for the benefit of all parties interested.

"W. MOIR, ACTON SILLITOE, THOMAS BROWN.

"Sydney, June 23, 1843."

The first New South Wales parliament was to meet on the 27th of July; the election of the speaker was fixed for the 29th, and the 1st of August was to be "the great, the important day," on which the governor (Sir George Gipps), was in due process to open the first parliament of New South Wales. Great excitement prevailed at all the elections, and we are sorry to find that, both at Sydney and Melbourne, very serious riots took place. The *Observer*, of Sydney,

"Cannot but regret that the annals of our fair city should ever have been stained by the disgraceful outrages perpetrated on the occasion, by an infuriated rabble. . . . At an early stage of the proceedings of the day, a large party of the O'Connell mob, consisting exclusively of the very dregs of the Irish population, proceeded from the Race Course to the Flagstaff, armed with bludgeons, spreading terror and alarm wherever they appeared. . . . On the Race Course matters were carried with equal violence. The flag and polling-booth of Wentworth and Bland speedily disappeared. The friends of those gentlemen were subjected to every sort of indignity, and it was for some time absolutely unsafe for any one to whisper a word in conversation favourable to their pretensions. . . . Other parties throughout the city, especially the respectable portion of the Irish Roman Catholics who had discountenanced O'Connell's pretensions, received similar threats of violence, and made similar preparations to meet it, if not otherwise protected. The total defeat of the party for whose special interest all these disgraceful scenes had been preconcerted, had inflamed their rabble followers to the utmost pitch; but either from the presence of the military, or from their violence having previously exhausted itself, the scenes of midnight riot which were expected and threatened did not take place to any considerable extent."

The result of the election was the return of Messrs. Wentworth and Bland; the poll, at the close of the election, stood thus:—Wentworth, 1,287; Bland, 1,287; O'Connell, 750; Cooper, 363; Hustler, 351. It was generally believed that Mr. M'Leay, the member for Gloucester, Macquarie, and Stanley, would be elected speaker.



The following is a list of the members, with the names of the places they are returned for, together with the official and non-official nominees; the whole comprising

### THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

#### Official Crown Nominees.

The Commander of the Forces.  
The Colonial Secretary.  
The Colonial Treasurer, Colonel Barney,  
(pro. tem., pending Mr. Plunket's  
arrival).  
The Auditor General.  
The Collector of Customs.

#### Non-official Crown Nominees.

Alexander Berry, Esq.  
John Blaxland, Esq.  
Edward Hamilton, Esq.  
Thomas Icely, Esq.  
Richard Jones, Esq.  
Hastings Elwin, Esq.

### MEMBERS ELECTED.

*City of Sydney.*—William Charles  
Wentworth, Esq.; William Bland, Esq.

*County of Cumberland.*—Charles Cow-  
per, Esq.; William Lawson, Esq.

*Town of Parramatta.*—Hannibal  
Hawkins Macarthur, Esq.

*County of Argyle.*—William Bradley,  
Esq.

*County of Northumberland.*—Wil-  
liam Foster, Esq.

*St. Vincent and Auckland.*—J. Cog-  
hill, Esq.

*Cumberland Boroughs.*—W. Bowman,  
Esq.

*Georgiana, King, and Murray.*—Te-  
rence Aubrey Murray, Esq.

*Cook and Westmoreland.*—John Pan-  
ton, Esq.

*Northumberland Boroughs.*—D'Arcy  
Wentworth, Esq.

*County of Bathurst.*—Francis Lord,  
Esq.

*County of Camden.*—Roger Therry,  
Esq.

*Roxburgh, Phillip, and Wellington.*—  
W. H. Suttor, Esq.

*County of Durham.*—Richard Win-  
deyer, Esq.

*Gloucester, Macquarie, and Stanley.*—  
Alexander M'Leay, Esq.

*Hunter, Brisbane, and Bligh.*—W.  
Dumaresq, Esq.

*Town of Melbourne.*—Henry Condell,  
Esq.

*District of Port Phillip.*—Charles  
Hotson Edden, Esq.; Thomas Walker,  
Esq.; Dr. Charles Nicholson; Alexander  
Thomson, Esq.; Dr. John Dunmore  
Lang.

“CHURCH AT BALMAIN.—A preliminary meeting of the inhabitants of Balmain, interested in the erection of a church, was held on Thursday evening, in the Episcopalian School-room. It was resolved to proceed immediately with the collection of funds, to erect a small church, built with hammered stone, on a piece of ground near the hotel, presented for that purpose by Mr. Wilkinson. A committee was formed to collect subscriptions and make other arrangements, to be reported to a meeting, to be held on a subsequent occasion. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson officiates at Ashfield and Balmain alternately; but when the church is erected, the committee are in hopes that they will be able to provide for the permanent residence of a clergyman at Balmain, as the population is rapidly increasing, and with the facilities afforded by steam communication with Sydney, is likely to continue to do so.”—*Sydney Herald*, 29th July, 1843.

“THE CROPS.—From all parts of the colony we have the most gratifying intelligence as to the state of the crops, which we have every hope will be most plentiful. From the Hunter, from Bathurst, and the country beyond; from Goulburn and the southern districts, we hear of copious but not excessive rains, which have put the young wheat into the most beautiful condition. In the Bathurst country there has not been so fine a season for many years.”—*Ibid*.

“The markets generally continue in a dull and uninteresting state, with the exception of wheat and flour, in which articles sales have been effected to some extent; but in almost every description of goods the demand is partial in the extreme.

“WHEAT.—The demand for Van Diemen's land wheat has increased during the week, and nearly the whole on hand has been disposed of, at 4s. 6d. per bushel, to

the extent of 6,000 bushels, on credit. The commissariat tender has been taken at 4s. 2d. per bushel, cash.

"**FLOUR.**—The importation, ex 'Lawsons,' from Valparaiso, has been disposed of, but the figure has not transpired; it is generally supposed to have been about 8*l.* 5s. per ton, cash.

"**PROVISIONS.**—Pork and Beef. The market for these articles continues dull in the extreme. The commissariat tender for 110 barrels Irish, has been taken at 2*l.* 2s. per barrel. In beef, no sales are reported.

"**SUGAR.**—In this article, although the demand has been but partial, an advance of 10s. per ton may be quoted for all good samples, of which the market is ill supplied, the stock generally consisting of very low qualities, not suitable for the trade. English refined: four tons sold for 3½*d.* per lb.

"**COFFEE.**—The only sale reported is three tons Java, at 4*d.* per lb.

"**TEA.**—Hyson skin. This market has undergone a slight reduction, about 120 chests having been disposed of, at 4*l.* 15s. per chest. The concession in this respect has been but partial, and no change in the general quotations can be made: the principal holders still exhibit much firmness, at 5*l.* per chest.

"**TOBACCO.**—Four tierces Barrett's brought 1s. 4*d.* per lb.

"**CIGARS.**—The demand continues limited, but without any change in price. An export to some extent is making in this article to London.

"**B. P. RUM.**—The inquiry continues very limited, and scarcely any business has been done, although the stock is most rapidly declining.

"**BRANDY.**—All descriptions continue very dull of sale.

"**CASE GIN.**—The sales have been about 240 cases, at 14s.

"**MANUFACTURED GOODS.**—Invoices by the late arrivals, to some extent, suitable for the market, have been taken, at twenty-five per cent. advance.

"**BREAD.**—The 2*lb.* loaf sells generally at 3*d.*; but there is much of an inferior description hawked about.

"**BUTCHER'S MEAT.**—There is a good supply of every description of butcher's meat at present in the city. The wholesale prices are as subjoined:—Beef, 1*d.* per lb.; mutton, 1*d.*; veal, 5*d.* to 6*d.*; pork, 4*d.* to 5*d.*; suet, 3½*d.* to 4*d.*; lard, 6*d.*. The retail prices are:—Beef and mutton, 2*d.* per lb.; veal, 7*d.* to 8*d.*; pork, 6*d.* to 7*d.*; suet, 5*d.*; lard, 10*d.* to 1s.

"**POTATOES** are from 4*l.* to 5*l.* 10s. per ton.; the retail prices are from 8s. to 9s. per cwt. Vegetables are plentiful, and still continue of first rate quality. Fruit of every kind in season is abundant.

"**POULTRY.**—The quantity received has been readily bought up by the dealers, at the following wholesale prices:—Fowls, from 3s. to 4s. per pair; ducks, 5s. to 6s. per pair; Muscovy ducks, 6s. to 8s. per pair; wild ducks, 4s. 6*d.* per brace; geese, 8s. 6*d.* to 10s. 6*d.* per pair; turkeys, 11s. to 18s. per ditto; teal, 3s. to 3s. 6*d.* per brace; pigeons, 2s. 6*d.* to 3s. per pair; eggs, 10*d.* to 1s. 2*d.* per dozen; feathers, 1s. to 1s. 3*d.* per lb.

"**TIMBER** of every sort is plentiful."—*Ibid.*

"**SHEEP-BOILING.**—Mr. King's sheep-boiling establishment at New Town is now complete, and in full operation, and about two hundred and fifty sheep per day are being slaughtered. The terms upon which Mr. King takes the sheep are, to defray all the expenses, and put the tallow in a marketable condition, on a wharf in Sydney, at fifteen pence each sheep, which he pays himself out of the proceeds of the skins, so that the settler has his sheep converted into a saleable commodity, without the outlay of a single farthing, which is a very important accommodation. The settlers should send fat sheep to the boiling establishments: we have heard of sheep of the very poorest description being boiled down, which can only end in disappointment. From a good sheep, fifteen to twenty-five pounds of tallow is obtained; and Mr. King, whose practical experience in the tallow and soap trade is very considerable, has no doubt that both the body and kidney fat will command the very highest price in London. With moderate exertions a thousand tons of tallow per annum can be exported, and in the course of a year or two that quantity may be increased."—*Sydney Herald*, 28th July, 1843.

"**EXPORT OF HORSES.**—The ship 'Stratheden' will sail in the course of the

week with horses for India, but she will not have so many, as, considering the low price of horses in the colony, and the very advantageous terms offered by the captain, we had expected. There are, we believe, only sixty actually ready for embarkation, although a few more are expected. The shippers are Mr. H. O'Brien, Mr. R. Scott, Mr. J. T. Hughes, Mr. M'Leay, Mr. C. M'Leay, Mr. W. Gibbes, and Mr. M. H. Marsh. The 'Troubadour,' a very fine ship of 642 tons, has been chartered to convey horses to India, and is open to take about forty more. As the price of horse stock is so very low at present, we imagine the settlers will avail themselves of the opportunity, especially as the plan, first started by Captain Hewlett, of the 'Stratheden,' of only receiving freight when the ship arrives at Madras, for the horses actually delivered, is adopted."—*Sydney Morning Herald*, July 22nd, 1843.

### PORT PHILLIP.

The latest date from this colony is August 1st. The attention of the inhabitants had been almost wholly absorbed in the elections which had just terminated, the members returned will be seen in our New South Wales intelligence. Some dissatisfaction had been expressed at the "nomination members" selected by Sir George Gipps, on the ground that none of the parties were in any manner connected with Port Phillip—the outrages at the election had been most disgraceful, but the ringleaders were secured and would be brought to trial for their proceedings.

Business was exceedingly dull, but the prospects of the colony had upon the whole brightened.—The sheep-boiling experiment was just beginning here, and will in all probability be carried on to a great extent, as the flocks throughout Australia Felix, had increased to an enormous extent. Great attention was likewise paid to the Mimosa bark, and it was expected that at least 1000 tons would be shipped for England during the ensuing season. We see no account of land sales to any extent under the late act, which fixes the upset price of government lands at £1 per acre.—The state of the country, with respect to its agricultural prospects, was considered to be most satisfactory, and the greatest energy and perseverance characterized the inhabitants.—The markets supplied by England had ceased to be overstocked, and some articles of English manufacture were in great demand. The reports from this settlement may, as a whole, be fairly considered favourable, bearing in mind the depressed state it has been in for some time previous.

### PORTLAND.

"THE BLACK POLICE.—This body arrived at the Grange on the 4th instant, on their route to Mount Eckersley, where their quarters have for some time been prepared for their reception. The total force consists of 13, of which 10 are Aborigines, 1 white sergeant, and Mr. Dana, the commander, with his servant."—*Portland Mercury*, July 12.

"WHALING AT PORT FAIRY.—Whaling operations have been carried on with some success this season at the above port; Mr. Campbell, although having but two boats manned, has already captured five of these monsters of the deep, which, on an average, will yield ten tons of oil each. We are given to understand that other parties in that township will carry on the whaling next season on an extensive scale."—*Ibid*.

"THE MAGISTRACY.—His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint John Fitzgerald Leslie Foster, Esq., of Leslie Park, Port Phillip, a magistrate of the territory and its dependencies."—*P. P. Patriot*, July 31.

"MELTING CATTLE.—The Salting Company have come to the determination of experimentalizing upon half a dozen cows, with a view of deciding the question of profit to be derived from this process, and should the theoretical opinions upon the subject be borne out by facts, it is their intention to carry out the system to a considerable extent."—*Ibid*.

**"GIPPS' LAND.**—C. J. Tyers, Esq., late of the Survey Department at Portland, has received the appointment of Commissioner of Crown Lands at Gipps' Land."—*Ibid.*

**"THE TIMES.**—Every succeeding day, we are happy to state, affords fresh indications of returning prosperity; indeed it is not too much now to state that this province has passed the Rubicon, and that we are now rapidly regaining our original position, as the most prosperous of the Australian Colonies. The adoption of the system of boiling down sheep has had the effect of giving a certain value to the carcass of that animal which it cannot fall below, and has secured, however, the utter impossibility of our being overstocked; the consequence is, that sheep and cattle have both attained to a value which a few weeks since it would have been considered quite foolish to expect. A few weeks ago, sheep were absolutely unsaleable at any price, and forced sales were made at a figure which we should be absolutely ashamed to name. Now, however, the ruling price for fat wethers is from 8s. to 8s. 6d., and a farther rise is expected. As a proof, we may mention that, during the past week, Alderman Mortimer purchased a large flock of wethers from a settler at the Pyrenees at 8s. per head, and at the same time offered to purchase the same or a larger number, deliverable two months hence, at 10s. a head. When such prices as these are obtainable by our flock-masters, Australia Felix must be going ahead."—*Ibid.*

**"GIPPS' LAND.**—On Wednesday a sale of land in this location took place by Mr. M'Donnell, when the following allotments were disposed of, viz.:—Sixteen half-acre town allotments at the upset price of 5*l.*; four from 5*l.* to 7*l.*; two at 9*l.*; and one reached 11*l.*; one suburban allotment produced two guineas; and of cultivation farms, three were taken at 10s. per acre; one at 13s., one at 19s., and one at 21s.; whilst the largest, 400 acres, fetched 22s. per acre."—*Melbourne Times*, July 28.

**"WESTERN PORT.**—On Friday last the fine cutter, Boujah Maiden, arrived from this port with a cargo of bark, barilla, and oats. We have had the opportunity of conversing with a gentleman, a passenger, who states that he conceives there is a considerable means for the production of barilla. We would strongly recommend the attention of the unemployed to this new opening for enterprise, no capital being required; as we are told there are parties who would willingly supply provisions, and take the material in payment as produced. Several cargoes have already been shipped from there to Sydney, where the article is become scarce."—*Ibid.*

Prices Current, Aug. 1, 1843.

	s.	d.
Flour 1st, per 100 lbs.	13	0
Do. 2nd. „	11	6
Do. 3rd. „	10	0
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs., 4s. to	4	6
Bran, per 20 lbs., 1s. to	1	3
Butcher's meat:—Beef, per lb., 2½d. to	0	3
Mutton, per lb., 2½d. to	0	3
Pork, per lb., 7d. to	0	8
Veal, per lb., 6d. to	0	8
Lamb, per quarter	3	0

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The last advices from this colony announce the safe arrival of the Advocate General, the Hon. George F. Moore, from England. The arrival of the ship "Janet" in the Colony is also hailed with great satisfaction, not only on account of the needful supplies which she brought, but also on account of her bringing back many old and valued settlers, together with some new ones.

Her Majesty's exploring vessel "Beagle" had left Western Australia.

The inhabitants of the Colony are turning their attention to the advantages derivable from adding fresh articles to their list of exports, and an experiment was about to be made in the export of timber, with which the Colony abounds. In order to avoid an impression which might arise in this country from the timber being called mahogany, and thus being brought into competition with the mahogany already imported into England from foreign countries, it was resolved to give it the name by which it is known to the Aborigines, viz., "*Jarrak*;" by this name it is to quietly and unostentatiously make itself known in the English market by its own intrinsic value. A company was about to be formed for the purpose of carrying this wood-exporting scheme into execution.

The annual report of the Agricultural Society had been published, which states that the culture of the vine has been extensively entered into, and with most satisfactory results. The report also states, that there is reason to believe that the Colony possesses almost every valuable species; and the experiments upon raisins and Zante currants have already proved that only a little time is required to render the colony independent of such articles from any foreign country. Upon the olive the report states, "that we cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary success of the olive, which, at five years old, is loaded with fruit, and often increases eight feet in height in a single season."

The last year had been marked by a considerable increase in the immigration of labourers, such indeed as to have caused some uneasiness lest they should not find employment; but the result has proved not only that such fears were groundless, but that a much greater and continually increasing supply is necessary to meet the demand.

An Insurance Company was about being formed with every prospect of success, the want of such an Institution having long been felt in the Colony.

A gale of wind had done considerable damage.

The lambing season, which had just ended at the date of the last advices, is described as having been most favourable, and the state of the Colony in general very satisfactory.

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

We are enabled in our present number to place before our readers very full and carefully collected statistics of this Colony, and which prove beyond doubt that her progress is satisfactory.

The new staple, as it is now called, of Australia, has found its way here, though not to any very great extent—we mean, boiling the sheep down for tallow.

The governor had been on a short exploring expedition, in company with Mr. Fronce, the surveyor-general.

South Australia has now been proclaimed a British Colony about six years and five months.

For the last two years her population has been nearly stationary, and may be set down at 16,000 souls.

The quantity of land surveyed in the province, at the date of the last returns, was 632,826 acres, and the quantity sold and selected at the same period was 319,891 acres.

During the year 1842, the land under cultivation in the province amounted to 21,645 acres; of which 15,281 acres were wheat, 2,934 barley, 760 oats, 972 maize, 758 potatoes, 252 turnips and crops not specified, and 698 gardens.

The amount of stock in the colony at the same period, as far as could then be ascertained, was 360,000 sheep, 20,000 head of horned cattle, 2,000 horses,

and 12,000 sundry small stock, such as pigs and goats, which, upon a moderate calculation, were worth, say £240,000 to £250,000.

In estimating the amount of fixed and floating capital of the province, such as its oil and wool, its stock and buildings, its farming implements and produce, its land and agricultural improvements, and its actual cash in hand, it can hardly be set down at less than £3,000,000 sterling; but, allowing, as we are fairly entitled, what certain descriptions of property may be worth to their present holders as investments, we should not greatly err in stating it at £3,500,000.

The exports of wool for the season have been 3,034 bales, containing 854,815 lbs.; of oil 126 casks, of whalebone 168 bundles, of wheat 4,276 bushels, of flour 122 tons, of oats 134 bushels, of barley 686 bushels, and of farm and dairy produce a quantity altogether unexpected. The declared value of the total exports of the last half year is £47,716 11s. 2d.; and of exports, produce of the Colony, £38,296 0s. 2d.

"We are glad to learn that the whalers at Encounter Bay have again been successful. On Monday week, Messrs. Hagen & Co.'s party caught a whale; and on Tuesday, Mr. Wheland's party were equally fortunate. The fish will yield, it is said, about eight tons each. Messrs. Hagen & Co. have been annoyed by a number of their men having treacherously deserted them, but the *Governor Gawler* has taken down a full reinforcement, and we trust more respectable hands, and the party will again carry on their operations with more energy than ever."—*Southern Australian*, July 18th.

#### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

The retirement of the governor, Sir John Franklin, was one of the main topics occupying the minds of the Colonists. Sir John will bear with him to his retirement the good wishes of a large portion of the Colony. The depredations of the bushrangers were in some parts of the Colony carried on to a great excess, and it required the utmost exertions of the authorities to capture these desperadoes. The criminal courts appear to have been in July last fully occupied with trials of bushrangers, for murder and robbery.

The complaints of the depression of trade, and distress, are not so loud; and it may reasonably be inferred that the state of the Colony, and its prospects, had improved, and induced a more cheerful tone in the organs of public opinion.

There are no extracts from the papers that we can select likely to prove entertaining to our readers, and we must therefore content ourselves with this general and brief account.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

This Colony is now attracting a degree of painful interest, in consequence of a fatal collision having taken place between the British settlers and a tribe of the natives at Cloudy Bay, a distance of about 70 miles from Nelson, one of the settlements of the New Zealand Company. Among the many narratives of this transaction, the clearest and most succinct account appears to us to be contained in the dispatch from Colonel Wakefield to the Secretary of the Company. The most satisfactory accounts continue to arrive both from Auckland the capital, and from the Company's settlements, as regards the agricultural capabilities of the Colony. In all the settlements, attention is being paid to the preparation of flax for the English market, and from the ascertained superiority of this article, it is justly relied on, as forming a valuable export. Beef salting, for the purpose of exportation, is going on to

some extent. Although the "untoward event" of the affray with the natives had cast great gloom over the inhabitants of Wellington, many of the parties whose lives were sacrificed, amounting in all to nineteen, having been inhabitants of that settlement, and men well known and highly respected by their brother Colonists, still it is gratifying to find that all the well-informed authorities agree that there is no fear whatever of an attack being made by the natives on any of the settlements. This tragical affair arose out of a "land squabble," and melancholy as it is, cannot be regarded in any other light than as a private quarrel between the parties concerned. Its effect will, we trust, be to insure the exercise of more caution on the part of the Colonists in their transactions with the natives, and also, that should it be found necessary to bring into operation the powers of the law, the executive officers will take care to have at their command, such an overwhelming physical force as shall render any resistance to the authority of the law, both ridiculous and unavailing. This course of proceeding would vindicate the authority of the law, and be merciful in its operation to the savage, who, while he may not fully appreciate the power of a warrant, would be ready to succumb to its authority, when it was thus made clear to his apprehension that its mandate would be enforced by all the powers of the government, and that resistance to it was not only illegal but hopeless. One such example as this would prevent the repetition of such a painful circumstance, as it is at present our misfortune to record :—

"**GREAT BARRIER MINING COMPANY.**—By the "Rory O'More" we have been favoured with a report of the proceedings at the Copper Mines, since the departure of Mr. Abercrombie from this place. From this report, we are enabled to give a brief and general idea of the operations at the mine from the commencement :—Mr. Kinghorn, the active and judicious manager of these mines 'arrived at the Barrier in October last, but much of his time was necessarily lost in making roads to the mine, and in erecting houses for the miners. Much time was also lost in boring through a rock in accordance with the directions of a supposed experienced miner, but without any success.' After this failure, Mr. Kinghorn 'took the matter into his own hands,' and at once struck into good ore ; the result of which has been that 20 tons of ore have been shipped to Sydney, and upwards of 70 tons more are now ready at the mine for shipment. A greater quantity of ore would have been raised by this time, but for an unfortunate accident occurring to two of the miners, principally through their own carelessness, which reduced the working of the mine to one-fourth its usual quantity, and that for some weeks. The operations are now confined to the working of two beds of ore, the one of blue, and the other of yellow colour, and both of superior quality."

#### PORT NICHOLSON.

"We are extremely happy to announce that the whaling season has commenced. On Thursday last, Mr. Haine's party, at Kapiti, caught a whale, which we believe turned out 6 tons of oil. Another whale was captured during the week at Cloudy Bay, by Mr. Levien's party."—*Gazette*, 10th May, 1843.

"The gaol on Mount Cook has been commenced, and the work is being rapidly proceeded with. The building stands in a very prominent position, and will be made as strong as bricks and mortar can make it."

"Twenty tons of prepared flax are waiting at Kapiti for shipment to this place. The Pickwick was to call for it on her way from Cloudy Bay, but would most likely be unable to bring it down in one load, and would, therefore, be compelled to make two trips. Verily, 'flax scraping' seems to be getting in good repute with the Maories."

#### NELSON.

In the *Nelson Examiner*, two letters have appeared from residents in that settlement, showing that flax prepared by Europeans at the ordinary wages

of white labourers, would produce a loss to the manufacturer. One of the correspondents calculates this loss at 8*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* per ton; the other, by reducing the expenses and increasing the price to be received, calculates the loss at only 11*s.* 2½*d.* per ton. Notwithstanding these evil auguries, however, one or two of the settlers were erecting mills for the purpose of preparing flax. We wish them every success.

"FLAX.—The American ship, Robert Pulsford, has again returned to our port, after a visit to America. When here on the last occasion, the gentlemen in charge of her took from this place a small quantity of flax, for which he found an immediate sale in America at 30*l.* per ton. This gentleman is so confident of the readiness of the demand for New Zealand flax in his country, that, had he not been bound on to Manilla for a cargo awaiting his arrival there, he would have freely purchased our flax. He purposes returning again to this place from America, and hopes, on his arrival, to find the settlement able to furnish him with flax and foreign oil in bond."

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THE  
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- ART. I.—1. *Copernicus in Walhalla* (*Kopernik w Walhalli*).  
By Professor Adrian Krzyzanowski. Warsaw. 1843.  
2. *Rozprawa o Koperniku* (*The Life and the Writings of Copernicus*). By John Sniadecki. Warsaw.

WHETHER the object of our contemplation be man or the universe—whether human communities, with their varied scenes of activity, or the creation around, teeming with life and beauty,—we cannot avoid observing, in their individual as well as aggregate elements, certain marks typical of change and periodicity. Epochs, eras, cycles, are only different names for them, and history is nothing but a record of those periodical phases in nature, society, and science. In surveying the whole range of events that thus occur to our mind, every thing appears to be subject to change, and every thing to be periodical.

One of these particular segments of the past the Association of the Friends of Poland assembled to commemorate on the 30th of December last. They were then just at the close of a year, and the Earth had but one turn more to complete around its axis, when a period of 300 years was to roll down to eternity, one signalized by the discovery of a particular system of laws governing the universe—laws determining the measurement of time and space, two conceptions of the Supreme Intelligence the most incomprehensible, without which the existence of things could not be comprehended, and which, combined with what they lead into, have ever been the purest and sublimest objects for man's speculation. This cycle, above all others, stands eminent in the annals of science. Since 1543, three centuries have been completed. In that year, the renowned work on the Revolutions of the Celestial Bodies (*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*) appeared in print, and in that very year, 300 years ago, Copernicus, its immortal author, died.

At the name of Copernicus, countless associations of ideas crowd at once upon our mind. Previous to his epoch, astro-



nomy was in its cradle, and in gazing with admiration on the expanse of the heavens, man saw no more than the stars revolving around the earth in a firmament, to which they served merely as an ornament. The apparent movements of some of them, which in the length of time could not remain unnoticed, were a riddle to the ancients, that none of their greatest philosophers could solve; and if some writers, as Nicetas, Philolaus, and Heraclides, admitted that the earth moved, it was only an indefinite and random assertion, unsupported by any conclusive demonstration; it could not be made available for the advancement of science, and still less for the real comprehension of the true system of the universe, and of its complicated mechanism. The knowledge of the heavens possessed by Hipparchus consisted in the enumeration of only 1022 stars discoverable by the naked eye. What countless hosts of them have since been observed! Ptolemy, in the year 130 of the Christian era, made an attempt to reduce astronomy to a system; but in adopting, as he did, the vulgar idea of the earth being immoveable in the centre of the universe, and the firmament with its sun and other stars and planets moving around it in twenty-four hours, his system, far from producing that good, which had it been founded on just views must have resulted to the science, only gave additional weight to ancient errors. Absurd as the Ptolemean system appears to us, still it was popular for many centuries, and recognized as true by all nations. To speak against it was considered as equivalent to speaking against one's own senses; and those who dared to doubt it, came within the canon assigned to the most dangerous heresiarchs. Still the architecture of the heavens, according to that system, presented itself in a form too gross and palpable, and too discordant with the order and harmony universally prevalent in nature, for its defects to escape entirely the penetration of many reflecting minds. On its being explained to Alphonsus X. king of Castile, by the Jewish and Arabian sages, by whom he, as a lover of science, was surrounded, struck with its incongruity, he exclaimed, what no man, who had not a crown upon his head, could have pronounced with impunity, "that had he been in the council at the creation, the edifice of the universe would have been more perfectly constructed." The only concession antiquity made in this system was as regards the small planets nearest the Sun, Mercury and Venus, which Martianus Capella held to move around him. The celebrated astronomer, Purbach, and his still more celebrated pupil, Regiomontanus, conceded this with respect to some other planets, but they obstinately main-

tained the immoveability of the Earth. Since the creation, therefore, the law of the heavens, the sublimest work of that creation, continued to be misinterpreted by mankind, until Copernicus appeared. To his lot it fell to emancipate the human mind from both the empire of the senses and the trammels of revered authority; he it was who rent the impenetrable veil from the mysteries of nature, and for ever secured to Intellect a sway in her temple. It was not, however, until he had thoroughly investigated the opinions of antiquity, until he had shown them to be entirely untenable and useless, that he ventured to replace them by his celebrated "Hypotheses,"—for under that unostentatious name they were ushered into the world,—though, even at present, who can deny them the force of axioms? By him the Earth became dispossessed from the station it had so long usurped, and the Sun was enthroned in the centre: the Earth, the planets, with their satellites, were made to revolve periodically around the Sun,\* while they were at the same time performing their own particular orbits and rotations. Such is the principle of the Copernican doctrine; and simple as it is, it abounds, as every true system does, in a variety of important and useful deductions. By it the lunar changes, the equinoxes, our seasons and differences of climates, are explained, and can easily be accounted for. By it geography was not only improved, but it became a science, and navigation established on a more scientific basis. Nowhere, however, was the superiority of the Copernican system more visible than in astronomy, its legitimate province. Through it, a secure basis was afforded to the labours of astronomers who succeeded the discoverer: for, by securing to them the Archimedean *ποῦ στῶ* their progress became certain. It would be too vast a task to recount those successes in all their ramifications. Suffice it only to say, that, in the vast number of new observations and discoveries in astronomy that were made after him, there is hardly any which might not be referred to or derived from the principle laid down by Copernicus,—none at least could be obtained in contradiction to it. Since the year 1543 to this day, the Copernican system has been universally acknowledged to be the established law in astronomy; and for 300 years it has served as the instrument by which modern astronomy has continually extended the field of its vast discoveries. Its principle, and admirable method, being followed up by such great votaries of science as

\* The periods of those revolutions were fixed as follow :—87 days for Mercury, 227 days for Venus, 365 days for the Earth, 1 year and 321 days for Mars, 11 years for Jupiter, and 29 years for Saturn.

Galileo, Kepler, Descartes, Newton, the two Herschels, Airy, Struve, Laplace, Arago, astronomy became what it now really is, not only an interesting but an exact science.

It will be unnecessary to expatiate on the Copernican system itself, since it is universally received as a portion of elementary education, is propounded as the great basis of all physical astronomy at colleges and schools, and discussed with ability at most Mechanics' Institutes. But while we can thus dispense with the scientific portion of our subject, we cannot do so with the historical. This is least known, and even scholars are found unacquainted with it. It is on this portion, which concerns the person and biography of Copernicus, that we propose to dwell at the present moment.

But at the very outset, we may be asked the reason, why the commemoration of such a memorable epoch as the tricennial anniversary of the Copernican system should have been undertaken by the Polish Literary Association? Why has it been celebrated by that society, and not rather by some of the scientific societies either in this country or on the Continent? Assuredly, an homage to an universal genius like Copernicus, who extended his enlightening influence over all nations and centuries, would not, we confess, have been misplaced anywhere—and we are rather astonished at the omission in other quarters. The reason why the Polish Association has not omitted to pay him this tribute is, that the great astronomer, Copernicus, was a *Pole*, and therefore the celebration of so memorable an epoch was a home question of Poland.

In designating this anniversary as a “home question of Poland,” we are not ignorant of Copernicus being sometimes ranked among German philosophers. That mistaken notion, or rather preposterous claim, is of modern date, and is unauthenticated by the history of that age in which the astronomer lived. Nor is it supported by any of his biographers, ancient or modern. Not one word is said by any one of them intimating that he was a German: neither by Rheticus, who was his contemporary and pupil;\* nor by Gassendi, the writer of his life, as well as that of Tycho Brahe;† nor by Nicholas Müller, the editor of his astronomical work at Amsterdam; nor by any one of the Polish historians and biographers, as Starowolski, Radyminski, Swiatkowski, David Braun, who having lived nearer the age of Copernicus, might

\* *De Libris Revolutionum, &c. Nic. Copernici ad Io. Schonerum. Gedani. 1540. 4to.*

† *Tychonis Brahei Vita, authore Petro Gassendo. Accessit Nicolai Copernici, Geo. Peurbachii, et Jo. Regiomontani Vita. Hagae. 1655. 4to.*

have known more about him. They merely said that Copernicus was a native of Thorn (Thorunensis, Torunaeus); and scarcely needed to say more, since all Europe knew that, according to the geography of that age, Thorn was a town situated in Poland. Among more recent biographers are Soltykowicz,\* and John Sniadecki, and both describe our astronomer as a Pole. To the latter we are indebted for a most accurate account of his life, written with critical acumen, and also accompanied by a profound analysis of his great work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium*.† And as that book has been translated into English and all the principal languages of Europe,‡ it is rather surprising that it should not have removed the erroneous impression respecting the country of Copernicus, and that he should be still spoken of as a German. How far history has, in this respect, been disregarded, may be seen from the fact, that in 1819, when *medals* of eminent men of all nations were published at Paris, that of Copernicus represented him as a German;§ and that, but two years ago, the astronomer had a *niche* of honour (Ehrenplatz) granted to him by the Bavarians in *Walhalla*, their Teutonic Pantheon, among the great men of their own race, "*Walhalla's Associates*" (*Walhalla's Genossen*).|| Madame de Stael, in her work on Germany (*l'Allemagne*), designated him likewise as a German; it is difficult to say upon what authority; but that popular book may have much contributed to propagate this erroneous notion of him. We see recent English writers occasionally fall into the same error; and but one year ago an Historical Atlas, for the use of schools, was printed with it. It is difficult, and even useless, to trace the origin of that error in history; and various literary dictionaries, which are commonly employed as books of reference, not being free from it, it must have crept in from some foreign work, especially German pub-

\* An Account of the University of Cracow, (O Stanie Akademii Krakowskiej,) from its foundation, in 1347, to the present time, by Joseph Soltykowicz. Cracow. 1810.

† A Dissertation on Copernicus, (Rozprawa o Koperniku). Warsaw. 1802.

‡ The following are the translations of Sniadecki's book: English, by Brennan; French, by Tengoborski; Italian, by Zaydler; German, by Ideler and Westphal; Russian, by Anastazewicz.

§ A patriotic Pole, Adrian Krzyzanowski, caused the Parisian medal to be struck with a true legend restoring Copernicus to Poland.

|| This absurd act was done in opposition to the better authorities of their own national historians, and among others against one of M. Wachler, who distinctly says: "Von den andern Nationen ist die Polnische mit vollem Rechte stolz auf ihren Nicolaus Copernicus aus Thorn, Schüler des Albert Brudzewski aus Cracow." — *Handbuch Geschichte der Literatur*. Leipsic. 1824. Vol. IV. p. 207. How little Copernicus was entitled, from his birth, to become an associate in the heathen *Walhalla*, has been exposed by Adrian Krzyzanowski in his "*Kopernik w Walhalli*," printed in 1843 at Warsaw.

lications of that species, written from mercenary views, or from hostile motives to Poland. There are innumerable instances of such perversion of the history of that country, from no other than such ignoble motives. We sometimes find Copernicus called a *Prussian*. He is thus designated by Montucla, who, however, cites Maestlin as his authority, in his *Histoire des Mathématiques*, (Vol. I. p. 626,) and also by others; but whoever is conversant with history, will not take Prussia, especially Old or Proper Prussia, at the time when Montucla wrote, and at the age when Copernicus was born, for Germany. Yet from that erroneous supposition of Prussia being synonymous with Germany, it is not unlikely most of the blunders may have arisen. Prussia—that is, the present kingdom of Prussia—may be German now, but it was not in the least so in the time of Copernicus. Prussia was then like Lithuania, Polish,—continued for centuries like the latter united with Poland,—and Prussians were Poles, not *vice versâ*. Copernicus was designated a Pole, for the same reason as the Lithuanians and Podolians. They, therefore, who call him a German, little dream that Copernicus is no more a German than either Newton or Shakspeare; that, indeed, these might be more properly claimed by the Germans, on account of their apparently Saxon names, than Copernicus, whose very name cannot afford them that advantage, it being genuine Slavonic. To show that Copernicus was truly a Pole, we have only to ask, who were his parents?—what was the place of his birth?—of his education?—what was his station in society?—and what were his private connections? An answer to these and similar queries, will more than enough decide the question as to which nation has a legitimate claim on him.

Nicholas Copernicus was born at Torun, (*Germanicè*, Thorn,) in the year 1473, under the reign of Casimir IV., king of Poland, on Friday, the 19th of February, at 4 o'clock and 48 minutes, P. M. The house in which he was born is still standing; it was his mother's dowry. His father was not a native of Thorn, but arrived in that town in 1462, as a citizen of Cracow (*civis Cracoviensis*).<sup>\*</sup> Three years after his arrival in Thorn, he was elected a member of the council of that town, and died in 1483. The ancestors of Copernicus seem to have settled in Poland from Bohemia: in 1396, we find one of them, Nicholas, his grandfather, admitted to the citizenship of Cracow.<sup>†</sup> The Christian name both of his father and his grand-

<sup>\*</sup> Zerneck's *Thornische Chronica*. Berlin. 1727.

<sup>†</sup> Among the Town Council Records, *Acta Consularia Cracoviensia*, going as far back as the year 1392, on the roll of persons admitted to citizenship in 1396, his grandfather's name is found written "Koppirnig," and it was witnessed by a "Dambrawa," an older citizen of the Polish capital, a Bohemian.

father was like his own, Nicholas. His mother Barbara, born at Thorn, was on her father's side a Weisselrod or Watzelrod, and on her mother's side a Modlibog; both families mentioned by Niesiecki and Centner, as belonging to the nobility of Poland. Her brother Lucas Weisselrod, maternal uncle to Copernicus, was a bishop of Warmia. Neither Copernicus's paternal name, nor the two names on his mother's side, contain anything foreign; all three are, as to their root and composition, Slavonic: *Kopernik*,\* according to the Bohemian and Polish idiom;—Weisselrod† and Modlibog,‡ according to the Polish, Cassubian, or the Wendish, which are spoken all over Eastern Prussia and Pomerania. On the mere perusal of those patronymics, nobody conversant with the Slavonic idioms can for a moment doubt, that Copernicus belonged to the Slavonian race. Besides, Thorn, his native town, was situated in Regal, that is, Polish Prussia, which, at the birth of Copernicus, formed an integral part of the kingdom of Poland, and continued to belong to it until the first dismemberment of that country, in 1772, when it became incorporated with the present kingdom of Prussia. All the population around Thorn is Polish, not German, though the latter may have of late increased, especially in town. Previous to the treaty with the Teutonic Order, in 1466, the whole district, where Thorn is situated, was considered as belonging to the Palatinate of Masovia.§ Hence Italian authors, in writing of Thorn as the birthplace of Copernicus, call it still *Città di Masovia*.

The education of Copernicus commenced at Thorn, in the school of that town, where he studied the rudiments of Greek and Latin. To complete his studies, he was, in 1491, sent to the University of Cracow, and his name is entered in the Album, by his own and his father's Christian name, viz.

“*Nicolaus Nicolai de Torunia*,”

as was customary in that university for the natives of *Prussia* and *Lithuania*. Foreign pupils only used to be distinguished by the name of the country or nation to which they belonged. During three years, he continued at Cracow occupied with the

\* *Koppirning*, Polonized *Kopernik*,—in Bohemian and Polish, is derived from *Kopr* or *Koper*, a well known plant, called *fœniculum*, fennel flower, *Nigella* Lin. —Similarly, Polish *Koprownik*, *Seseli* Lin., German *Baerwurtz*; Copernicus is the astronomer's Latinized name, from *Kopernik*, the composition of which becomes evident from the herb *Koper*, and the termination *nik*, common to many Polish patronymics.

† *Weisselrod*, composed of *Weissel* (Vistula), Polish *Wisla*, German *Weichsel*—the Polish *rod*, Latin *genus, gens*.

‡ *Modlibog*: literally, “Pray God,” in Polish.

§ I. Leo's *Historia Prussie*. 1726.

study of the classics, and in addition to these pursuits he directed his attention to medicine and philosophy. Albert Brudzewski was at that time the most eminent professor of the university. Copernicus attended his public lectures, and also had the benefit of his private instruction. Under his guidance, he became thoroughly initiated in astronomy, and particularly in the use of the astrolabium. In fact, that distinguished teacher, whose premature loss Poland had in 1495 to deplore at Wilna, where he was appointed tutor to Prince Alexander, afterwards king of Poland, laid the foundation to Copernicus's future eminence and glory. Some biographers make Copernicus a disciple of Regiomontanus, whose renown, in the 15th century, stood in its zenith throughout Europe; and even the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (Vol. VII. p. 308) honours him with that astronomer's "friendship at Rome;" but the latter died in 1476, at that capital, when Copernicus was but three years old.\*

Of his fellow students at Cracow, and afterwards competitors for the same honours in learning, mentioned by his biographers, were Jacobus of Kobylin, author of the "*Declaratio Astrolabii*," Nicholas Szadek, Martin of Olkusz, and Wapowski, distinguished both as an historian and mathematician. With these Copernicus, during the whole of his life, carried on a correspondence on the most difficult points in astronomy, and especially on the eclipses. A large collection of letters relating to that mutual exchange of ideas was in the possession of Broscius, a mathematician of Cracow, in the 17th century. One of those letters, "*De Motu Octavae Sphaerae*," addressed to Wapowski, is recorded to have been exceedingly important, and Gassendi regretted that it was not published.† Broscius

\* This gross anachronism seems to have chiefly originated in Starovolsius mistaking Regius Mons (Königsberg), a town of Franconia, near which John Müller was born, and from which he obtained the surname of Regiomontanus, for Regiomontum (Königsberg), the capital of Prussia. Misled by that historian's authority, several writers have falsely represented John Müller Regiomontanus as a native of Königsberg in Prussia. Nay, Copernicus himself is sent, by some, to Königsberg to complete his studies, although at the time when the latter was terminating his career of European glory, that city had to boast of no higher college than a gymnasium, then just erected by Albert, duke of Prussia; and its university, founded by the same duke in 1544, (one year after our astronomer's death,) was confirmed by Sigismund I., king of Poland, then Suzerain of Ducal Prussia, "*Ad profigendam impietatem et barbariem*," as it is expressed in the royal decree confirming the statutes of that university. To such a degree Prussia appears to have been barbarized by her Teutonic rulers. With the introduction of schools, a period of improvement commenced: but even in this respect, the Regal (Polish) Prussia had a start before the Ducal Prussia. Elbing, according to Pisanski, had a high school in 1300; Thorn, in 1350; Culm (Chelm), in 1405; Dantsic, in 1416. From want of a university in both Prussias, the youth of those provinces used to be sent to Cracow for education—and Copernicus was one of that number.

† Gassendi, *Vita Copernici*, p. 322.

likewise possessed portraits of Copernicus and his father, painted by the astronomer himself, which he deposited in the library of the university of Cracow. Both are preserved to the present day.\* Such facts as these are an additional proof of Copernicus having been not only by his birth, but also by his education, a Pole. He began and completed his studies at the Polish seminaries of learning, had no other teachers but Poles, and his fellow students and friends of his youth were no others than his own countrymen. According to MSS. records of the Hungarian bursary at Cracow, he used to be called by the pupils of Hungary "a *Masovian*," suitable to the ancient geographical arrangement, by which Thorn was counted not to Prussia but to Masovia.†

Having in his country acquired a permanent taste for study, with the view of improvement, Copernicus felt anxious to see the principal seats of learning abroad. He returned from Cracow to his native town, and left Poland in 1495, while yet twenty-three years old, for Italy—the academies of which country used at that period to be frequented by the youth of all nations, and among others by the Polish. Adorned with all scholastic learning, he set out not unprepared for this journey. He, besides, devoted himself to the study of perspective and to painting, with the view of being enabled to take sketches of every thing that should occur worthy of notice during his travels. Arrived in Italy, he stopped awhile at Padua, where he continued his studies of medicine and philosophy, for which the university of that town was celebrated. It was customary at the universities of that period to enter the names of their pupils into the Album according to the nations to which they belonged; the same practice was observed with his name, and Copernicus is found inscribed in the Album, among the Poles.‡ He appears to have stayed there four years before he completed his studies, and in 1499 graduated Doctor both of Philosophy and Medicine. According to the usage of that day, the ceremony took place at the cathedral of that city.

From Padua, Copernicus used to make occasional excursions

\* Soltykowicz's Account of the University of Cracow, p. 109.

† Adrian Krzyzanowski, in his "Kopernik w Waihalli."

‡ In the History of the University of Padua, entitled *Historia Gymnasii Patavini, Venetis*, 1726, folio, vol. II. p. 195, Nicholas Commonus Papadopoli, its author, says of Copernicus as follows: "That Nicholas Copernicus had attended in Padua the courses of lectures on peripatetic philosophy, and on medicine, is manifest from the album of the university, (*patet ex Polonorum albis*), attesting him to have also been the pupil of Nicholas Passaro and Nicholas Vernia Teatinus. According to the records of the medical faculty, the latter was officiating on the occasion when the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine was conferred on him."



to Bononia for the purpose of communicating with Dominicus de Ferrara on his once favourite study, astronomy. At those interviews with the celebrated mathematician, he appeared not, according to the testimony of Rheticus, in the character of a pupil, but in that of an assistant and a witness of his labours.\* The Italian universities of that period, however celebrated for classical learning, history, philosophy and medicine, do not seem to have maintained an equal reputation in mathematics; and, therefore, Copernicus, a pupil of such an accomplished mathematician as Albert Brudzewski, whose writings were printed for the use of the Italian colleges,† had no abundant harvest to reap abroad. Purbach and his pupil Regiomontanus were dead, and they were Germans: with the exception of Dominicus de Ferrara, Italy could boast of no professors capable of extending his views on astronomical topics. From the congeniality of their common studies, an intimacy had soon sprung up between Copernicus and that celebrated Italian, which continued till the death of the latter. So high an opinion did Dominicus de Ferrara entertain of the superior acquirements of his Polish friend, that he recommended him to the chair of mathematics, vacated by himself at Rome. Copernicus is recorded to have entered in 1500 upon that new office with general applause (*magno applausu*), as fame had preceded him to Rome. The public voice had proclaimed him to be not inferior to Regiomontanus himself. He lectured at Rome to a crowded audience of scholars, of eminent men, and of artists.‡ The fact of Copernicus having creditably occupied that chair is mentioned by Tiraboschi in his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*. He did not, however, fill it for many years, but from some dissatisfaction with the wretched government of Pope Alexander VI., or from having given offence by the novelty of his doctrine, he returned to Cracow in 1502.

Here he seems to have purposed either permanently to settle as a teacher at the Alma Mater of Poland, of which he had been a pupil, or in independent seclusion to mature the plan

\* "Rheticus memorie mandavit Copernicum non tam discipulum quam adiutorem et testem doctissimi viri fuisse."—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 293.

† The book here referred to, and to which Joh. Otto Germana de Vale Vracense, its editor, assigned a superiority over all others of the kind at that time in Italy, is: *Commentaria utilissima in theoricis planetarum &c. pro introductione juniorum*. Mediolani, 1495. Professor Adrian Krzyzanowski, who had an opportunity of comparing the printed copy with Brudzewski's MS., found them only slightly differ in their titles, that of the MS. being "Commentariolum supra theoricis novas Georgii Purbach in studio generali Cracoviensi, per Magistrum Albertum de Brudzewo diligenter corrogatum."

‡ "Professor mathematicum in magna scholasticorum frequentia, et corona magnorum virorum et artificum in hoc genere docuit."—*Rhietici Narratio Prima*.

of his great work ; and thus to swell the bright galaxy of those names which under the auspicious reign of Sigismund I. had commenced the golden era of Polish literature. Eight years he resided at Cracow. Konarski and Zaremba of Bidgosc, two high dignitaries of the church, are named by historians as particular friends both to himself and to his family : so are also two citizen families, the Cromers and the Brezas, the descendants of whom are still extant in Poland, and numbered among the nobility.\* It is not unlikely he would have longer continued at Cracow, amidst an attractive circle of his acquaintances, old friends, school-fellows, of whom many had been raised to the first offices in the kingdom, had he not received, in 1510, a call from the bishop of Warmia, his maternal uncle, to Frauenburg, with the certain prospect of a canonry. In consequence, Copernicus entered holy orders, and was consecrated at Cracow a priest. Created canon in his uncle's diocese, from his modest unambitious character and love of retirement he never rose higher in the church. After the death of Bishop Maurice, in 1537, he was indeed one of the four candidates nominated for the bishoprick ; but the choice fell upon Dantiscus.† Not unlike his life, all his honours, with the exception of the literary, were confined within the limits of Poland.

We now touch upon another phase of Copernicus's life, in which he is to be considered as one of the dignitaries of the church, and as a citizen of the state. In both characters, we find his superior powers put into requisition, and in both with equal credit to him. The bishoprick of Warmia was territorially subject only to the bishop who had two-thirds of it, and to the chapter which possessed one-third, free from the jurisdiction of the king's officers, having never been subject to the Teutonic Order. The bishop was chosen by the king of Poland out of the four canons of the chapter, and created by the pope. The provost was chosen by the king. The town of Frauenburg itself was governed, like Elbing and Braunsberg, by the municipal law of Lubeck, while the rest of the Prussian towns were regulated by the *Jus Culmense*. In the absence of his uncle, who from his senatorial duties was compelled to be much about the court of the king of Poland, the burden of

\* Adrian Krzyzanowski's "Kopernik w Walhalli."

† Dantiscus (John Flachsfinder) called so from Dantzic, where he was born in 1484. He received his education at Cracow, graduated there Doctor, and was created Professor of Poetry at the Jagellonian University. Before he became bishop of Warmia, he was secretary to King Sigismund I. and sent by that king on several embassies, and to England. He died in 1548, at Frauenburg.

domestic affairs of the bishoprick used to devolve upon Copernicus, to the great detriment of his literary pursuits,—a circumstance of which he often in his letters complained. But his fitness for managing the administrative department of the Chapter was such that his services could not be dispensed with; and he soon was appointed a general administrator of all the domains of the bishoprick, which he had not only to superintend, but also to defend from the rapacity of the Teutonic knights. It appears that the Teutonic knights, whose yoke the Prussian people had shaken off, and which order became feudatory to the kings of Poland, had made some encroachments upon the domains of the bishoprick. Through the influence of his uncle at the court, a portion of them had been restored to the church—an act for which he and his uncle had been libelled by the German knights in an infamous pamphlet at the diet of Posnania.\* Copernicus ardently endeavoured to regain the remainder, and he did not rest until he obtained a royal decree by which the usurped estates were to return to the church. Bitter was the hatred of the knights against him. Bribes and threats were in turn employed, but he was unshaken. Having exhausted these, they made him suffer the fate which Socrates had experienced at the hand of Aristophanes—caused him to figure as a *dramatis persona* in a comedy on the stage at Elbing, exposing him along with his theory of the Earth's motion round the Sun to the hootings and the hisses of the mob.† They thus left posterity in a dilemma as to what was most pitiable, their malice or their ignorance. In reference to this, one of his biographers concludes by applying to Copernicus what has pointedly been said of another on a similar occasion: “Nunquam volui populo placere, nam quæ ego scio, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio.”

To understand the degree of hatred which prevailed throughout Prussia against the Teutonic Order, and in which of course Copernicus must have participated, it is necessary only to glance at the relations in which that order stood to

\* “Non possedit initio pacifice Canonicatum, ut non semel conquestus est literis conscriptis ad avunculum in aula præsertim morantem, ut publicæ rei causam tueretur adversus Cruciferos Teutonicosve Equites, qui id circo illi infensi per Posniensia Comitia libello famoso ipsum impetierunt.”—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 294.

† “Cum generose minas, technasque cæteras istorum pro nihilo habuerit, tum ad eam maxime non attendit, quâ ii suscitarent Ludi-Magistrum Elbingensem, qui exhibita publice Comœdia, illum, ut Aristophanes olim Socratem traduxerat, ac omnibus jocis et scommatibus ob illam de Motu Terræ opinionem, faceret multitudini exsibilandum.”—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 323.

the Prussian people. Invited in 1225 by Conrad, duke of Masovia, to convert them to Christianity, and being for that purpose endowed by that duke with the territory of Culm, on condition that what was won in Prussia should be divided equally with the duke, they not only disregarded this stipulation, but after two centuries of oppression, cruelty, and most profligate use of power, goaded the people to an open revolt, and to invoke the protection of Casimir IV. king of Poland, against those aliens in manners and in language.\* Of the towns, Thorn, the native place of Copernicus, was the first to raise the standard of insurrection. It was within its walls that, on the 14th of February, in 1454, the states of Prussia met for the purpose of shaking off the foreign yoke of the Teutonic knights, and with the intent of being incorporated with the kingdom of Poland: and it is also at Thorn that in 1466 a peace was concluded, by which, and of the free accord of the Prussian people, the western part of Prussia, together with Pomerania and Warmia, became, under the name of Regal Prussia, for ever united with Poland; while the eastern portion of it, under the name of Ducal Prussia, was granted to the Grand Master of the Order, to be held by him as feudatory to that kingdom; and which portion he and his successors were to govern, not arbitrarily, but upon conditions agreed upon.† Hence it is obvious that the Prussians loathed the Teutonic knights: and if Copernicus hated them, his hatred seems to have been hereditary. From the important position he then occupied in the country, he felt anxious by every means to remedy the evils foreign oppression had done to it; and though a lover of retirement, he shrunk from no trouble where he could show his sense of true patriotism and philanthropy. Brought up at the Jagellonian university, he could not be unaware that Poland stood on the outpost of European civilization and social improvement—that from the wisdom of her laws, and the mildness of her sway, surrounding nations, as if by some power of attraction, were made to gra-

\* Prussia Proper is far from being a German country. In the eastern portion of it the population is Lithuanian; in the southern and Pomerania, it is Polish or Cassubian; and only along the coast of the Baltic, and principally in towns, it is German. The latter was not aboriginal, but settled there chiefly with the view of commerce; and the agricultural portion of it came at the period of the Teutonic Order, to fill up the vacant districts of the Heathen Pruteni, exterminated by their sword.

† Those stipulations continued for a long time to be the "Magna Charta" of Prussia, and Europe has heard them, on the accession of the now reigning king of Prussia to the throne, appealed to by the states of Prussia as a foundation of a representative government, which Prussians are now so earnestly struggling for.

vitae towards Poland, and she needed no sword to have her limits extended,—and that, from her geographical position, it was the interest of Prussia to be one with Poland,—he could not, therefore, but hail that union which was consolidating for the welfare of the country. Actuated by this feeling, as it seems, we see him appear on the stage of political life. We see him in 1521 a nuncio to the diet at Grudzionz (Graudentz), to which he was unanimously elected by the chapter. At that diet, among other matters of state, the amelioration of the money currency was debated upon,—the money of Prussia having been much debased under the government of the Teutonic knights; and Copernicus was appointed to be one of the committee for that purpose, composed of Polish and Prussian senators. The subject was encompassed with too many difficulties to be brought to a final issue at that diet, and principally because it interfered with the privileges Dantzic, Elbing, and some other Prussian towns had of issuing their own money. Copernicus, however, left a document of his labour in tables (*Abacus*), in which he valued the different species of coins current in Poland, Prussia, Lithuania, and showed the mode of reducing the currency to a common and uniform standard, for all the provinces of that kingdom.\*

From what we have thus said of Copernicus, in his private and public career, it becomes evident that he was not only an accomplished scholar, but also a consummate man of business; that throughout his life he acted as a consistent Polish patriot, unflinching in his opposition to the Teutonic knights, whom he considered, even after the dissolution of that Order, as a political body, to be not less foes to Poland than aliens to the Prussian people; and that, on that very account, with all his prospects and sympathies, he sided with Poland.

Copernicus is associated with Poland no less by his European or rather universal fame, than by birth, education, and position in society. At the time when the great question of the reform of the calendar was agitated at Rome, and several councils of the church had their attention engrossed by the importance of it; and when at last a special congregation was appointed for that purpose, with Bishop Paul of Middelburg at its head, the latter addressed Copernicus in a letter, inviting him to co-operate towards the accomplishment of that scheme. The astronomer did not neglect the invitation; and having already bestowed some attention on the subject when

\* It is a remarkable circumstance that *Newton* and *Copernicus* should have been similarly occupied with the mints of their respective countries.—EDITOR.

it was first mooted by the Pope Leo X., he resumed his labour. He assigned as a reason for the failure of all previous attempts at reform, "the inadequacy of positive knowledge possessed by the then astronomers, as regards the length of years and months on the one hand, and the relative movements of the sun and the moon on the other; and that to these he had ever since directed his attention.\* He intended to produce something more matured, as Gassendi writes; and that at that time he was fit for the task. The treatise he wrote on the subject has not been printed, still it is undeniable that it has not been left unemployed by the congregation of the Gregorian Calendar, especially in fixing the exact length of the year.†

The university of Cracow was celebrated for its *Ephemerides*, a species of astronomical journals in which the orbits and the position of planets were accurately determined for every day in the year. Their collection, which to this day is continued, goes as far back as the year 1428,‡ and it might at that age have much facilitated the writing on calendars as well as writing calendars themselves; and apart from Copernicus, other Cracovian academicians, and among them Martin of Olkusz,§ Adam Swiniarski,|| and Slowacki¶, had contributed their labours towards the reform of the calendar. In fact, *Ephemerides*

\* "Sub Leone X. vertebatur quæstio de Calendario ecclesiastico, quæ tum indecisa hanc solummodo ob causam mansit, quod annorum et mensium magnitudines, atque solis et lunæ motus nondum satis dimensi haberentur. Ex quo equidem tempore his accuratius observandis animum intendi."—*Copernici, de Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium—Præfatio ad Paulum III.*

† In a work on the Calendar, by Clavius, who was one of that learned body, a whole chapter is found, bearing the title "De Periodo anomalie æquinotiorum, et inæqualitatis annorum ex Nicolai Copernici doctrina." In praise of him, the following words are added by that astronomer:—"Unus post hominum memoriam, Nic. Copernicus, egregius nostræ ætatis mathematicus, conferendo diligentissime suas observationes cum observationibus Hipparchi, Ptolomæi, Albategnii, Alphonsinorum, ausus est, solertia sane incredibili, adhibitis novis hypothesibus, incrementum hoc et decrementum anni solaris demonstrare, et anni inæqualitatem ad certam, definitamque normam redigere, invenitque per calculum ex suis hypothesibus depromptum, annum solare, cum ad maximam magnitudinem excrevit, paulo esse majorem eo, quem Ptolomæus comperit, dierum nimirum 365, horar. 5, minut. 55, secund. 57, tert. 40. Cum vero maxime decreverit, paulo minorem esse eo, quem Albategnius reperit, hoc est, dierum 365, minut. 4, secund. 55, tert. 7, ita ut, magnitudo anni Alphonsini media propemodum sit inter maximam et minimam magnitudinem."—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 309.

‡ An astronomical treasure of which hardly any of the European Universities can boast, the "*Ephemerides Astronomicæ*" of Regiomontanus alone being from 1475 to 1506.—*Conversations-Lexicon*. See *Regiomontanus*.

§ Nova Calendarii Romani Reformatio, presented to the Lateran Council in 1515, for which thanks were returned by Leo X. to the University of Cracow.

|| *Theoria Calendarii*. See Starwolsius in Hecat. N. xxvi.

¶ Schreibkalender aufs 1583 Jahr, durch P. Slovaciun, der löbl. Universität zu Cracow Astrologum. Breslau. 1582.

were but Calendars, only under a different name. Since that period, as it seems, a custom had obtained, which made it incumbent on the candidates for the chair of mathematics at Cracow to add to their other qualifications an almanac written by themselves; and also, on the professors of that chair, to present on their part an almanac to the *Senatus Academicus* for each ensuing new year. These annual productions, derived from such a source, could not but be upon an average superior to the ordinary run of them elsewhere. Hence almanacs of Cracow enjoyed a considerable reputation, and even were sought after by the neighbouring states of Silesia, Bohemia, and Hungary. Written by mathematicians who would not admit anything as truth which could not stand the test of mathematical demonstration, these almanacs were not disgraced by either the interpretations of dreams, or by prophecies from constellations and planets. The only extravagance these writers allowed themselves to indulge in was limited to fixing, according to certain changes of the moon, favourable periods for cutting hair, for cupping, for making hay, and gathering harvest home. As regards the weather, in their predictions of it they would not be much blamed even at present, the influence of the moon not being denied on the tides of the sea,—and why should it not be also admitted on the state of the atmosphere, the latter being by far the most sensitive element? In short, we may say that Albert Brudzewski had, as it were, founded a separate school of mathematicians in Poland, comprising Copernicus and ending with Broscius, distinguished equally for the profoundness of their views and for the rigidity of their method, which fitted them well for scanning the mysteries of nature, without involving their minds in a cloud of unsubstantial theories and superstition, which among their immediate successors degenerated into astrology and mysticism, to the destruction of all sound knowledge. The pupils of that school, which in modern times was renewed by John Sniadecki of Wilna, whether styled astronomers or astrologers,—for those terms were indiscriminately applied to them,—were exempt from all the vagaries and prejudices, of which even superior minds among their contemporaries elsewhere were unable to shake off the trammels.

At the summit of the works produced by that excellent mathematical school, stands, like a colossal column, the great work of Copernicus, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*. This celebrated work he appears to have begun at Cracow, after his return from Italy; and he continued it, *die diem docente*, through a number of years, far exceeding herein the

*nonum prematur in annum* of Horace, as, according to his own words, he kept it in *quartum novennium*. The knowledge of the system of the heavens presented of itself great difficulties, and there, besides, stood other obstacles in the way which he had to conquer. Europe had then two great men of whom she might well be proud—Luther in religion, and Copernicus in philosophy. Both had old edifices to overthrow, and new in their stead to erect—and both were surrounded with equal perils. Their respective friends had equally to fear for the safety of each of them from the bigoted and *statu quo* party. Copernicus shrunk himself from revealing what he had discovered: the world, having but recently emerged from utter darkness, was unable to gaze at once at so much light. Not ignorant of this, in his Dedicatory Epistle to the Pope Paul III. Copernicus sets forth boldly, in a strain of argument far superior to what his age was accustomed to hear—that if he had long hesitated to publish his work, it was from his aversion to submitting it to the judgment of the ignorant;—that he was convinced of the incompetency of the vulgar,—meaning even the mass of the learned of that period,—to decide upon the speculations of philosophers, whose province it is everywhere to search after truth, and to know it;—that he had long contemplated whether, instead of divulging the discoveries he had made, he should not rather follow the fashion of the Pythagoreans and others, who never revealed their doctrines concerning the mysteries of nature by either writing or print, but only used to transmit them to their nearest relations and friends, as though from hand to hand, by way of legacy;—that in divulging, at the urgent solicitations of his friends, his discoveries, if he dedicated his work to him (the pope) it was because he knew that the pontiff was a consummate mathematician, who could judge for himself—and that being the head of the church, he might best protect him from obloquy,—although Copernicus appeared on this point to doubt the efficacy of his holiness's influence, as we find he immediately quoted an adage:—*Non esse remedium adversus Sycophantæ morsus*. Those who should find fault with his work because of some alleged discordance with the Scriptures, as he said, distorting it for their malicious purpose, were styled *ματαιολόγοι*, (idle babblers) by him. He openly expressed an utter contempt for them, pithily saying—*Mathematica mathematicis scribuntur*.

After this bold and frank declaration of his opinion on the part of Copernicus, his friends who induced him to publish his work could not but be apprehensive as to what would be the result from its publication. They almost had a present-



ment of the interdict and incarceration Galileo twice incurred for merely confessing his belief in the Copernican doctrine. To avert, or at least to diminish, the probable danger, they resorted to palliatives. They gave the work of Copernicus the title of "Hypotheses;" and lest they should give offence from anything axiomatic in it, (so much seem the people to have then been afraid of asserting truth,) Osiander, in his Preface to the Reader, (ad Lectorem,) contended and almost intreated "that those Hypotheses should not exactly be viewed as true—not even as probable: suffice it only that the computation on which they were grounded be admitted not to disagree totally with observations;" and further, "that astronomers commonly seize upon hypotheses the least difficult for understanding; while philosophers inquire more into probabilities. Neither, however, could comprehend or communicate anything certain or true but what had been revealed to him from God."\* Yet Copernicus seemed not to relish that entirely hypothetical character under which his work was published. Even his biographer Gassendi speaks to its axiomatic nature.†

For the first printed notice of the solar system of Copernicus, Europe was indebted to Rheticus, his pupil and biographer, in his letter to Dr. Schoner, printed at Dantzic in 1540.‡ Rheticus belonged to the number of those enthusiastic lovers of knowledge who omitted no opportunity to enlarge his acquirements. Teacher of mathematics at Wittemberg, he left his chair and repaired to Frauenburg for the purpose of enjoying the instruction of Copernicus.§ He was not,

\* Neque necesse est eas hypotheses esse veras, imo vel verisimiles quidem, sed sufficit hoc unum, si calculum observationibus congruentem exhibeant.... Astronomus eam (hypothesin) potissimum arripit, quæ comprehensu sit quam facillima; Philosophus fortasse verisimilitudinem magis requirit; neuter tamen quicquam certi comprehendet nisi divinitus illi revelatum fuerit.—*Vide "Ad Lectorem," De Revolutionibus Orb. Cæl. Copernici.*

† Tametsi Copernicus Motum Terræ habuisset, non solum pro hypothesi, sed pro vero etiam placito: ipse tamen ad rem, ob illos, qui hinc offenderentur leniendam, excusatum eum (Osiandrum) faceret, quasi talem motum non pro dogmate, sed pro hypothesi mera assumpsisset.

Fuit vero et in hunc sensum invulgatum hoc distichon:—

Quid tum, si mihi Terra movetur, Solque quiescit

Ac Cælum? Constat calculus inde mihi.—*Gassendi, Vit. Cop. p. 319.*

‡ Ad El. Virum D. Schonerum de Libris Revolutionum Rev<sup>d</sup> Doctoris Nicolai Copernici, Torunæ, Narratio prima, Gedani. 1540, 4to. reprinted with his Encomium Borussiae, Basil. 1541. Francf. 1621.

§ Dignum memoratu est, juvenum cordatum ac præeruditum Georgium Joachimum Rheticum, Wittembergæ Mathesin docentem, celebritate illa viri Hypothesosque ejus permotum, professionem suam dimisisse, illumque in Prussiam convenisse ut ipsi adhæreret, ejusque discipulum se profiteretur. Factum id anno 1539.—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici, p. 310.*

deceived, as he himself confesses, in his expectations of him; but found our astronomer even to surpass them, not only in astronomy, but in all branches of learning ("in omni doctrinarum genere"). From a pupil and admirer he became his friend; and on Copernicus being prevailed upon, at the entreaties of Tideman Gysius, bishop of Culm,\* and Schomberg, cardinal of Capua, to publish his work, Rheticus, aided by Osiander, who undertook to superintend its printing, was the editor of it at Nuremberg. And when the work was ready, Rheticus sent him the first copy of it.†

But it happened that the printed work reached Frauenberg just on that day, and only a few hours before the death of Copernicus. His constitution had been sound, and he had long enjoyed excellent health. At his advanced age, however, he sustained a rupture of a blood-vessel, and a paralytic stroke on his right side. In consequence of it, the vigour of his mind and his memory began to fail him. When the copy of his work destined for him was brought in, his death-bed was surrounded by his afflicted friends. *He looked on it, touched it with his hand*: but in his cogitations he already had other objects to care for. Composing his mind to these, he resigned his soul to that Creator, whose works he had throughout his life contemplated with such an intense devotion and zeal. He died on the 24th of May, 70 years 3 months and 5 days old,‡ under the glorious reign of Sigismund I. king of Poland.

\* Opus præfationemque Optimo Gysio dedit in manus, ac ut omnia pro-libitu exsequeretur, illi copiam fecit. Gysius vero ad Rheticum, cujus et industriam et affectum norat (imo et quicum ante ejus discessum sic convenerat) omnia uno fasciculo et via quidem tuta in Saxoniam misit.—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 319.

† Works of Copernicus:—

1. De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium Libri VI. Folio, Norimbergæ, 1543. Reprinted at Basil, 1566, fol. Amstel.; 1617 and 1640, in 4to. with the title, *Astronomia Instaurata*. Ed. Nic. Muller.
2. De Lateribus et Angulis Triangulorum. Wittenberg, 1542. 4to. A similar book, "*Canon Doctrinæ Triangulorum*, Lipsiæ, 1551," was published by Rheticus, and called by him *Fructus ex amenissimis Copernici hortis*.
3. Theophylactici, Scholastici, Simocattæ, Epistolæ morales, rurales et amatorie, cum versione Latina.

‡ Cæterum Editio perfecta jam erat, illiusque exemplum Rheticus ad ipsum mittebat, cum ecce, ut optimus Gysius ad Rheticum rescipsit, qui vir fuerat tota ætate valetudine satis firma, laborare cœpit sanguinis profluvio, et insequuta ex improviso paralyssi, ad dextrum latus. Per hoc tempus memoria illi vigorque mentis debilitatus. Habuit nihilominus, unde ad hanc vitam et dimittendam et cum meliore commutandam se compararet. Contigit autem ut eodem die, ac horis non multis, priusquam animam efflaret, operis exemplum ad se destinatum, sibi oblatum et videret quidem et contingerit, sed erant jam tum alia ipsi curæ. Quare ad hoc compositum, animam Deo reddidit, die Maii 24, an. 1543, cum foret tribus jam mensibus et diebus quinque septuagenario major.—*Gassendi Vita Copernici*, p. 320.—In the German "*Conversations-Lexicon*," the day of his death is erroneously put on the 11th of June; and in the "*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*," again, the year of his birth is wrongly given, by which our astronomer is made 73 years old, instead of only 70.

His mortal remains were buried in the cathedral, on the right of the high altar, close by it.

"Il s'eteignit en tenant, dans ses mains defaillantes le premier exemplaire d'un ouvrage qui devait repandre sur la Pologne une gloire si eclatante et si pure," said Arago, in his eulogium of Laplace.\* "In consequence of that mournful event, his work," as Gassendi observes, "was almost posthumous. It was accepted by the experienced with great applause, while the vulgar, or those who knew nothing of the subject, treated his opinion of the motion of the earth, not only as an absurdity, but were even surprised how any man in sound senses could entertain it." Neither could men of learning be soon familiarised with it; they called in question our astronomer's sagacity and penetration for starting such system, and harmonizing it with the whole course of the phenomena of the physical world. Peter Ramus was one of that number of sceptics. Startled by the title of the work, "*Hypotheses*," he condemned the whole system, reared, as it seemed to him, upon such a precarious foundation; and wished for some one who would teach astronomy without having recourse to hypotheses. In his scholastic pride, that dialectician little knew of the true method of arriving at certainty in the investigation of nature, in supposing that nothing could be certain and true which is not proclaimed in the shape of a dogma. He knew not of the force attached to hypotheses in modern philosophy, and to what proud discoveries in physical sciences their adoption had paved the way. In modern astronomy, proud as its strides may be, nearly all investigations are continued in the manner of Copernican hypotheses, accompanied by calculation. No astronomer is ashamed of that modest method; on the contrary, he would be ashamed of anything like dogmatism. Deviation from the former method would carry him back to mythological cosmogonies of Greece and Asia, and stop the progress of rational science. Therefore, the very censure which Peter Ramus passes on Copernicus, justly redounds to the greater glory of the latter.†

\* See l'Institut, le 26 Mai, 1842.

† This absurd passage of Ramus on the Copernican Hypotheses, which, coming from such an authority, was apt to mislead many from the true path of investigating nature, runs as follows:—*Ætate nostra Copernicus Astrologus, non antiquis solum comparandus, sed in astrologia prope singularis, tota antiquitate hypothesisum rejecta, Hypotheses non illas quidem novas, sed tamen admirabiles revocavit, quæ astrologiam non ex astrorum sed ex terræ motu demonstrarent. Atque utinam Copernicus in ipsam astrologiæ absque Hypothesibus constituendæ cogitationem potius incubuisset! Longe enim facilius ei fuisset astrologiam astrorum suorum veritati respondentem describere, quam gigantei cujusdam laboris instar, Terram movere, ut ad Terræ Motum quietas stellas specularemur.*—*Gassendi, Vita Copernici*, p. 327.

Apart from the celebrity Copernicus enjoyed as a great astronomer, there were other accomplishments and qualities of his mind which have much endeared him to his contemporaries, and which will render him for ever an object of admiration to posterity. He shone most with them, when exempt from temporal cares, and in his congenial hours. They are enumerated by Rheticus, who had witnessed them, under the following three heads:—"Unum, ut divinis quam maxime posset interesset officiis: alterum, ut ea qua erat medicinæ peritia, nunquam deesset pauperibus qui suam ipsius implorarent opem; tertium, ut quicquid superesset temporis, impenderet studiis. Hinc semper solitudinem amavit et coluit, ac nisi invitus negotiis seu episcopatus seu capituli sese non immisisset." On the perusal of that passage, who will not rank Copernicus with that class of pious and great philosophers to which Newton belonged? Who will deny him the high commendation of having been eminently a Christian philanthropist? Who will blame him for his longings after solitude, his life having unluckily fallen into an age contaminated with ignorance and superstition, from which he could only emancipate his mind in solitude, without running the risk of slander and persecution. By his superior knowledge of medicine, and the art of preparing medicaments, he gained, according to the testimony of Tideman Gysius, the epithet of the *Æsculapius* of the physicians of Poland. He bestowed his assistance on both the rich and the poor; and the peasantry, on that account, worshipped him as a deity, ("qui ipsum idcirco ut numen quoddam venerabantur"). His propensity to contemplative life rendered him averse to an open struggle with prejudices and ignorance: he was more apt to treat them with contempt, than to provoke and confront their wrath. Far above his age in science and philosophy, he cannot be supposed to have been behind it in his religious opinions, nor to have been ignorant of the real causes which made the edifice of Romanism in Prussia and Poland totter, and the people desert its banners and rank with the Reformation. It would create no surprise had he indeed shared, while he himself was engaged in establishing a system in direct opposition to and excommunicated by that church,\* in the

\* The decree of the Assembly of Seven Cardinals, who sat in judgment upon Galileo in 1633, and of course on Copernicus also, was verbatim this:—"Solem esse in centro mundi, et immobilem motu locali, propositio absurda et falsa in philosophia, et formaliter hæretica; quia est expresse contraria Sacræ Scripturæ. Terram non esse centrum mundi, nec immobilem, sed moveri motu etiam diurno, est etiam propositio absurda, et falsa in philosophia, et theologicè considerata, at minus erronea in fide."—That the sun is in the centre of the universe, and immoveable in local motion, is an absurd proposition, and false in philosophy and in form heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture. That the earth is not the centre of the universe, not immoveable, but moved by a diurnal motion,

general sentiment of that age : the case being even hinted at in an epitaph which existed in a church at Thorn. On a marble tablet he is represented kneeling before the crucifix, and praying :—

“ Non parem Pauli gratiam requiro,  
Veniam Petri neque posco, sed quam  
Crucis ligno dederas latroni  
Sedulus oro.\*”

Copernicus is described to have been a fine, stately figure. His portrait, which is prefixed to his biography by Gassendi, is a fac-simile of one found in Boissard's collection of the portraits (*icones*) of celebrated men.† There exist portraits of him at Thorn, at Frauenburg and at Cracow—all representing him with similar features, mostly in his clerical habit. Only in one, at the cathedral of Strasburg, he is attired in a loose coat, with a broad fur collar and short fur sleeves, as may be seen in the frontispiece of the Galilean *Dialogi*. His portrait, painted by himself from a speculum, which was long preserved at the chapter of Warmia, was in 1584 presented by Canon Hannow to the astronomer Tycho Brahe, and deposited by the latter at the museum of Uraniburg. According to these portraits, his hair lay thick, and was cut short at his neck, and the ensemble of his face and figure much like Roger Bacon's. At Greenwich, Copernicus forms a prominent figure in one of the ceiling decorations of the picture gallery, with the firmament over his head, and his solar system in his hand. Nowhere, we believe, could a happier association of Copernicus be made than in that place of England's naval glory, and in the very asylum of the seafaring men, who, on their voyages to distant regions, may be said to steer on the abyss and to tread on the sky.

During his lifetime the fame of Copernicus was great. He numbered among his friends and his admirers all who were at that period eminent, either by learning or their patronage of it,

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is also a proposition absurd and false in philosophy, and theologically considered also, but less erroneous in faith.

\* I ask no such mercy as that accorded to Paul, nor wish for pardon like that granted to Peter. I only pray for that awarded to the thief when with thee on the Cross.— *Description de la Livonie*, &c. Utrecht, 1705, p. 359, l'auteur anonyme.

† This portrait has been celebrated by Nicodemus Frischlin in the following lines :—

“ Quem cernis, vivo retinet Copernicus ore,  
Cui decus eximium formæ par fecit imago,  
Os rubeum, pulcrisque oculi, pulcrisque capilli,  
Cultraque Apellæas imitantia membra figuras.  
Illum scrutanti similem, similemque docenti  
Aspiceres, qualis fuerat, cum Sidera jussit,  
Et Cœlum constare loco, Terramque rotari  
Finxit, et in medio mundi Titana locavit.”

in Poland and abroad. In his admiration of him, Rheticus is doubtful whether he should equalize him with Regiomontanus or rather with Ptolemy. Clavius proclaims him to be the founder (*instaurator*) of modern astronomy, whom posterity will gratefully admire as a second Ptolemy. Joseph Scaliger called him ἀνὴρ παντος λόγου κρείττων (omni elogio vir major). Tycho Brahe, in particular, was lavish in his eulogies of him: he called him *Ingens, Eximius, Incomparabilis*—a man, the like of whom the earth for innumerable centuries will hardly produce (“is qualem nec Terra virum per sæcula multa procreat”). His work, *De Revolutionibus*, found a number of commentators, and among them were Maestlinus, the teacher of Kepler,\* and Erasmus Reinhold. The latter, who had devoted seven years to a commentary on his work, dedicated it to the Duke Albert of Prussia, and in it called our astronomer “Alter Atlas.”† What wonder, therefore, that, when Copernicus died, the affliction on account of such a loss to the republic of letters and to his admirers was commensurate, i. e. universal? His countrymen were found foremost in lamenting it in their elegies. Two of them, Nicholas Zorawski and John Skrobkowski are mentioned by Gassendi. The very town, Frauenburg, where he lived and died, became an interesting spot to many. In 1584, Elias Olaus, Tycho Brahe’s pupil, came on purpose there to measure the elevation of the pole on the tower from which Copernicus had observed it. In 1618, Broscius of Cracow, an eminent professor of astronomy, made a journey to that venerated spot, and celebrated Frauenburg‡ and its observatory§ in Latin epigrams.

\* De orbium sphaerarumque cœlestium dimensionibus juxta ipsasmet Tabulas, et ex Copernici sententia.

† Prutenicæ Tabulæ, in which Reinhold, to please the duke, reduced the Observations of Copernicus to the meridian of Königsberg. It is to be regretted that they were never printed. They were, however, made use of by Maestlinus in the work just quoted.

- ‡ Nile, tuum jactas Ptolemæum, nosque fatemur  
Ornamenta tibi hunc magna dedisse virum;  
Nam tua Syntaxim construxit ad ostia magnam,  
Cælestes numeris exposuitque vias.  
Laude Copernici, qui Vistulæ ad ostia terram  
Movit, adæquat se Vistula, Nile, tibi.  
Sume paris socium laudis. Quid, Nile, recusas;  
Si, quo te jactas, jam Ptolemæus habet?
- § Extollant alios statuæ vanique colossi,  
Bustaque magnificis condita marmoribus.  
Pyramidesque alios, quæsi forma decoris.  
Quidquid et humanus fecit inane color:  
Hanc Turrim, grandis mens illa Copernicus, alte  
Surrigit Isluleo Varmia in ore tuo.

Numerous monuments were raised to his honour.

The first in 1581, thirty-eight years after his death, by Martin Cromer, the celebrated Polish historian, the then bishop of Warmia :

D. O. M.  
R. D. Nicolao Copernico Torunensi  
Artium et Medicinæ Doctori  
Canonico Varmieni  
Præstanti Astrologo, et ejus Disciplinæ Instauratori,  
Martinus Cromerus Episc : Varmien :  
Honoris, et ad posteritatem, memoriæ causa  
Posui.  
Anno Christi M.D.LXXXI.

This was followed by one at a church in Thorn, raised to him by Pyresius, a physician of that town.

" Nicolao Copernico Torunensi absolutæ subtilitatis mathematico, ne tanti viri, apud exteros celeberrimi, in sua patria periret memoria, hoc monumentum positum. Mortuus Warmiæ, in suo Canonicatu, anno 1543.\*

A third in 1766 erected by Jablonowski, palatin of Nowogrodek, in the church where Copernicus was baptized :—and a fourth, as late as the year 1809, by Abbot Sierakowski, at Cracow, at St. Ann's, the university church. It is the astronomer's bust, crowned by the muse Urania, with an hemisphere over it, and an inscription in Polish, purporting that Poland had given him birth. On the disk of the Sun another in Latin :

" Sta Sol, ne moveare :"

and on the pedestal :—

" Nicolaus Copernicus, patriæ, urbis,  
Universitatis, decus, honor, gloria."

The pedestal is adorned with the arms of Poland conjoint with those of the Jagellonian University. Thus we find an incessant endeavour on the part of the Polish nation, running through

Errorum et Terræ hinc secreta volumina cernit,  
Hinc Solem immotum et Sidera fixa notat,  
Ergo illum Superi mirati semper, istinc  
Ingenium ut pulchri dispicit omne Poli.  
Turris ea esto (ajunt) inter Miracula Mundi,  
Cui neque consimilem barbara Memphis habet.

\* This monument is alluded to by David Braun as the *only* existing memorial of the astronomer in his time." Nisi vir privatus nomini huic famigeratissimo apud exteros, Thorunii Tabellam cum effigie in templo suspendisset, nihil in Prussia memoriam ejus conservasset."—*De Scriptorum Poloniae et Prussiae Virtutibus et Vitiis*. Edit. Colon. 1723. Lit. Nic. Copernicus, f. 343.

three centuries, to perpetuate the memory of that great astronomer. It is only necessary to know by what nation those endeavours were made, and they will indicate to what country Copernicus belonged. Such warm sympathies for the mighty dead are not easily awakened save in national bosoms, and, therefore, while other nations were exclusively interested in his immortal system—in its principles, application, and development, the Poles alone were warmly embracing the cold ashes of his urn. This the whole of Europe knew; and for three centuries Poland stood through him connected with European civilization and literary history. Among English writers, Dr. Connor, who was physician to King John Sobieski, and wrote a most valuable history of Poland, connects him also, when speaking on the literature of that country with the Polish nationality, in the following words:—"They have had several Latin historians among them, such as Cromerus, Starovolscius, &c., who have all written the annals and constitutions of their country. They have likewise had some historians who have written in their own language. They also have not been wanting in learned divines, great philosophers, famous astronomers, logicians, &c. The great astronomer, Nicolaus Copernicus, was a native of this country, being born in the city of Thorn in Regal Prussia."\*

But the time came when that nation, for ten centuries flourishing and glorious, was to experience one of the saddest catastrophes every recorded in the annals of nations,—to suffer the loss of her provinces, and even an erasure of her country from the map of nations, at the hands of her unprincipled neighbours. At that mournful period, when aggressors were revelling in their work of iniquity, declaring that the Polish nation was dead, and what had been hers was now theirs, another conspiracy not less iniquitous was entered into by them, and continues ever since progressing, the object of which was and is the spoliation of Poland of whatever has constituted her merit and glory in past ages. Thus territories alone are not objects of conquest, but likewise literary and moral renown. Doubly *Vae Victis*. To effect this, the black-mail principle of the feudal ages was never more ingeniously put in practice, than by the present mercenary writers, who are found to lend a willing hand to pervert the pages of history, with the view of villifying the Polish nation, and lowering it in the estimation of the world; and such find readers credulous enough to become the dupes of the disingenuity and imposition practised by such abject hirelings. How far they succeed in

\* History of Poland. London, 1698, vol. II. p. 75.



their scheme, Copernicus affords an instance, who has been proclaimed a German upon no ground whatever known in history, as has been shown, but upon that spurious one of Thorn, the place of his birth, having in the first spoliation of Poland (in 1772) become a portion of a kingdom supposed to be German. But the projectors of that scheme little foresaw, whatever influence they might exercise over the present, that they had no power over the past. Great men are national property; even after their death they do not cease to be such: they are embodied with the civilization and the very heart-blood of the country which gave them birth. A claim on them is inalienable, even stronger than on a conquered province; as the latter, after having been wrested from a nation, may be retained by physical force. Not so great names—no sooner are they written on the page of history than they become for ever secured to their legitimate owners. This the Poles felt and knew; and after the loss of their country, with the view of vindicating their national rights, and invigorating their patriotism, they warmly applied themselves to the study of history. Herein the Philomathic Society at Warsaw, composed of the most learned and patriotic men Poland possessed, stood pre-eminent. Divided into sections, scientific and literary, its historical department, while rescuing the annals of Poland from oblivion in general, proved not less solicitous about Copernicus; and, with the view of collecting materials for his biography, some members of that learned body were commissioned to undertake a journey to Thorn and Frauenburg in quest of them. The deputation was headed by Count Thaddeus Czacki, distinguished both for his patriotism and his learning. Difficult and tedious as those researches, instituted after so long a lapse of time, must have been, the result of them was not uninteresting. Their substance was embodied by Sniadecki in his biography of Copernicus.

There were other Polish literati who also visited those places, and in their number was Col. Lach Szyrma. This gentleman gave the following account of his visit to the audience at the anniversary meeting :

Seventeen years after Czacki had accomplished his literary mission, I, myself, followed him in the same track on my tour through Prussia, in 1819. At St. John's church in Thorn, I have seen the spacious baptismal font, in which Copernicus is supposed to have been baptized—it bears a gothic legend around its edge, which the people say that nobody has as yet deciphered. I have, likewise, seen the marble tablet devoted to him by the palatine of Nowogrodek. There was also a portrait of him in the same church, and another in the Gymnasium of that town. I visited the

house in which he was born ; it was of brick, two stories high, humble in appearance. It was inhabited by a burgher of that town, who, guessing the purpose of my visit, bade me a friendly welcome. He ushered me into the room in which Copernicus first saw the light. It was small and rather gloomy, as rooms in houses of Gothic architecture commonly are ; and was ornamented with his portrait. The Emperor Napoleon, on his visit there, in 1807, saw that portrait, and ordered it to be taken to the Louvre ; but touched with the excess of grief and piety of its proprietor, who looked upon the image of Copernicus as a tutelary genius without which his house could not prosper, the emperor countermanded his order. On leaving the room my attention was directed to a group of figures carved in wood, just over its door ; I was informed they were of Copernicus's own hand ; and similar specimens of wood-cuts done by him have existed also at Königsberg. That age was celebrated for that kind of work ; and, as is well known, it gave the origin to printing, the first types having been of wood. Observing in the same house a number of other portraits,—a circumstance rather unusual in those parts of Europe,—I inquired to whom they belonged, and was told by my cicerone, that they had all been proprietors of that house, from the father of Copernicus, who arrived from Cracow, down to the present time. Simple yet proud burghers who thus contrived to perpetuate their mortal names by associating them with that of an immortal ! I then asked the present proprietor, whether he intended to continue their long series by the addition of his own. He answered in the affirmative, and pointed to the place where he meant to hang it. The same man, I was told, valued the possession of the house *so much*, that he refused to sell it for a sum far above its value offered to him by the present king of Prussia, who, on his visit there, while yet a crown prince, contemplated establishing, in honour to Copernicus, a school for mathematics. In the front of the house a fountain is seen with a pillar about 15 feet high, with a globe on its top, and around it a belt of gilt Roman numbers, emblematic of the different hours of the day. That fountain having been in a dilapidated state, Napoleon ordered it to be renewed at his own expense, and also to make the necessary repairs in churches on the astronomer's monuments, all of which he went to see,—so great was the reverence shown by that great conqueror to Copernicus.

“ On my visit to Culm (Chelm), in the chapter of that town I found the portrait of Dantiscus, a modern Latin poet, with whom Copernicus used often to correspond ; but I in vain looked for any thing commemorating Tideman Gysius, his most intimate friend, at whose particular request he assented to the publication of his great work, through whom its MS. was dispatched to Norimburg, and by whom again it was received when it was printed. He was an astronomer himself, and possessed a costly gnomon, purchased for him in England.\* To him Copernicus used often to resort for relaxation from business and study.

\* Curavit sibi Principe dignum Gnomonem ex Anglia adferri, quem summa animi voluptate vidi, siquidem ab optimo artifice, neque rudi mathematices fabricatus est.—*Rheticus in Encomio Borussiae.*

In the preface to his great work, he eulogized him in the following words: 'Sacrarum, ut est, et omnium bonarum literarum studiosissimus.'

"Arrived at Frauenburg, I neither found the memorial erected to Copernicus by the historian Cromer,—by neglect or some more culpable vandalism, it had disappeared from the cathedral,—nor could I distinguish the least trace of the fragmental epitaph—

Nicol. Cop . . . us . . . . obiti an.

seen by Czacki, in 1802. His tomb being in the most frequented passage by the high altar, the inscription has been quite defaced by the footsteps of pious passengers. Above it, there was still his portrait suspended. During the visit of Czacki, his grave had been opened. After the removal of the tombstone, the remains of a few mouldered bones were found. Some of these the count took, and deposited one half at the Philomathic Society, at Warsaw, and another half in the Temple of the Past (Sybilla), at Pulawy, among other national relics of Poland. But the former institution having since been abolished, and its library carried to Petersburg, and Pulawy having been pillaged by the Russians, and subsequently confiscated, being the property of Prince Adam Czartoryski, there is no saying now what has become of those relics, and the rest of the invaluable collection. Not unlikely savage Cossacks have laid their desecrating hands on them; and what was not gold or jewellery, was probably thrown away. From what constellation or horoscope could it have been predicted that such would be the fate of Copernicus? For his country's rights he had, while alive, waged a constant war with the Teutonic knights; and after 300 years, when dead, his very ashes have come within the fate of the destructive system exercised against it. It is a hard fate to be great or to attain any distinction in Poland; for such persons there is no rest while living, and no rest, it appears, when even dead; for their honoured relics, the very monuments erected to them, are either melted or shattered to dust, or they must assume the bizarre shape which some despot's frantic fancy pleases to give them.\*

"From the cathedral my steps were next directed to the spot where Copernicus watched the heavens,—his observatory. It was a tower above the principal gate leading to the extensive precincts of the chapter, which, from its elevated situation on a hill, almost encircled the town below. From that tower, a beautiful prospect is commanded on the

\* An instance in point is the equestrian statue of Prince Poniatowski, by Canova, which was to have been erected at Warsaw, and is now in the fortress of Nowo Georgiowsk, where it has been metamorphosed into St. George, a saint of that extraordinary culte the Russo-Greek Church. We have read of a Roman emperor having made his horse a senator, and is not the later act surpassing the former by its insanity? Yet to that idolatrous church—if it can still be called a church—the rest of the Christian persuasions, be they Roman Catholic or Protestant, are, in certain cases, specified in the imperial ukases, compelled to conform, and must unavoidably merge in it. In Poland the population is, and for many years has been, knouted into that church.

Frisch-Haff in front, and on a ridge of a dark pine forest at a distance on the left. A fitter spot could hardly be found for an observatory, with a concave of heavens so open around, with the stars almost redoubling themselves on the mirrory waters of the frith below; and with a line of horizon, distinctly defined by the sea, at its furthest extremity. The very nature of that position seems to have aided Copernicus, who was unassisted by any telescopes, or any astronomical apparatus of modern invention, to make such profound discoveries by the mere strength of the intellect—fathoming the depth of space and infinity with his naked eye, and with mere human sagacity detecting nature at her work in her remotest and most hidden sanctuary. I felt amazed at such stupendous results being produced with such scanty means. The very tower I entered was the least possible calculated for an observatory. It was square-shaped, and the room only about 15 feet square—a complete garret. Being above the doorway, it was liable to concussion and constant interruption; constructed in brick, and without the application of any of the principles so strictly attended to in the erection of modern edifices for that purpose. I found it entirely desolated, filled with rubbish, not even protected by windows. Yet this was the oldest astronomical observatory of Europe. It was in this place that the first instrument was set on the meridian, there having been no regular observatories in Europe, and the first was erected at Cassel, in 1561.\* It was here stood the Ptolemean Rules, (parallacticum instrumentum,) constructed by Copernicus with his own hand from wood, which, when presented to the astronomer Tycho Brahe, was praised by him in Latin verses, and kept in a separate house purposely built for it.† It was here that a rigid inquiry was instituted into the opinions of antiquity, from Hipparchus to Ptolemy, from Ptolemy down to our time, and most of them denounced to be at variance with the order of nature. It was here that the true law was stated for suns, for planets, for satellites, the character of their relations and orbits, and their diverse revolutions around each other. Then, in contemplating

\* *Encyclopædia Brit. Supple.*—See *Observatory*.

† The following is the description preserved by Gassendi, (*Tycho Brahe Vita*, p. 57,) of that simple but far-famed instrument:‡—"Id prorsus ligneum, abiegnumque, æquales binæ Regulæ quatuor longæ cubitis: divisio in particulas 1414 facta. Tycho autem ipsum, non sane usus gratia sed in memoriam Copernici, quem vix unquam sine elogio Eximii, Ingentis, et Incomparabilis nominavit, carissimum habuit, et sartum tectum quasi rem preciosissimam asservavit. Juvat hoc loco adscribere versus, quos entusiasmo veluti quodam eo ipso die (Julii XXIII.) quo Instrumentum accepit, tum extulit, tum in Tabella Instrumento appensa exarari voluit:—

"Ille, inquam, tantos olim Copernicus ausus,  
His levibus Baculis, facili licet arte paratis,  
Aggressus toti leges præscribere Olympo.  
Astraque celsa adeo vili subducere ligno  
Sustinuit, superùm ingressus penetralia, nulli  
Quam prope mortali concessam ab origine mundi est."

‡ "There exists a modern astronomical instrument, 'Copernicus,' invented by Mr. Whiston, to exhibit the motion and phenomena of the planets, both primary and secondary. It is built upon the Copernican system, and for that reason called by his name."—*Encyclop. Brit.* ed. 1810, vol. VI. p. 650.

the infinity of the limits of the universe, and of the countless worlds which it contains, Copernicus originated a new science, and completed an old one, namely, that of infinitesimal quantities, and of spherical angles, each of immense importance in making new astronomical discoveries. Full of these and similar ideas confusedly thronging on my mind, I was at a loss which of the two we should most admire in the astronomer, the extent of his learning, or the stupendous intellect, by which he was enabled not only to make his own discoveries, but also to show the path on which others after him, when assisted by better means, should extend them on a more enlarged scale. Telescopes were then unknown; Galileo was the first who applied them in astronomy. Herschel's gigantic 42 feet telescope, or the use of the *specula*, were not even dreamt of. Armed with that and similar apparatus, astronomy has of late made immense strides on both the northern and southern stellar hemispheres: Copernicus was the great pioneering spirit for that conquest.

"Another observatory of Copernicus was at Allenstein, (Olsztynek,) where he occasionally resided; but the edifice in which he lived having passed through many hands, retains not the slightest vestige that might recall associations connected with him. In one of the rooms an oval aperture had for some time existed for a gnomon; but now it is blocked up. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that his solar and lunar observations at Frauenburg or Allenstein, were referred by him to the meridian of Cracow, as one better known. He fixed its distance at one equinoctial hour from that of Alexandria, where Ptolemy made his own calculations.\* At Frauenburg, a sun-dial was indicated to me as constructed by him. There were likewise remains of an ingenious hydraulic work, long out of repair, which he contrived for supplying the town and the chapter with water, from a rivulet, Bauda. It served as a model to the one which existed at Marly. In commemoration of it the following verses were preserved:—

"Hic patiuntur aquæ, sursum properare coactæ,  
Ne careat sitiens incola montis ope.  
Quod natura negat, tribuit Copernicus arte,  
Unum, prae cunctis, fama loquatur opus."

The last signal act done by the Poles in honour of Copernicus, and with which we mean to close our account of him, was the erection of a colossal bronze statue to him at Warsaw, in 1830. That statue, towards which funds were raised by a public subscription all over Poland, was originally destined for the astronomer's native town, and even a place had been chosen where it was to stand; but Thorn having been, by the Congress of Vienna, detached from the kingdom of Poland, the plan fell to the ground, as the Poles felt averse to raise that monument

\* Gassendi, *Vita Copernici*, p. 300.

in what had become a foreign dominion.\* It was, therefore, resolved that it should adorn Warsaw, their capital, which, at that time, formed the central point and almost the heart of the whole of Poland. The spot selected for it was in the front of the Philomathic Society—which society again became a *focus* in which all national literary and scientific activity converged. A day was fixed for the inauguration of the monument,—it was the 11th of May. This event has certainly not been noticed abroad, since no manifestation of public opinion like this is allowed to transpire from Poland. We shall, therefore, give a short account of the patriotic act.

The venerable Niemcewicz, the then President of the Philomathic Society (whose loss we had but two years ago occasion to deplore) was selected to perform the act of first unveiling the statue to the eye of the public. After attending the divine service at the Holy Cross, as befitted that solemn occasion, he with the members of the society proceeded to the spot, and from the steps of the monument addressed the assembled multitude in a speech full of eloquence and power. His words, falling from the lips of a man universally respected as a patriot, who was an aide-de-camp of the heroic Kosciuszko, a national poet and historian, failed not to move the whole mass of listeners to enthusiastic plaudits. The very circumstance that his written oration was demanded by the Russian authorities for perusal before it was delivered,—with which demand the President refused to comply,—had heightened the interest both in him and in his speech, which he *then* pronounced *extempore*. He began by saying, that nearly three centuries had passed since Copernicus had been gathered to the bosom of the Earth, whose motion round the central Sun he had revealed. That forgetfulness of the great services of the illustrious dead was usually succeeded by the overbursts of grateful remembrance, and that posterity often recalled to immortal memory the names which had been resting in temporary oblivion. He spoke of this as the fate of Copernicus. He honoured, with deserved praise, the late President (Staszyc), who had defrayed half the expenses of the statue—and also the eminent sculptor Thorwaldsen, who had modelled it. “Now,” said he, “shall

\* Prevented by untoward political events from having that statue within its walls, Thorn is not without great hopes of possessing a monument of the greatest of its citizens. A subscription has for some time been going on for that purpose; and it is sufficiently advanced to put the realization of that hope beyond all doubt. The subscription was not confined to Prussia and Poland alone, but from the universal character and usefulness of the Copernican system, it was extended to all civilized countries. If England has not as yet contributed her share for that purpose, and we doubt that she has—it proceeds only from want of some influential person to originate it.

every Polish heart vibrate with joy, delight beam from every Polish eye; and the Sun on which Copernicus turned in perpetual gazing shall, for the first time, visit his image with its glorious beams." At this moment the tapestry was caused to fall, which covered the statue with its folds, and he continued, "Henceforward ever present wilt thou be, highest, happiest of the eternal! The honour of thy native land—the glory of the race. Let thy influence, watching over the temple of the National Muses,\* guard it from all degradation, and aid the propagation of knowledge and of truth. And how infinitely happy am I in the privilege of having lived to extreme old age, to perform this high office. *Nunc dimitte, Domine, servum tuum.*" Every eye was turned towards the statue—every head uncovered—and what happened? The heavens, which for three days had been overcast and rainy, broke out into sudden brightness and sunshine. The Sun emerged from behind the cloud just over the meridian of Warsaw. There was a burst among the people as if a miracle had been wrought in celebration of the great festival, and the effect was raised to an unequalled pitch, when, at that very moment, from the gallery adorning the cupola of the Philomathic Society's edifice, a symphony broke forth with a hymn:—

*Strophe.*

" O sun of glory! Let that glory shed  
Its most concentrated radiance on his head—  
On him, the orbits of the stars who drew,  
And Nature's mystic lore and language knew :  
Illustrious dead ! Sarmatia's grateful tongue  
Has to the echoing world thy honours sung :  
Though Lechian voices loudest speak—yet all  
In blending accents hail thy festival.  
Glory to Copernicus !  
Glory to his native land !"

*Antistrophe.*

" Son of this land ! to whom the power was given  
To measure the mysterious march of heaven,  
Be welcome now to thy Necropolis,  
And take thy seat in glory and in bliss."

It seemed as if Apollo,† God of light and science, had poured on him the harmonious chorus, not unlike the sound from the famed Memnon statue; or, as if Urania, aided by the music of the spheres, had herself called him to her

\* Hall of the Philomathic Society, just opposite.

† Apollo was a favourite with Copernicus. He used to seal his letters with the device of "Apollo with a Lyre." A letter of his with that seal, to Dantiscus, dated 11 March, 1539, existed in the collection of Pulawy. In it the latter is informed that after the demise of their common friend, "Felix," he succeeded in obtaining from the chapter the vacated canonry for Raphael Konopacki.

own celestial regions. It looked like a real apotheosis! Heaven and earth appeared to combine to render it most solemn, overwhelmingly impressive, indelible.

Astronomy, that queen of exact science (*Regina mathematicum*), as she is styled, has taught us almost to believe in miracles—because she proved them. What used to be called Accident, Fate, Destiny, Necessity (*ἀνάγκη*), seems now to be misnomers in nature; all is a pre-ordained, eternal law and eternal order, emanating in and derived from one Omnipotent Will.

In his statue at Warsaw, Copernicus is represented in a sitting posture, in his left hand holding a sphere, and with his right pointing to it with a compass. The pedestal is of a greyish marble from the quarries of Poland. The inscription on it is simply this:—

“ Nicolao Copernico  
Grata Patria.”

A medal executed by Oleszczynski, a Polish artist, was struck in commemoration of the inauguration, with the following legend:—

“ Nicolao Copernico, Jagellonidum ævi civi Polono, alumno Academicæ Cracoviensi, immortalis gloriæ. Societatis regiæ Varsoviæ decreto, monumentum necdum perenne. MDCCCXXX.”

We have thus sketched, as far as the occasion permitted, the diverse phases of Copernicus's mortal career, and of his posthumous glory. In both instances we find him not only connected, but *all one* with Poland: while alive, by his nativity, education, and civic virtues; after his death, through historical records, monuments, and the national sympathies of his compatriots. Through him Poland became connected with the advancement of science, and especially with that of astronomy—and Copernicus, through Poland, with universal history. For each of these categories abundance of authenticated facts have been adduced; and as history from its nature admits no other truth beside one, all other claim on Copernicus but that which Poland has on him becomes untenable and delusive. With justice, therefore, Copernicus is the pride of Poland—the pride of the race to which he belonged, and the glory of the epoch at which, 300 years ago, he proclaimed to the world his *Sta Sol*. He was the great spirit of the age, and that tribute we are proud to pay him will not be denied him by the latest posterity. Lands are dark, times are dark: Copernicus was one of those who dispelled darkness: and both lands and times were illumined by the divine rays of his system-upon-system-grasping intellect.



ART. II.—*The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Engineers. 3 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1844.

OF all the regions of Africa to which the interest of the geographer, the philologist, and the slave-emancipator has been directed, none, whether regard be had to ancient fame, to modern love of research, or to both combined, more strongly merits our attention than Æthiopia. Deemed by the mythologist to have been honoured with the society of the gods, according to Diodorus Siculus, in all probability the parent of the religious system of the Ægyptians, in many respects holding a creed and superstitions allied to those which have immemorially prevailed in India, it presents to us, even in its existing condition, attractions which few other countries possess, and encouragements of a high order to penetrate the darkness in which it is enveloped.

It must have been at an early period after the dispersion in the plains of Shinar, that this empire was occupied by the race of Ham; according to popular legends, the great progenitor of the nation was Æthiops, one of the twelve descendants of Cush, from whom the land acquired the name of Itiopia or Æthiopia; but in the scriptural page the inhabitants are styled Cushim and Ludim. It appears from the general testimony of history, that the Cushites were first established in Arabia Felix, from whence they may be supposed to have crossed to the opposite coast, and gradually to have spread themselves over these territories. The close analogy which the Geez, the dialect of Tigré and the Amháric bear to the Arabic, is a strong argument in favour of this opinion, whilst the Coptic words which occur in the book of Genesis, being an evidence that such then was the language of Ægypt, as clearly show that Æthiopia\* scarcely could have been colonized from thence. And if a sufficient time had elapsed for the descendants of Mitzraim to have organized a government, and founded cities in Ægypt, in the days of Abraham, assuredly there must have been sufficient for Æthiopia to have been populated, when it was first mentioned in history.

The ancient city of Axum, which was of Cushite origin, and

\* The Ludim, who sprang from Mitzraim, probably extended themselves towards this country in the direction of Meroë. This city, however, is recorded to have been built by the Cushites.

celebrated on account of its splendour and idolatrous pomp, was one of the seats in which the learning and symbols of this mighty people were studied. We may infer from the pages of Homer how vast was the reverence which was attached to their institutions, and in what high esteem the hierophants of this order were regarded far and wide. Hence was it that Æthiopia was a term used by the Greeks in a most extensive sense, and applied to people, possibly connected with them by religious or commercial relations, who were of a different family. Thus is it that we occasionally discover them to have been confounded with the Hindoos, which is scarcely extraordinary, since in consequence of the trade between the two countries, which, by means of caravans, was extended to the interior of Africa, we observe names of places near their coast similar to those in Hindoostan, as Abu'lfeda and Edrisi have remarked. At one time the African tribes were styled Western Æthiopians, and those to whom the name is properly applicable, Eastern; but Herodotus, Arrian, and Strabo, carefully distinguished the one race from the other by the difference of their hair. Those who occupied the southern\* tract were, beyond doubt, the Asiatic Æthiopians of Herodotus; for Edrisi particularly records, that even in his day Hindoos lived there, mixed with the native inhabitants.

Several of the occupants of the Highlands are averred to have come from Palestine, whose arrival Æthiopic fabulists have referred to the days of Maqueda, Queen of Sheba, and her son, Menilek. There is a strong argument, that Abyssinia was the country from which she visited Solomon, in the fact, that she is also styled the Queen of the South, probably from Saba or Sabo, which in Æthiopic signifies *south*, and is the name of the range of mountains running parallel to the Red Sea, on the African side. During the conquests of the Khalifs, Jews flocked in great numbers to Æthiopia, and others are said to have previously settled there, after the destruction of Jerusalem; but whatever may have been the real date of their settlement, whilst remaining, as elsewhere, a separate people, they nevertheless have, in an unprecedented manner, influenced the national religion, and filled the whole country with their prejudices and superstitions.

It is not to them, however, that we must refer the Semitic

\* See Palyhymnia, 7, 70. Strabo, l. 1, speaking of Homer's notion, writes, τὸν Ὀκεανὸν—τὸ καθ' ὅλον τὸ μεσημβρινὸν κλίμα τεταγμένον, καὶ τοὺς Ἀιθίοντας· ὅτι γὰρ ἐν τόπῳ τοῦδε τοῦ κλίματος προσβάλλοις τὴν διδονίαν, καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ Ὀκεανῷ ἴση καὶ ἐπὶ τῇ Ἀιθιοπία.

character of the language. The Geez, or ancient Ethiopic, which was the vernacular tongue of the shepherds, and until the fourteenth century of the Christian era, prevailed over the whole Abyssinian empire, probably arose among the Cushites of Yemen; and the Hamyarites are especially recorded by the Arabian writers to have spoken a language differing from the common Arabic. As the dialect which Abraham spoke varied in some degree from that which was peculiar to the Canaanites, and, therefore, was denominated Hebrew, or that of the descendent of Eber, or, according to some, that of the colonist from the other side of the Euphrates, so the Cushite language, notwithstanding its points of similarity, would naturally have been distinguished from the pure Arabic, on account of the discrepancies which it presented. The Amháric, too, which has succeeded to it, though still retaining the leading Semitic features, has received large incorporations from the surrounding African languages, and thus is but imperfectly known to the European scholar. The Lexicon of it, which Ludolf compiled, contains but very few of its terms: and those who would interpret a document transmitted in it, must trust to the precarious chance of discovering cognate words in the Arabic. Krapf and Isenberg have, however, published copious Dictionaries of the Amháric, and Vocabularies of the Dankali and Galla Tongues, with Grammars of the first and last. These works were printed by the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. Hoskins, whose discoveries in Northern Abyssinia promise the most desirable results, has been too inattentive to these inquiries, although it might have been expected that his taste for the study of the hieroglyphics would have induced him to seek among every barbarian tribe, if, perchance, any remains of the Coptic existed in their dialect.

The book which forms the subject of this article relates to an expedition which sailed from India to explore the southern part of Abyssinia, and to open a commercial treaty with the negroes of Shoa. Having landed at Tajúra, once a place of great importance but now sunk to a state of wretchedness, yet still carrying on an extensive traffic with Aussa and Abyssinia, and exchanging Indian and Arabian manufactures, salt, pewter, zinc, brass, and beads, for slaves, ivory, grain, and other produce, they encountered tedious delays and extortions, and were subjected to every annoyance which the filth and impertinence of the inhabitants could occasion. The trade, in which Tajúra is most actively engaged in the interior, is in

kidnapping slaves, whom it exports to Arabia ; but it also derives great emolument from caravans, which it escorts to Shoa.

After leaving it, the expedition entered on a frightful region of volcanic formation, sufficient to bar all progress into the country without the aid of experienced guides ; and in the pass of Teháma, amidst an overpowering heat, and an unhealthy atmosphere, treachery, and grumblings of conductors, continual dangers from lurking assassins, and want of water, they pursued an irksome and perilous way towards Abyssinia. In constant succession were chasms, half-choked passes, and precipitous ascents : at times they went between lofty and perpendicular walls of columnar lava ; at times huge blocks of stone and detritus from basaltic cliffs presented obstacles which every exertion was required to surmount, and, in one place, not being three hundred yards from summit to summit, they cast a gloom which was scarcely penetrable.

The whole of this region, though well worthy of the attention of the geologist, from its difficulties and dangers, and the suspicious escort which conducted the travellers through it, could not be scientifically examined, though at every step it added new evidences of mighty convulsions of Nature, which had thrown, as it were, into a fantastic chaos the original appearance of these parts. Such a scene might the antients well have supposed to have been the entrance to the infernal abodes ; and there was not a chasm, nor a rock, which was destitute of its legendary horrors.

As they proceeded, they came to the extraordinary Salt Lake, named Bahr Assál, which was surrounded by a dancing mirage. It is girded on three sides by lofty mountains, and on the fourth by half-formed rocks of lava ; and lies without a ripple in an elliptical basin, which is seven miles in its transverse axis. This basin is half filled with the water, and half with solid salt, the offspring of evaporation. Respiration was almost impeded by the mephitic stench which arose from its exhalations ; the sight was distressed by the overpowering glare ; and during the parching north-western wind, which was then blowing, "the air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire." At 570 feet below the ocean is this unventilated hollow, which at the first glance seems to indicate the site of a crater, whose cone had fallen into the subterranean abyss ; but Major Harris rather imagines, that at a very remote period it formed "a continua-

tion of the Gulph of Tajúra, and was separated from Goobut el Kharáb by a stream of lava six miles in breadth, subsequently upheaved by subterranean action, and now forming a barrier, which from its point of greatest elevation, where the traces of many craters still exist, gradually slopes eastward towards the deep waters of the bay, and westward into the basin of the Salt Lake." He assumes its present depth to be 120 feet, and thinks, that should it be undisturbed from below the water may altogether disappear, and leave a field of rock salt; and that Goobut el Kharáb, which is only divided by a narrow channel from the bay of Tajúra, may hereafter by subterranean influence be converted into a similar salt lake.

Throughout Abyssinia there is no article of greater value than salt: it is a general circulating medium, and is continually brought to Shoa and other places from the vicinity of the dreaded pass of Teháma. Several persons gain a livelihood by digging it from the fields which it occupies, and vending it in the interior of the country. It is of such importance as to cause a friendly relation to be maintained with those who claim it as their property. It is not, therefore, surprising that it should have extensively entered into the metaphors of this branch of Oriental\* languages; and as it is one of the most useful articles of life, that it should have denoted the most laudable qualities of the heart in figurative idiom.

There is very little in this part of the journey of the expedition which relieves it from the ordinarily dull character of an itinerary, and that little, with the exception of an interesting tale or anecdotes, is oppressed by an unvarying repetition of disputes and extortions, of delays and difficulties. It was with no trifling satisfaction that we found ourselves at the brink of the Háwash, with the range of Abyssinian mountains in full view, and that we began to anticipate information of a higher quality. The Háwash is the second of the Abyssinian rivers, rising in the very heart of Æthiopia, at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea; but it is finally absorbed in the lagoons at Aussa. Here the scenery contrasted magnificently its beauty and luxuriance with the arid regions which had been traversed, displaying groves of waving tamarisks, resounding with the voice of the bell-bird, noble forest trees, and close to the banks of the river, thick jungles; and here was the nominal boundary of the dominions of the King of Shoa. The river was crossed on ten frail rafts, transverse

\* The Æthiopic and Amháric must, from their grammatical structure and their words, be enumerated in this class.

layers of driftwood, which were rudely lashed together, having, by means of inflated hides and water-skins, been rendered sufficiently buoyant to sustain two camel loads; and the transit was managed by a rope secured on the opposite bank, which one of the natives bore across between his teeth. A guy connected this rope with each raft, to counteract the violence of the stream, which was swollen by a periodical inundation;—thus, whilst on the Euphrates we discover boats of hides and inflated bladders used to effect the passage, as in the most ancient times, in this part of Africa we retrace them in their application to a more trustworthy experiment. Here the hippopotamus abounds, the flesh of which the natives eat with the greatest avidity; and in the lakes, which are in the vicinity, geese, mallards, teal, herons and flamingos, with a new species of *parra*, are seen in vast quantities, whilst the more woody parts are the resort of elephants. Long before crossing the Háwash, the Hejaz-sheep, (*ovis aries laticaudata*,) with sable heads and necks, thick and fat tails, and fleece, composed not of wool but of hair, had been found. Now, however, this species gave place to the larger Abyssinian breed, whose monstrous tails vibrated at each step. The Abyssinian Alps, rising hill above hill, and each clothed in vigorous vegetation, and mountain towering over mountain, villages embosomed in dark groves of evergreens, and rich fields of every hue, constituted a landscape which can be equalled but in few parts of the earth.

Proceeding from the frontier, where the expedition encountered annoyances from the governor, under an escort sent by Sáhela Selássie, the king, they at last commenced their ascent of the Abyssinian mountains. These consist of different ranges, on one of which are the royal treasures, which have been continually amassed since the establishment of the kingdom, about a hundred and fifty years ago; and on a conical hill, completely isolated, is the stronghold of Goncho, which is the state prison, in which the younger brothers of the monarch are kept. We regret to say, that, both in situation and circumstance, it does not bear any marked resemblance to the happy valley of Rasselas. At Alio Amba, on these heights, the embassy was delayed, till the king should appoint a time for the ceremony of presentation, a custom which is supposed to have originated in the desire to allow to travellers a previous period for rest, and which is equally enforced on embassies from the courts of Gondar and Tigre to that of Shoa. During their stay at Alio Amba, the weekly market was holden, in which,

according to primitive form, the governor sat under an acacia, and at which were congregated great varieties of articles and venders and purchasers,—the Amhára farmer, the Dankáli merchant, the wild Galla, the Moslem trader from the interior, the Jew, the cultivator of the soil, swathed and folded in dirty cotton cloth, as if his ancestors were the originals of the Egyptian mummies, the gunman of the king's matchlock guard, the surly Adaïel, the huckster of Hurrur, and Christian women, constituting the motley and thickly greased group. In the adjacent slave-mart of Abd 'el Russool, human beings kidnapped in the interior of Africa are purchased, and then taken to the Wollo and Argóbbba frontiers, and resold at a profit of fifty per cent. The sums thus realized are invested in *amoles*, or blocks of black salt, which are of the size of a mower's whetstone, and pass as currency, but

“ Being bought on the frontier at the rate of twenty-five for a German crown, they are retailed in Alio Amba at a profitable exchange. A large investment of slaves is finally purchased with the wealth thus laboriously amassed, and the merchant returns to his native country to traffic in human flesh at the seaports of Zeyla and Berbera, or on the opposite coast of Arabia—anon to revisit Shoa with a fresh invoice of marketable wares.”

Before the invasion of Graan, the empire was much more extensive. Various people, many of whom maintain a constant blood-feud with their neighbours, now occupy it, who are either under nominal subjection to Sáhela Selássie, or are openly independent of him; and some, who hold the way to the coast and salt-fields, he is even under the necessity of conciliating. There are, however, powerful chieftains, who, whilst ostensibly allied to him, permit their dependents to make inroads into his territories, and to slay his subjects, which the monarch's policy does not permit him to resent. Besides these, there are others of Ara extraction, who are marked by a wild independence, and Beduins migrating from place to place, whose only law is in the spear and creese. Thus the real authority of the king is circumscribed within very narrow bounds.

At length a departure from Alio Amba was conceded, and the expedition was presented at court. The forms and ceremonies were exactly such as might be expected in a semi-barbarous state, into which notions of Oriental splendour and etiquette had been very faintly infused by intercourse with Asiatics,—a state of tedium, from which all dignity

was absent, and nothing compensated for the toil endured. The presents which had been brought, particularly Chinese dancing figures performing magic revolutions, and chiming clocks, and musical boxes, were objects of intense delight, whilst the value of the three hundred muskets, with fixed bayonets, which were piled in front of the footstool, was instantly understood. But the greatest astonishment was excited by the roar of the ordnance, which formed a part of the presents, by the crumbling of the rock, the rush of falling stones, and the shreds into which the white cloth, which had there been suspended, was shivered, as the round shot, canister and grape were first discharged in the mountains of Abyssinia. A prophecy of these miracles was most opportunely recalled to mind, and Sáhela Selássie was blessed by its completion beyond all his predecessors of the house of Solomon.

After passing the greater portion of the following night in the examination of these things, and causing elaborate inventories of them to be taken on scrolls of parchment, the king ordered the fire-arms and warlike munitions to be transferred to the grand arsenal, the manufactures to be consigned to the palace wardrobe, but the curiosities to be immured in his mouldy magazines. On the next day Major Harris had a striking opportunity of verifying Bruce's account of a "*brind*" feast:—

"Crowds swarmed around each sturdy victim to the knife, and impetuously rushing in with a simultaneous yell, seized horns, and legs, and tail. A violent struggle to escape followed the assault. Each vigorous bound shook off and scattered a portion of the assailants; but the stronger and more athletic retained still their grasp, and resolutely grappling and wrestling with the prize, finally prevailed. With a loud groan of despair the bull was thrown kicking to the earth. Twenty crooked knives flashed at once from the scabbard, a tide of crimson gore proclaimed the work of death. . . . The hide was opened in fifty places, and collop after collop of warm flesh and muscle, sliced and scooped from the bone, was borne off in triumph. . . . Entrails and offal did not escape: in a quarter of an hour nought remained of the carcass save hoofs and horns."

Considering the statement of Herodotus, that there were Ἀιθίοπες Ἀγριοφάγοι, and the great probability of its truth, (before it was confirmed by modern travellers,) from the history of other savages, we cannot but be surprised, that the ocular testimony of Bruce should have been assailed by discredit and ridicule. The father of history was subjected to similar doubts and cavils, until time and research had justified him. The Mosaic enactments against eating blood, "*which is the life*"



of the animal, raw flesh, (Ex. xii. 19,) and "*the life with the flesh*," (cf. Deut. xii. 23, cf. Lev. xvii. 11, 13, 14,) may be accepted as certain indications that the barbarous practices, which still survive in Æthiopia, existed as far back as the days of the Hebrew Legislator, and according to the words of Nuveiri, at one period they were adopted by some of the tribes of the Pagan Arabs.

Major Harris remarked, that here, as in Europe, monastic establishments are invariably seated in the most romantic spots; and that artificial terraces, from the base to the utmost summit of the mountain, clothed in most luxuriant cultivation, were formed in several places. The scenery through which the expedition passed from Machalwans, where the interview with the king took place, to Ankóber, the metropolis of Shoa, in its gorgeousness and fertility showed how superabundantly capable of yielding every produce the soil would become, under civilized management, or even common attention. On the mountain on which Ankóber, which takes its name from Anko, a queen of the Galla tribe, is situated, thatched houses of various shapes, with small green enclosures and splinter palings, rising one above the other in irregular tiers, some on the abrupt verge of a cliff, others so buried in a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pots on their tops, were singularly adapted to every inequality of the surface; and these rude habitations, which contain from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, are connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedgerows, covering the entire mountain-side, up to the extreme pinnacle. The city skirts the brink of a yawning abyss; and the route being scarcely wide enough for the foot of a mule, its approach is not traversed without a painful feeling of insecurity; and a handful of experienced defenders might defy the assaults of a numerous enemy. An extraordinary dwelling, much resembling a den in a menagerie, was erected for the white visitors; oblong, without windows and chimneys; provided at either end with a lofty and narrow door, consisting of massive planks and beams, each of which had caused the demolition of an entire tree, with a basket-worked ceiling as the roof, open and hide-lashed ribs, without dab or plaster, incapable of repelling wind, rain, or mountain-fog, with inner walls dividing the central room from two verandahs, which were intended for the reception of mules, horses, and household lumber, and a floor exactly as nature had made it, and not improved by the recent inundations to which it had been subjected, and with a trench environing the

whole, it yet was superior to the generality of houses in Abyssinia. In such an abode, at the wet season of the year, their situation was necessarily most uncomfortable; and notwithstanding the monarch's favour, through which articles of royal monopoly, such as unpurified bees'-wax, in lieu of candles, and wood were dispensed to them, the Troglodytic Æthiop, in his primitive cavern, could hardly have been a being more exposed to atmospheric severity. In these regions also, partly through their great elevation, partly through the great proportion of iron which enters into the formation of the rocks, storms of thunder and lightning, unparalleled in Europe, are very frequent; and vapours, which in despite of all muffling seem to penetrate to the very bones, are continually exhaled from the saturated earth. And notwithstanding the abundant fertility of the soil, though wheat sufficient to sustain life for a whole year might be purchased at one German crown, they experienced the utmost difficulty in obtaining the most common necessaries; for the stranger, without the assistance of the monarch, through the petty worry and annoyances of menials, cannot, without great trouble, get the grain converted into bread. The time of these menials is chiefly consumed in eating *brundo*, or raw beef, and sleeping off the surfeit; and all stipulate for one day in thirty to drink *cosso*, which relieves them from the superfluity: and their impertinence is not inferior to their indolence; for each person who may be in the receipt of four pieces of salt per mensem, with the promise of a new cloth, of the value of three shillings and nine-pence sterling, *annually*, accounts himself qualified for a permanent place at the drawing-room fire.

Although Æthiopia derived her faith from Alexandria, a more corrupt Christianity cannot be imagined. The clergy are bigoted and intolerant, and rule with the iron hand of religious ascendancy; and as a natural consequence the people are priest-ridden, and debased by their superstitions. The former soon arrayed themselves against the British, because they conformed not to their fasts and blasphemous doctrines; and the bishop of Shoa was the most open and undisguised in his hostilities. At the cathedral of St. Michæel, to which they with considerable pains procured access, after wading through the miry kennels which form the avenue to it, they were obliged, in conformity to a prejudice derived from the Jews, to unlace their slippers, and enter barefooted on the floor of muddy rushes. The priest was propitiated by a rich altar-cloth, glowing with silk and gold, and by hard dollars placed

in his avaricious palm: and when he had proclaimed this munificence, and pronounced his solemn benediction, an unearthly yell of praise arose from the besotted multitude. The walls of the building were coarse and only partially white-washed, and but few feet from the earth was the suspended ostrich egg, the emblem of idolatry: in a broad verandah, strewn with dirty rushes, were the congregation, each muffled in the skin of the *agazin*:—no chant proceeded from the chorister, but its place was supplied by the jar of discord:—no liturgy followed the dissonant screams, and nothing solemn animated the service. The walls were adorned with some shields, and on them were suspended some miserable daubs: no sculptured monument, no banner or trophy, no marble tablet denoted the memory of the soldier, the statesman, or the scholar:—in the Holy of Holies, to be penetrated by no one but the High Priest, was the *tabot* or ark of the faith, which was consecrated at Gondar by the delegate of the Coptic Patriarch; and round the veil that fell before it, were hung four sporting pictures, representing the great Leicestershire steeple-chase, from the pencil of Alken, which had been presented to his Majesty.

After other interviews with Sáhela Selássie, the embassy followed him to Debra Berhan, *Anglicé* the Hill of Glory. The road was of the same difficult nature as that which had conducted them to Ankóber, the range which they surmounted dividing the streams which flow into the Nile from those which are tributary to the Háwash. The ascent above Ankóber was not less than 2,000 feet, and Mamrat still towered 3,000 or 4,000 feet overhead, making the total height at least 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Hatzé Tekla Haimanot the Great rightly declared, in the 12th century, that he had power to render the Nile an instrument of vengeance to Egypt, the Almighty having given into his hands its fountains, its passages, and its increase, with the capability of working good or evil; and Lalíbelá, one of his successors, actually projected the diversion of all the principal tributaries to the Nile, which take their source in the highest table-land, to the Indian Ocean and the Lake Zooài; and he was only diverted from this gigantic project by the arguments of the monks that he would thus fertilize the arid Moslem countries which intervene between the mountains and the sea. There can indeed be no doubt that Egypt is entirely dependent on Abyssinia for the advantages which it derives from its river; and that were the country in the possession of a warlike and intelligent race, they would

quickly extend their dominion to some ports, and cease to rely on the precarious friendship of barbarous tribes for their foreign commerce. The sources of the Nile would be at their command to enrich the territory acquired: the Hâwash might be diverted from the lagoons at Aussa; and other mountain torrents, whose progress seems not to have been traced, might, under the guiding hand of the engineer, be made to contribute to the general fertility, and to the inland conveyance of foreign produce. With Abyssinia thus remodelled, and exerting its natural capabilities, how easy would become the connection with the interior of Africa! what geographical knowledge would then be obtained! what riches acquired! But, at present, although a commercial treaty has been ratified by the embassy of which Major Harris was the chief, how easily may it be annulled by the hordes that wander between the Abyssinian range and the sea!

A cluster of white-roofed houses, which had been long indistinctly visible, at last was attained, and the desolate palace at Debra Berhan, founded by Zara Yakooob, to whom was imputed all the wisdom of his ancestor, Solomon, was hailed as the termination of the journey. In that monarch's time idolatry was not extinct; and in the worship of the cow and serpent, which he visited with the punishment of death, we retrace the ancient religion of Æthiopia, and perceive a direct connection with the superstitions of Egypt and India. The nature of the country here furnishes it with almost impregnable defences; not only the vast altitude, but the bold and singular bluffs which it presents, surround the towns and hamlets with a safeguard, which the lowest military science would render unapproachable. In sight of Debra Berhan is Tegulet, "the city of the wolves," once the capital of all Abyssinia, and untrodden by the European foot since the visit of Father Alvarez. Occupying a commanding promontory, round which flows the river Salacha, it affords by one natural fissure the only practicable ascent to the fortress; and near the neighbouring village of Etteghe are forty-four rivulets, which pay their tribute through this district to the Adabai, that sends its waters down the Jumma to the Nile. In a course of little more than 150 miles, so rapid is the declination to the westward, that nearly all have cataracts: in fact, all the environs of Tegulet are intersected by beds of rapid torrents, with high precipitous banks, to which this part of Shoa was indebted for its security from the Pagan and Mohammedan hordes.

At Debra Berhan is one of the principal depôts for the royal

slaves, whose condition, though hard, is infinitely preferable to that of the slaves in the West Indies. Whatever degree of civilization intercourse with more enlightened people, aided by a strong commercial interest, may hereafter confer upon Abyssinia, a long period will be required to destroy the practice of bondage; sanctioned as it has been from the primitive ages, interwoven as it now is with the national habits, supported as it is by the ecclesiastics, (although in other parts the emancipation required by the Mosaic law at the end of seven years is respected and observed,) and resulting as it does from marauding expeditions, as well as from sales by parents and kidnapping, it is still further abetted by the propensity of the natives to govern in their turn as they are governed. But not only are those belonging to Pagan and hostile tribes compelled to undergo servitude, but even Christian girls, which are purchased from the Guràgué-caravan; for here faith makes no distinction in this respect, and age and infirmity open not a door to manumission.

Whilst they were at this place, the embassy had a specimen of the monarch's equestrian sports, and skill in shooting baboons, and were spectators of the annual review in honour of the discovery of the Holy Cross by St. Helena. In that pantomime of barbaric warfare there was nothing that could rightly be called splendid, but much that was wild and impressive. From 8,000 to 10,000 cavalry made the display; and at its conclusion, the embassy, by the monarch's express desire, discharged a flight of rockets, the effect of which upon the crowd was but little inferior to the former exhibition of the artillery. As each projectile rushed with a roar from its bed, they fell upon their faces in the utmost alarm; horses and mules broke loose from their fetters in consternation; and the Galla tribes in the vicinity asserted that the Gyptzis could at pleasure produce comets in the sky, and rain fire from heaven.

On the following morning they proceeded to Angollala, the capital of Western Shoa, on the Galla frontier. It consists of four to five hundred circular huts, formed of loose stone walls, rudely thatched, and covers the slopes of a group of tabular hills, which enclose an extensive quadrangle; and on the summit of the largest eminence stands the palace, defended by six rows of stout high palisades. It is superior to all other dwellings in the kingdom, but is deserted from the fear of an earthquake. The river Chacha affords to Angollala a natural fortification, which rolls for two days' journey to the westward through a deep precipitous valley, opposing an insurmountable

barrier to the human foot: it is a yawning gulph, extending one full mile in breadth, evidently produced by some convulsion in the bowels of the earth. It is fed at intervals by foaming cascades; and immediately below the furious cataract is the little hamlet of Guréyo, which is the seat of the royal iron works. The process of smelting and refining is that of the earliest antiquity: the ore, being broken into small fragments, and coarsely pulverized, is mixed with a great quantity of charcoal, and placed in a clay furnace, which has a sloping cavity depressed below the level of the blast-pipes. The non-metallic particles being fused by four pair of hand-worked bellows, the iron sinks to the bottom; which being again broken, and being re-fused, as the dross flows off, the pure metal is discharged in pigs, and by a repetition of heating and welding these are wrought into bars.

As a campaign had been determined, the embassy had the good fortune to have an opportunity of exploring the wilds of Abyssinia, on which no solitary traveller could have ventured. Immediately in advance of the army, screened beneath a canopy of scarlet broad cloth, were borne, on an ambling mule, the Holy Scriptures and the ark of the Cathedral of St. Michæel, the miraculous virtues of which sacred emblem, "throwing into shade those of the palladium of Troy, are believed to insure victory to the Christian host." The king followed on a richly caparisoned mule, a small space round being kept clear by the royal shield-bearers;—fusileers and matchlock men of the body-guard being on the right, and a band, with kettle-drums, on donkeys, with trumpets and wind instruments, on the left; governors, judges and monks; priests and singers, and culinary dames and damsels, successively swelling the throng. Then came the multiform army and camp followers, with sumpter horses, asses, and mules, laden with provisions and horns of old mead, with old women and lads, all contributing to the grotesque confusion. When they *bivouacked*, the straggling camp could not have measured less than five miles in diameter; but, contrasted with disciplined forces, its equipage was small and portable—governors and leaders alone occupying tents; and a commissariat was unknown—every man carrying his own provisions, which were limited to parched grain or sun-dried flesh. Throughout the night, a hundred and fifty-six choristers (*asmaroch*) are wont to chant psalms and hymns, being entertained at the expense of the crown, twelve being on duty every month; but during military expeditions their vigils and chanting are observed with more than usual strictness. Thus there was no intermission of

their noise during the hours of darkness—an employment perhaps derived from Bardic customs, which might have been transmitted from India, where the Magad'ha answered to the warlike bard of half-civilized Europe.

The army consisted of three divisions;—the centre being commanded by the king in person; the van, composed of skirmishers, by the great governor of the subjugated Galla, under the title of Worari; and the rear guard, or the third division, by the general, who was appointed *Wobo*. The men, however, were huddled together in their particular detachments without order. At last, when the van reached the extensive plain of Abai Deggar, the command was given to encamp, to destroy and plunder. Instantly the soil was stripped of every trace of cultivation, and a scramble for the rafters and ribs of houses was commenced, the skeletons being consigned to the flames; and quarrels, resulting in sword cuts and broken heads, took place among the depredators. No precaution against surprise was adopted, whilst the country far and wide was laid waste, and human habitations and the riper barley were consumed by the torch.

Again the motley army advanced, till it reached the highlands of the Sertie tribe, who had long been in open rebellion, and had in the preceding year slain eight hundred men of an Amhára detachment, which had become entangled in a morass near the foot of the range. Till all had so far arrived, the monarch had concealed his purpose in his own breast. Here once more was the former devastating process repeated, and the wide plain of Germáma, thickly peopled by the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, was destined to encounter the thunderbolt of wild war. Taken by surprise, these victims lay helplessly before them, and hundreds of cattle in the adjacent meads added cupidity to the thirst for blood. Columns of smoke ascending at the distance of many miles sufficiently showed the progress of the invaders, as village after village was fired, and the knife was not remiss in its murderous work: and as many, abandoning their property, had taken refuge in the fastnesses of Entotto, every bush was searched with the spear for a lurking foe. Each Amhára vied with his comrade in the work of retributive destruction; whole families and groups were surrounded and speared; others were hunted down like wild beasts, and children were included in the inexorable massacre. Women and girls were hurried into captivity, and flocks and herds were driven off in triumph.

At the next encampment foraging parties brought in fresh captive females, and the perpetrators of the immense slaughter,

in which were mingled the infant and the decrepid, unblushingly heralded their shame before the approving monarch. After a brief halt the march was resumed through the country of the Ekka Galla, which was entirely devoted to destruction; and the nocturnal bivouac of the marauders, filling every part of the valley with whoops and yells, mixed with the incessant lowings of the cattle, and the wailings of the captives—whilst hundreds of bale-fires, composed of rafters stripped from the surrounding houses—and the lurid atmosphere reflecting the conflagration of yet crackling hamlets—exhibited a picture of fiendish atrocity which only savage life can realize. Over the wide expanse not a living inhabitant was to be seen; Mount Dalácha, sacred to the Wato sorcerers, having alone escaped, because their blessing had been followed by the birth of Sáhela Selássie, and for miles the road was lined with wayworn warriors laden with spoil. Such is the retribution with which a neglect to pay the moderate tribute imposed is ordinarily visited!

Umbrage had been taken by many against the expedition for not having joined in the murderous fray; but the monarch more liberally entered into their feelings. Aided by that active missionary, Dr. Krapf, they procured from him a liberation of the prisoners of war, and shortly afterwards the army returned to Angóllala, driving exultingly before them upwards of thirty thousand head of prize cattle, which by custom were the property of the king. Here a triumph awaited him, which was in perfect unison with all that we might conceive of savage pageantry, and of barbarians lauding the eighty-fifth of successive expeditions, in the space of thirty years, which Sáhela Selássie had triumphantly crowned with bloodshed and rapine.

But compared with other potentates, the disposition of Sáhela Selássie is merciful towards his own subjects, and he is not wanting in munificence to the indigent. No criminal is ordered by him to be mutilated, and the use of the searing iron has become obsolete; whilst in the northern states hands and feet are wrenched off, the teguments having been previously removed at the wrists and ancles with a razor. Still, whatever aspect these qualities might have possessed under the influence of a better education, instilling better principles, the barbarities which he sanctions and approves, and the second desolating expedition which he sent against the survivors of the late massacre, sink his clemency to a very low scale.

A second triumph was celebrated at Ankóber, an account of which we shall omit. The appurtenances of the palace in this



place are curious ;—" from the apex of the palace-eminence, which towers three hundred feet above the surrounding terrace, down to the very base, the entire slope is studded with thatched magazines and outhouses ; and these, shame to the Christian monarch, form the scene of the daily labours of three thousand slaves." Of these some manufacture beer and hydromel : some flat cakes of teff and wheat, and others grind corn :—here caldrons of red pepper soup yield up their potent steam ; there long twisted strips of old cotton rag are dipped in molten bees'-wax. In the sunny verandah of the wardrobe, tailors and curriers execute their vocation and invent amulets and devices, and under the eaves of the banqueting-hall blacksmiths pursue their noisy task ; in a shed, notaries commit to parchment inventories of the tribute received : in another, sacred books are bound, and painters perpetrate atrocious daubs on the illuminated page. Near the slaughter-house, ever flowing with blood, carpenters fashion gunstocks " with a farrier's rasp : " " governors and nobles with shields and silver swords are seated above ; clamorous paupers, itinerant monks, and applicants for justice fill the lower courts ; " idlers, gossips, and beggars choke the open *arada* before the great gate, and every filthy avenue is crowded with oxen and asses, goats and sheep. On the east terrace of this royal officina, surrounded by stagnant mire, is the town-governor, arranging the national affairs.

During the residence in Ankóber an eclipse of the moon occurred, which produced results similar to those observed among savages, in whatever part of the world they are found. Believing that the orb was dead, and that her death prognosticated war, pestilence, and famine, the inhabitants were seized with a violent panic ; priests and laity implored the Saviour of the world to take compassion on them ; and the wailing continued without intermission, till, the planet emerging into brilliancy, one general shout of joy arose, from the persuasion that their prayers had prevailed. The incredulity of the king, when the embassy previously apprised him of the precise hour and minute at which the obscuration would commence and terminate, was only equalled by his surprise at their powers of augury. The superstition of the Abyssinians is little corrected by Christianity ; they have an implicit faith in talismans written in mystic characters, and mixed with seeds and leaves of plants endowed with magical virtues—in amulets and sacred spells, and in the influence of the evil eye, which at one time was accredited by every nation ; they give credence to spirits roaming over the earth, waters, and infinite space, applying to 88 of these invisible agents the title *Saroch*, and conceive, that

the court of Wárobal Mama, King of the Genii, is holden at the bottom of the Lake Alobár, in Mans, whence his drum, predicting war, pestilence, and famine, is occasionally heard. Their superstitions respecting the sick partake largely of the character of those of various savages described by Picart; and the votive sacrifices, which the Christians of Shoa, as well as the Heathen Galla, make in June to the Evil Spirit, are decidedly remains of the idolatry which once flourished throughout these regions. In the bloody finger, and the magical surrounding of houses with threads of cotton yarn dipped in blood, in the qualities and properties attributed to particular plants, in the invisibility of sorcerers at pleasure, and their power of transportation through the air, in the respect paid to dwarfs, in the magician's ability to change his form to that of an animal, and in the thousands of human victims which have been slaughtered for averruncal purposes, we detect the general superstition of mankind, and retrace many of the fancies of our forefathers, the credulity of Greeks and Romans, of Northern Colonists, and Asiatic inventors of the marvellous. In the Abyssinian magic village of Dooka Stephános, what have we but the garden of Irem and the Ab-zendegáni of Persian poetical romance?

The refusal of the British embassy to contribute to the massacre of the defenceless Galla having excited general animadversion, it was resolved in a less hateful manner to wipe away the tarnish. Consequently, the slaughter of one elephant being accounted equal to that of forty Galla, permission was solicited to repair to the north-western frontier of Efát, where those animals abound. With great fears on the part of the monarch, and much ridicule on the part of his subjects, it was obtained. After a long and tedious journey, consisting of several stations, at all of which, as the king's guests, they were hospitably received, they reached the wilderness of Giddem, where their panic-struck attendants very much impeded their quest of the animals. When at last, however, one was found and shot, as if a stupendous victory had been gained over all the enemies of the crown, and the most important service possible had been rendered to the empire, couriers were dispatched to every place proclaiming the fame of the exploit, and the Gyptzis\* were at once elevated to the rank of beings of a superior mould. The court had in the mean time removed to Angóllala, and there the triumphant embassy was invited; where the honours equivalent to the destruction of forty Galla

\* So foreigners in general are called in Abyssinia; the word signifies Ægyptians.

being awarded, the *bitówa* or silver gauntlet, surmounted by the *choófa*, or silver bracelet, was placed on the right arm, and on the left shoulder were cast the spoils of a male lion; after which his majesty fixed in the hair newly plucked sprigs of wild asparagus, the Abyssinian emblem of victory, to be replaced after forty days by the *hérkoom* feather. At length also the treaty of commerce was signed.

The third volume is devoted more especially to the history of the country. After citing the legendary account of Solomon, Maqueda, Queen of Æthiopia, better known as the Queen of Sheba, and her son Menilek, Major Harris follows the *Kebra za Negest* in stating that the coast of the Indian ocean towards Sofála was governed by a royal deputy, with the title of Bahr Negásh, "King of the Sea,"—"a vicegerent with the same title governing Yemen, which from the earliest times down to the Mohammedan conquest of Arabia, belonged to Abyssinia." This statement we believe to be implicitly true; for it is confirmed by several passages in the works of Arabian authors; and in two MSS. containing the history of the tribes, now in the British Museum, of one of which Pocock very largely availed himself, several of the occupants of Yemen are clearly shown to have been of this descent.

Christianity became the national religion of Abyssinia in the beginning of the fourth century. According to the *Kebra za Negest* (*the Glory of Kings*) the Fálashas (who were descendants of the Jews, and had become very powerful, and refused to abandon their faith), electing a sovereign of their own creed, seized the impregnable mountain fastnesses of Simien, and received a continual augmentation to their numbers from Jews expelled from Palestine and Arabia. To the middle of the tenth century they held an unlimited sway, until the time of the Princess Esther, who, massacring the royal house, proclaimed herself Queen of Abyssinia. The sole surviving prince of this race was carried by the Amhára nobility to Shoa, with the dominion of which his progeny was content, until by a treaty concluded through the influence of Tekla Haimanot, Aboon or Primate of Æthiopia, they were restored to the throne of their ancestors. So affairs continued up to the sixteenth century, when Mohammed Graan's invasion dismembered the empire, and caused Shoa to be colonized by the Galla hordes. From Nagási, the first monarch of Elát, descended the present line, who in the course of their conquests annexed Shoa, Ankóber, and the present territories of the Negroos to their dominion.

Although the crown is hereditary in the house of Solomon,

it is elective by the will of the deceased monarch : in accordance with national customs the royal youths are secluded in a monastery, under guardians, who prevent them from exciting disturbances in the kingdom. They are inured to equestrian and warlike exercises, and trained to the use of the shield and spear, compelled to attend divine service, to fast and pray, and made to peruse the psalms at night. Yet all, but he who shall reign, look forward to the vaults of Goncho ; though, it is to be hoped, the efforts of the embassy have now banished this terror for ever from the younger scions of majesty.

The provinces at this day subject to the monarch of Shoa are comprised in a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles, " which area is traversed by five systems of mountains, whereof the culminating point divides the basin of the Nile from that of the Hâwash. The Christian population of Shoa and Efât are estimated at 1,000,000 souls, and that of the Mohammedan and Pagan population of the numerous dependences, at 1,500,000." Besides the tribute in kind, the royal revenues are computed at 80,000 to 90,000 German crowns ; and the annual expenses of the state not exceeding 10,000 dollars, it is probable that the king, during his reign of thirty years, has amassed a considerable treasure. Corresponding to the Margraves of Germany there are 400 governors, styled *Shoomant*, under the crown, who with fifty *Abagasoch*, or guardians of the frontier, conduct the affairs of the kingdom. Yet, though some few are hereditary, the rest of these posts are generally purchased. Each, though subject in an instant to be deprived of his dignities, and to be involved in ruin, acts the part of the despot in his own province ; and as the monarch, in addition to the customary and settled fees, continually expects voluntary contributions, all classes severely feel the pressure. The best portions of the soil, as formerly in Egypt, belonging to the sovereign, the life and property of the subject being likewise at his arbitrary disposal, in years of famine food, too, being only procurable from the royal granaries, his pleasure and his will are naturally dominant over the laws.

It was during the sanguinary conflicts which succeeded to the invasion of Graan, that the Galla hordes poured their multitudes from Southern Central Africa into Æthiopia, and re-erected heathen shrines. They trace their origin to three Jewish sisters, and state, that from the nine children of Wol-láboo, their father, sprang the innumerable clans which now people the greater part of intratropical Africa. Whatever may have been their origin, they overran the fairest provinces

of the land; but intestine feuds neutralized their gigantic power, to which otherwise the whole region must have submitted. With their predatory habits they combine agricultural pursuits, and form a strong contrast to the indolent Adaiel; and bees are a portion of the wealth of every family, which are treated precisely according to the whimsical customs which Virgil has commemorated. Like the ancient Druid, and the ascetics of many nations, the Pagan Galla accounts a tree indispensable to his religious exercises, under the shadow of whose boughs sacrifices are invariably performed: on the interment of a priest a sycamore or coffee tree, ever afterwards sacred, is planted, which recalls to mind the custom of burying the dead under trees, as Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried by Jacob returning from Padan-aram; and like the council-trees of the wild sons of Nature, on the banks of the Háwash stands the venerated Woda Nuwee, (the *ficus sycamorus*), to which the tribes from far and wide repair with propitiatory offerings. The trophies, which they suspend, are the *dirakhti fast* of Persia, the identical custom of Greeks and Romans; and their divinatory process by the fat, caul, and entrails corresponds to the latter superstition, to which parallels are cited in the Biblical page.

Major Harris alludes to the resemblance between their customs and the more civilized nations of antiquity in the following manner:—

“ Seeking presages, like the Romans and Etrurians, in the flight of birds and in the entrails of slaughtered sacrifices; wearing the hair braided like the ancient Egyptians; and, like them, sleeping with the head supported by a wooden crutch; wedding the relict of a deceased brother according to the Mosaic law, and bowing the knee to the Old Serpent, whom they regard as the Father of all mankind;—an acquaintance with these wild invaders suggests to the speculations of curiosity novel proofs of their origin, when referred to a common parent; nor are these a little enhanced by the existence of a prophecy, that their hordes are to quit the highlands of their usurpation, and march to the east and to the north, ‘that they may conquer the inheritance of their Jewish ancestors.’ ”

The inquiries made by this expedition as to parts of the country to the south, which they could not visit, abundantly confirmed the statements of Herodotus. As they before had evidence of the Hylogones in those who kept watch from the tops of trees, so now they were informed of a race of Doko, or pignies, of an olive complexion, not exceeding four feet in height, who are very numerous, and entirely subsist on

fruits, roots, mice, serpents, reptiles, ants and honey. They ascend trees, like monkeys, and often in their quarrels throw each other down. "Their nails, never pared, grow both on the hands and feet, like eagles' talons, and are employed in digging for ants." Herodotus was assured at Thebes, that half of the waters of the Nile ran to the north, and the other half to the south, and that they were produced by the tropical rains. In confirmation of this account, Major Harris heard of the river Gochob, which is described to rise in the great central ridge, and which he believes to be identical with the Kibbee of the best extant maps, whose course to the south is said to have been known to the Ægyptians 3000 years ago. "Whatever may be its true magnitude, it is clearly navigated to a considerable extent by a white people, who reap a lucrative harvest, whilst draining the country of its population, by a traffic which must reflect the blackest disgrace upon the name of any civilized people, and is here not rendered the less infamous by the fact that many of their purchases are Christians. Between Garro and Metcha is a small tract, peopled by Christians, who reside entirely in caves of the mountains, thus proving the existence of Troglodytes in these regions to this day, as asserted by the Father of History; and from the nature of the country we may easily believe, that formerly, as in Arabia Petræa, those rude natural domiciles were most extensively occupied by the population, as we know the neighbourhood of Meroë to have been.

One of the most striking peculiarities in the country is the strange admixture of Judaism with the debased Christianity which is professed. Many Jews had been established there long before the nation had been converted from Heathenism: according to uncertain tradition, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, they emigrated into the northern states by way of the Red Sea, and their descendants are the Fálashas on the mountains of Simien and Lasta. Be this account of their origin correct or incorrect, the influence of the Hebrews on the affairs of Abyssinia has been very great; and, with the destruction of the race of Solomon, which we have noticed, they for a time obtained the preponderance. But though they were afterwards hunted among the mountains, their practices had acquired a firm root, and were regarded as orthodox doctrines of Christianity. Thus, the Mosaic restrictions respecting the flesh of unclean animals heavily bind the Æthiopian; and because the children of Israel *did not eat of the sinew that shrank*, as detailed in the history of Jacob, that sinew, called

in Amhâric *shoolada*, is expressly prohibited to be eaten in Abyssinia. The Jewish Sabbath also is strictly observed,\* and on that day agricultural pursuits are suspended; their churches, too, are divided like the Temple of Jerusalem, and have their *Kedis Kedisen*, or Holy of Holies, in which is the ark;—like the Jews, they commence the service with the Trisagion, and they fast as rigidly and as frequently as the law of Moses enacted. Culinary articles must be cleansed and polished, just as the Mishna binds the Jews, and on the day of atonement the Abyssinian confesses his sins before the priest; and the Hebrew's practice at deaths is analogous to that among these people. Mourning garments, and Jewish ideas regarding the state of the dead, have been equally received, together with many of the doctrines which they hold respecting angelic agency, which, jumbled with those which they have derived from Christianity, and with the intercessorial functions which they attribute to St. Michael, and to the Virgin Mary, render their religion almost void of any moral tendency.

The embassy, with far less trouble than that with which they had obtained permission to kill the elephant, were at their own pressing instance allowed to make an excursion to Berhut, on the south-eastern frontier of Shoa, the alleged object being to chase the wild buffalo. In the course of the journey they added considerably to their previously acquired geographical information, and observed the manner in which cotton is cultivated in these parts, viz. by the means of elevated aqueducts, which are constructed with infinite care, and employed to irrigate the extensive plantations; the stems of the plants fostered by this culture often measuring eight or nine inches in girth, and yielding a crop equivalent to these gigantic proportions. The royal granaries abounded in their way, the labours of which are annually and tributarily performed by the surrounding population, who plough the land, sow the seed, and reap the grain. On this occasion the natives were as troublesome as on the former: and the disturbance which they made, and the whole of their exertions, for a while were unremitting in preventing success: at last, however, the tracks of a buffalo were discovered; and as the trail was carried through thick groves of tamarisk, he was perceived rolling from side to side across a stream. It was not long ere the embassy had achieved another victory worthy of the royal

\* In the name of Debra Libanos, or Mount Lebanon, which is the chief seat of learning in Shoa and the retention of circumcision, though baptism is administered, we likewise perceive the influence of Judaism.

estimation, in the death of the beast, which was deemed by the people equivalent to that of eight Pagans; but although they had hoped to have made a more protracted stay, the governor of the district and their own escort compelled their immediate return, lest the sound of their fire-arms, and the fame of the exploit, should bring the hostile Ittoo upon them. Still, however, they had not far retraced their steps, ere they proposed and executed an excursion to the country of the Karaiyo Galla, and examined carefully the volcanic crater of Saboo, which was stated to have been in full activity about thirty years before—an assertion which the recent appearance of the lava streams amply corroborated. They had designed to examine Fantáli also; but the fears of the guides, and the assurance that it had been long quiescent, caused them to conform to their wishes of not proceeding to it: accordingly, they directed their course to the far-famed volcanic well of Boorchutta, and after gaining the summit of the Kozi mountain, wound along the very brink of the crater of Winzagoon, whence the adjacent country had been recently overflowed. The well, which excited their curiosity, had the appearance of the crater of a gigantic mine, and was situated in the “bosom of the almost perpendicular mountain of Jujjuba Kulla. One narrow path, of barely sufficient width for the bulk of an elephant, leads to the water’s edge, through the termination of a deep narrow gully, with inaccessible banks. Enormous blocks and boulders of coal-black rock, which choke this channel for the last hundred yards, seem to have been canted out of the bowels of the earth by subterranean convulsion, and form a sort of revêtement to the front of the circular pool, which measures sixty feet in diameter, and gave ‘no bottom.’ . . . . The still brimstone-coloured waters were glassy smooth, and not a breath stirred within the deep suffocating crater, where the fall of a pin produced an echo like that of a whispering gallery.” There being no other water for many miles, the elephant and the rhinoceros repair to it at night, and thence the inhabitants derive their supply; and it is constantly the scene of bloody conflicts. The party on their return came to the well of Wulawula, which is smaller, but not very dissimilar, having a funnel-shaped hollow, and owing its existence to igneous agency. The turbulent power of the subterranean element, which may be traced through the whole eastern frontier of Shoa, presents a natural boundary effectually capable of separating contiguous countries of the main land, and exhibits the limits which the Almighty has placed to aggrandizement.



The extremes of heat and cold, and the variation of soil in the lowlands and in the highlands, evidently prove that different races are required; and it would be long ere the Amhára of the mountains could with any comfort habituate himself to the scorching atmosphere of the valley.

“Existing craters resume at long intervals their old work of devastation, and violent earthquakes now and then shake the country to the very base of the adamantine rampart, which has been reared by the arm of Omnipotence in the heart of heathen Africa, around the alpine abode of one million of Christians.”

After having, by an appeal to the better feelings of Sáhela Selássie, been the means of liberating 4,700 persons from slavery, to which, by an unjust edict, he had condemned them in his wrath, Major Harris pursues a series of deep and sensible observations on slavery in general, on its prevalence in the kingdom of Shoa, the journeys of the victims to the slave-marts, and their frequent transfers from one master to another; on the anarchical state of the Gurágùè republic, into which kidnapping inroads are continually made, and which is rendered the prey of lawless violence, the scene of every detestable crime, and the hotbed of this iniquitous traffic; and on the operation which a legitimate commerce would have upon it. He well argues, that in those countries from whence the victims are drawn, the population would hail European intervention; and that the interest of the Galla thus being destroyed, his forays and slave-hunts would gradually end. The argument, that the slaves who are driven through the Abyssinian dominions become converts to Islámism, might be invested with great efficacy; and when the uses of machinery should have become known, the loss of services would not be felt. But commerce, so as to render Shoa independent of the Danákil trader, must precede the attempt; and in the northern provinces of Christian Abyssinia no difficulty could be experienced, since in Gondar and Tigré domestic slavery is neither practised nor advocated. The influence of the present Aboon Abba Salama—who has been instructed at Cairo by the Rev. Dr. Lieder, a missionary of the Church of England—which might easily be obtained, and which is supreme, would infallibly crown well-directed efforts with success.

“Although free to all nations, the eastern coast, from Sofála to Cape Guardusoi, has in later years been little frequented by any save the enterprising American;”—but the commerce which it would open would be of a most lucrative description.—“In Enárea, Caffá, Gurágùè,

Koocha and Susa especially, glass-ware, false jewellery, beads, cutlery, blue calico, long cloth, chintz, and other linen manufactures, are in universal demand. That their wants are neither few nor trifling, may be satisfactorily ascertained, from the fact that the sum of £96,000, the produce of the slave trade from the ports of Berbera, Zeyla, Tajúra, and Massowah, is only one item of the total amount annually invested in foreign goods and manufactures."

Gold, gold-dust, ivory, civet, and ostrich feathers, peltries, spices, among which is one called *kuráríma*, which combines the flavour of the caraway and cardamom, wax, and precious gums, are a part of the lading of each slave caravan : but they produce a very inadequate price, at the rate at which they are bartered. Vegetable and mineral productions are almost unlimited : and coal has already been found, and may exist in positions favourable to the supply of steamers on the Red Sea. The cotton is unrivalled ; coffee, too, is abundant ; and the tea plant, which grows there, having come, as it is said, from the western mountains, which agree in elevation with the Chinese tea districts, yields a probability that the Chinese sorts would equally flourish in the soil and temperature. The indigo flourishes spontaneously, and the sugar cane and every tropical production might be extensively cultivated ;—in a country which yields two crops every year without being impoverished, which receives the seed in one field, whilst the grain is reaped in another, what riches under civilized direction might not be obtained ? The contiguity to our Indian possessions, the proximity to some of the finest harbours in the world, and the presumed navigable access to the interior offered by the river Gochob, which he conjectures to be the Juba, or Govind, also called in some maps Kibbee, and which is said to rise in Abyssinia, and to be navigable in boats for three months from its mouth,—are among the solid arguments with which the author seeks to draw the national attention to Æthiopia and its capabilities.

The mercilessness of the Abyssinian character, when forays are undertaken against enemies, or defaulters in tribute, is one of the darkest blots which disfigure the nation ; but on a second occasion also the expedition had the good fortune to persuade Sábela Selássie to release his prisoners of war. The exterminating habits of the invaders are excused by themselves, on the plea that they are descendants of the Israelites, and must emulate their examples. During the residence of the British, an earthquake, which destroyed a part of the capital, took place, and the acts of superstition which followed the calamity were exactly such as preceding events would have

led us to surmise. The last recorded deed of the embassy was one which, whilst it reflects on them the highest credit, shows how advantageously the influence, which superior knowledge will necessarily, though gradually acquire, might among these people be employed in weaning them from the force of a barbarous education, and directing them to exert those better principles which would flow from their religion, once purified. The monarch becoming dangerously ill, and accounted irrecoverable by the monks, the embassy administered to him the medicine by which he was restored to health, and they seized this opportunity to obtain the release of the princes of the blood, who had been, according to national custom, immured for thirty years at Goncho; and to the honour of Sáhela Selássie, he kept inviolably his promise.

We have rarely perused a work which has contrived to impart so much novel and valuable information; and it is impossible to foresee the amount of benefits which may result from the author's hints, if they be properly carried into execution. Nothing, however, is mentioned of the events after the release of the princes; nor do we know when and how the embassy quitted Abyssinia. Enough was witnessed in this part of the country to confirm Bruce's general truth; and Major Harris, on the return from the marauding expedition among the Galla, witnessed the wanton mutilation of living animals, just as that traveller has asserted,—and we gather from rising signs, that Major Harris must expect to share the fate of the Father of History, of Bruce, and Salt, and others, when Abyssinia is the theme of a criticism that can carp at what it can neither equal nor understand.

The additions to geography, which are imparted and simplified in a most excellent map, place before us regions yet untrodden by the European foot, and exhibit the capabilities of soil, rivers and climate to receive the improvements which civilization may there introduce. The various resemblances that may be traced to the ancient Ægyptians, afford curious matter for speculation, whilst the human sacrifices and immolation of the first born, which are practised at Zingero, peremptorily demand the intervention of Christian efforts.

Major Harris concurs with Bruce in supposing Sofála to have been the Ophir of Solomon. Nor do we think, incorrectly; for it by no means follows that Ophir was in the same country as Tarshish. The length of the voyages which Solomon's fleet undertook renders it probable that different foreign ports were visited, in which the vessels might have remained, whilst properly commissioned persons visited marts

in the interior. The distinction of place may perhaps be deduced from the mention of the ships of Tarshish on occasions going to Ophir—i.e., to Ophir alone, for they were what the Romans called *naves onerariæ*, and when so mentioned can scarcely be imagined to have continued the voyage to Tarshish. At a time when gold was so abundant in the Sofála mountains there could not have been a reason for sending to a greater distance for it; and among the articles which the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon, were “spices, and *very much gold*, and precious stones.” Nor is it improbable, that when the fleet performed the whole voyage, they *on their return* may have stopped at some Æthiopian port to receive the gold.

Edrisi divides Sofála\* into the northern and the southern, giving to each a different epithet, implying *golden*; and in the book of Job† (xxii. 24), Ophir seems to be placed for the metal itself.‡ To this day *ofar*, or *ofare*, (ላረር፡) is used for gold in Æthiopic; and in Amháric, *ofarete-wareke* (ላረር፡ ወረቅ፡) signifies the purest sort. But, although there is *ab'hra* (अभ्र) in Sanscrit, with the same sense, we consider the Æthiopic and Amháric terms to belong to their own dialects, as the Arabic proves them to be legitimately deducible from roots.

The Arabian geographers, however, mention two places as Sofála, the one in India, the other in Æthiopia. According to the common interchange of *l* and *r* in the Hindú dialects, Sofála, on the authority of Abu'lfeḍa, is identical with Sofára, which is the Οὔπαρα of Arrian, and the Σούπαρα of Ptolemy, in the vicinity of Goa; and it is a curious fact, that the names of the articles imported by Solomon's fleet have a remarkable

\* The Northern is called السفالة الذهب, and the Southern

السفالة التبر.

† On account of the word in italics, this does not appear so striking in our version as in the Hebrew.

‡ In the LXX. *θηση ἐπὶ χωματὶ ἐν πετρα, καὶ ὡς πετρα χειμαρρὸν Σωφὶρ*. The root of Sofála being contained in Sophir, forms a strong additional argument. Whether Tarshish be rightly located in Spain is very questionable, although Gesenius has so assigned it. The learned and lost Hebraist, however, was not far removed from the right apprehension of this question. He gives מופיר Ophir, for Africa itself, from the Chaldee interpreter and Origen. We cannot avoid coming to a double conclusion as to the navy of Solomon, that a portion of it navigated northward to Tyre and Hiram, and a portion southwards, which on our showing descended the Red Sea to Ophir or Sofála. Some writers have thought that the navy of Solomon circumnavigated Africa, and was thus occupied three years, but can it be imagined that this was the course by any one who reads the following passage?—“King Solomon made a navy of ships at Ezion Geber, which is beside Eloth on the shore of the Red Sea in the land of Edōm.” 1 Kings, ix. 26. And we read at verse 28, that “they came to Ophir.” Doubtless a navy, placed not on the Mediterranean, but on the Red Sea, was designed for this southern navigation.—[EDITOR.]

relation to the Malabáric. The Arabian translator of Isaiah renders Ophir **الهند** or India; and the Coptic calls India, *Sophir*, (**COΦIP**), which is the **Σωφip** and **Σώφειρα** of the Septuagint. But the *s* is clearly the Sanscrit, *su* (**सु**), which is, by way of mere intensity, prefixed to words; in the absence of which *these several names* will *also* harmonize with Ophir without the least violence.

Yet the Indian Sofála, although an emporium on the sea-coast, and famed for its pearl fishery, is not recorded to have been productive of *gold*. Hence, as we may repeatedly observe the names of places in one country to have been given by early navigators to those in another, so if the Indian Sofála were the mart to which the ships of Tarshish sailed, and if on their return they stopped at an African port for gold, which was found in a particular range of mountains, it would be consentaneous to established custom for those mountains to be denominated by them after the mart which constituted the other object of their voyage.

Since writing the above account of Major Harris's "*Highlands of Æthiopia*," we have observed in the "*Westminster Review*," one of those papers for which it is rather distinguished of late, to which its conductors apply the elegant term of "*slashers*,"—that is to say, an attempt to prove by dint of mere ingenuity, that one of the most amusing books of travels that has lately appeared, is entirely unworthy of credit.

Having already given in full our opinion of Major Harris's work, we shall not enter into any very minute detail in refuting the clique among whom the ill-natured article in question was concocted, whom we can name, and who best know under what feelings they have been actuated in this attack on a meritorious officer. Certainly the "*Westminster*" unluckily lights on neither wise men of the East, as we shall show in the present, nor in the West, as we shall also show in due sequence; but we cannot defraud our readers of the merriment which the bare statement of some of the arguments must occasion. Beginning *ab ovo*, these ingenious writers, after carping at the newspapers for daring to panegyryze Major Harris, fall foul of his title, "*The Highlands of Æthiopia*." According to them it is a misnomer, because the work contains some things about the "*low lands of the Danákil or Adaiel*:" they might as well assert that "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" is a misnomer, because one of the characters is a jealous husband.

They next endeavour to establish a reputation for political knowledge, at the expense of Major Harris, by finding fault with the phrase, "*Oubié, the late Nero-like Dedjasmach of Tigré*."—

"Surely," says the reviewer, "if Major Harris knows Oubié so well as to be able to compare him to Nero, he ought to know that he is *still* alive and ruler of Tigré." But if the reviewer knows Oubié so well as to be enabled to say that he is "*still* alive and ruler of Tigré," he ought to know that when the passage to which he refers was written, the Dedjasmach was dethroned and a prisoner. Major Harris dates his preface from Ankóber, 1st January, 1843, which is sufficient to indicate that he does not intend his work to refer to anything that has subsequently taken place in Abyssinia; as, for example, the restoration of Oubié. This simple explanation accounts for the use of the phrase, "hitherto undescribed," as applied to parts of the Galla country, described briefly in Mr. Krapf's "Journal," published a year after Major Harris's book was written.

In another page, we have a very learned speculation on German crowns, called in Abyssinia "Virgin Mary crowns." Major Harris has adopted this express name, which brings down upon him, it will seem, the charge of popery. The reviewer, moreover, is very angry with the "childish absurdity" of the "ignorant Abyssinians," and yet proceeds to establish a claim to relationship with them, by asserting that there are only *three marks* upon these crowns. This arises from the necessity of contradicting Major Harris, who has alluded to the "multifarious marks and tokens" which they bear. But "all travellers in Abyssinia" know that one of these pieces of money is sure to be rejected, unless there are seven points, or jewels, in the coronet, ten in the shoulder clasp, and the letters S. F. perfect.\* The reviewer asks: "Did Major Harris ever examine one of these crowns?" We ask, in our turn: "Did the person who furnished the information on which this important discussion is based, ever handle one that had not previously passed through the hands of Major Harris?"

Further on, the ingenious and sagacious critic, whose aberration we are touching with the tenderest possible hand, boldly advances, on the authority of Mr. Lane's "Modern Egypt," that the Mahommedan never utters the exclamation—"In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!" when slaughtering animals. This is done to throw discredit on a very picturesque scene described by Major Harris. But what will be thought of the extent of the reviewer's acquirements by those

\* "The chief objects of attention in them are, the points in the Aggrafa, or shoulder jewel, and in the coronet. If they are not very distinct, the Abyssinians reject the dollar as not genuine. Also the S. F. below must not be wanting."—*Iseberg's Amháric Dict.* p. 86.

who know that the Mahommedans of India *always* use the invocation referred to? We suppose the gentleman imagined he had given vent to a most conclusive syllogism. But he has yet to learn, it seems, that it is not because a thing is forbidden that it is never practised. It must not be supposed, however, that he confines himself to argument; for he dabbles a little occasionally in misrepresentation. For example:—Major Harris asserts that he saw a Dankáli of the interior drink blood. This is false, says the reviewer, because, he also says, that they are rigid observers of externals; and blood is forbidden in the Koran. But it turns out that Major Harris has drawn a distinction between the Danákil of Tajús, who, he says, are “rigid observers of externals,” and the Danákil of the interior, the majority of whom, on the contrary, totally disregard them.

It is really amusing to see the greasy rabble of Mudaïto described as “an instructed Mohammedan people,” in order to give colour to the contradiction of a fact advanced by Major Harris, namely, the existence of a man-eater among them. The reviewer is induced to give this charitable description of the Mudaïto, from a remark made in “*The Highlands of Æthiopia*,” (for he knows nothing of the countries but from the work itself, and the strange account of his “private informant,”) on the existence of certain uleemas and doctors at Aussa. He might as well infer the classical attainments of the people of Oxfordshire from the existence of the university within its limits. But be it remembered, that Major Harris does not say he saw this Mudaïto make a meal on any human being. He gives the reports of the country, and is careful to tell us that the people, whatever may have been the amount of their “instruction,” regarded him with horror.

It is in this style that the reviewer goes on, never allowing a single word of praise to escape his pen. He has read Major Harris’s book with all the perseverance of hate. He has exercised all the powers of his mind to find out errors; his calibre and the merits of the book may be pretty easily guessed from the circumstance, that one of the principal charges he brought against the author is the misprint of “larva” for “lava!” As to the accusations that are made against Major Harris for availing himself of Mr. Krapf’s extensive knowledge of the native language, they appear perfectly puerile to those who have read the distinct acknowledgment made in the introduction, of the assistance rendered by that missionary; and the grave discussions concerning the orthography of *the unwritten language of the Gallas*, of which the reviewer knows absolutely nothing whatever—no, not so much as would enable

him to ask for bread,—they are beneath contempt. The most wonderful part of the whole affair is, that all the particulars are entered into for the purpose of *proving* that Major Harris was slightly indebted to Mr. Krapf, which requires no proof: it has been, as we have said, gratefully acknowledged!

The remainder of the reviewer's accusations, (for he does not profess to criticise, but to attack,) are precisely of the same nature. He finds fault with the assertion, that after crossing the Chacha, the country is no longer *safe* for a single traveller, because Dr. Béke contrived to get to Gojam. But this gentleman, we believe, did not pass through any part of the unsafe country alluded to, but to the west of it; and, moreover, he was more than once plundered on his way. We suppose the reviewer will say that Western Africa is perfectly "safe for a single traveller," because Mungo Park contrived to go a long way before he got killed.

The reviewer very rarely hazards counter statements, but when he does so he makes sad blunders—to use no stronger expression. He asserts, for instance, that in the expedition against the Galla tribe, the British Embassy took with them a serjeant and four privates, (which *is mentioned in the book*, though the reviewer says it is not,) with the field-piece sent as a present by the British Government. This is false. The gun did *not* go, but was left in the palace at Dalófa. He declares, also, that Mr. Krapf procured the freedom of the 4,700 slaves, whose liberation gave such *éclat* to the embassy. This again is false—Mr. Krapf had no share in the transaction. *He was not in Shoa at the time.*

We have thus met the "Westminster's" more important charges; and we can afford proof of whatever we have advanced. As to its estimate of the political importance of the embassy, that is a matter of opinion. We can assure our contemporary, however, that we prefer the views of an intelligent British officer to such a modern Cleon as himself, wholly actuated by private pique. With respect to the gentleman who has drawn the article together, we shall simply tell him to keep himself *cool*, or we shall have an *eye* to his African achievements, which, however diligent, have exceedingly small claims to even the merit of judicious compilation.

One word more on the treaty. It is in the custody of Lord Aberdeen; the letter sent by Sáhela Selássie, soliciting a continuance of friendship towards himself and his children, was placed, by Major Harris, in the hands of Her Majesty.

Of course, every body acquainted with the "Corps Diploma-



tique" must be fully aware that Major Harris cannot enter into the sentiments of Her Majesty's government, in a matter that might involve a dispute with rival powers; but we know that the attention of government, and of the commercial world, is at present extensively directed to secure permanent advantages to England from this treaty. Nothing that might compromise the Foreign Office would, of course, be submitted even to obtain the approval of the "Westminster." The commercial treaty, with extracts of the correspondence anterior to its conclusion, has been published in the Reports of the House of Commons; and we are therefore at a loss to understand by what process of reasoning its validity can be impeached. As to the attempt to show the nullity of the treaty from the usage of Mr. Krapf, and the treatment he experienced from a Galla chief, independent of Sáhela Selássie, that has nothing to do with the conduct of Sáhela Selássie himself, whose primary instructions that chief complied with. We learn from that gentleman's recently published Journal, that he parted from the King of Shoa on the best of terms. The "Westminster" alludes to the publication in question, but has not had the manliness to state the fact, that the book contains not only a grateful acknowledgment from Mr. Krapf of the assistance rendered to him by Major Harris, but from the Church Missionary Society also,—that body professing themselves highly satisfied with what Major Harris was enabled to effect for them.

In taking our leave of this very interesting work, we may express the hope that at least another volume will be added to remedy the very abrupt manner in which the last of this series is concluded. All that intervened between the liberation of the princes and the departure of the embassy, the nature of the commercial treaty itself, and the adventures which occurred on the return, will supply ample matter for this addition. But even as it is, from the discoveries which it has imparted to us, and from the means of communicating with the interior of Africa which it discloses, it is one of the most important works which have appeared in the present century, and one which promises to point the way to most extensive good, whether we refer to the advantages which may flow from that country to ourselves, or to those which we may confer upon it.

ART. III.—1. *Gesammelte Gedichte, von F. Rückert.* Erlangen.

2. *Buch der Lieder, von Heinrich Heine.* Hamburg.

3. *Gesammelte Gedichte, von Lenau.* Stuttgart.

4. *Gesammelte Gedichte, von Ferdinand Freiligrath.* Stuttgart.

5. *Tristram und Isolda, von Karl Immermann.* Dusseldorf.

6. *Gedichte, von Betty Paoli.* Pesth.

GERMANY now boasts, perhaps, the noblest poetical literature of any modern land or people, with the sole exception of our own favoured England: and yet is it but little more than one hundred years ago, when, in this respect at least, it formed an all but barren soil, bringing forth fruits of scholastic learning it is true, but few or none of creative power. And yet Germany was even then no uncivilized nor uncultivated country. Far from this, it was in the van of general and intellectual knowledge-hunters, and could boast the possession of the most well-read professors and learned universities in Europe. Strange then—nay, incomprehensible—was this long poetic and literary barrenness of a country situated in the very heart of Europe, and deeply learned, as Germany then was. But those times have passed away, and the so long unfruitful soil has at last brought forth a glorious harvest. The flower of poesy, which had for centuries lain slumbering in the earth, has at last awoken, and spreading forth its blossoms to the air, has wafted the most exquisite odours far around it. First arose Lessing. Lessing, the great, the severe, the solemn! Then followed the graceful Wieland, and after him came the giants of German literature—the glorious Schiller, and Goethe the immortal! With these appeared a long, long train of kindred spirits, less great, indeed, than their leaders, and yet well worthy of sharing the world's admiration with them. The glowing and mystic Werner, whose dramatic poem, “The Sons of the Vale,” transcends in its own *peculiar style* perhaps any other work that ever has been penned by mortal, in any age or clime—the less gorgeous, yet truly beautiful and delightful poet, Tieck—the wild but powerful Kleist—the benevolent Herder—Jean Paul, Novalis, Schlegel, and so many others. All these have passed away! Tieck, indeed, lives still, yet he belongs to the past. Like our own loved Wordsworth, he is at once of the dead and of the living. And what writers have succeeded these giants? A race, we are sorry to say, if not of dwarfs, at least of mortals of very ordinary pro-

portions. The German poets of the present day, with the exception of some two or three, have but one string to their lyres; it is that of Byronic despair, and infidel despondency. Consequently they are, as a matter of course, dull, common-place, and disagreeable in the extreme. There are exceptions to this general rule,—we deny it not—but we speak of the average merit of German lyric poetry of the day. We do not intend, at present, to notice the modern dramatists of Germany, and shall therefore pass over Raupach, Zeidlitz, Otto Möser, Halm, and Grillparzer. Yet we cannot prevail on ourselves to name the last of these, without declaring most positively that the above remarks were by no means intended to apply to him. He, indeed, is still a giant of the ancient days, contrasting the more forcibly, from their comparative nothingness, with the herd of pigmies around him;—Grillparzer, the author of the romantic “Ancestress,” the classic and beautiful “Sappho,” the still more magnificent “Medea,” “King Ottocar,” and “The Faithful Vassal of his Lord,” those two admirable pictures of the middle ages;—the poet who conceived that exquisite dramatic legend, “The Dream a Life,” the delightful historical comedy, “Woe to the Liar,” and “The Waves of Love and Ocean,” his last and perhaps his most perfect work,—*he* can never be spoken of but as one of the noblest and most glorious spirits of his age and country—the Schiller of Austria, and, in a word, the Grillparzer of Germany! May the reader pardon our digression! If he has read the works of that great poet to whom we offer the humble tribute of our admiration, he will fully sympathize with us.

We pass over these dramatic authors, then,—and also those Suabian poets who have already been so often noticed—Uhland, Schwab, and Kerner. The last of these three is a man of great talent, yet a very sixth-rate poet—Schwab is a “nobody”—Uhland wrote all his best things long ago; he, too, is a poet of the past. But we must hasten to our more immediate subject. Greatly is it to be regretted, that that miserable doubting and despairing spirit which prompted Byron’s poetry, and which has quite gone out of fashion here, should be still the be-all and the end-all of German lyric writers. Nothing is more wearisome—more dead—more Chinese, than the languid satiety which this tone of thought and feeling invariably produces. It is a frost which nips all true greatness in the bud, and creates an atmosphere that stifles all the nobler feelings of our nature. Byron was the personification of this negative and evil spirit. With him it was endurable. The very novelty of such an unnatural train of thought and feeling in a poet startled and excited interest. It was so extraordinary, so miraculous, that the poet, connected

more than all other mortals with the invisible world, should deny that world's existence ; that the man gifted with so grand and sublime a soul should doubt that soul's immortality ; that the half-prophetic seer on whom so bright a spark of divine light had been bestowed, should dispute the being of the godhead—all this was so strange, so wonderful, that the common herd of mortals felt for a time overwhelmed by such an apparition ! If he, who was naturally supposed to see more of the world of mind than they, doubted all things, why should not they doubt ? They were struck with awe at beholding a mighty poet descend from his elevated pedestal, and mix amongst the common herd of materialists below. All this, we repeat, might be endured, might be thought grand and interesting *once*—but only *once*. The unnatural may *excite* for a time, but its effects are not durable. Accordingly, Byron's herd of imitators, both English, French and German, have by no means been hailed with admiration equivalent to that which followed the first appearance of their prototype. When we have said that the majority of modern German poets belong to this class, we have also said enough to show that we entertain no very exalted opinion of their merits. They are eternally moping and pining—weeping “tears of blood” that look extremely milk and waterish, and snarling at all those weak and short-sighted mortals who are not as miserable as they themselves are, or pretend to be. Modern German poetry is therefore weak in the extreme. There are indeed some bright exceptions, and of these we shall see more hereafter. Perhaps the German who peruses these remarks will reply by the retort courteous, and beg us to pluck the beam from our own eyes, &c. And it must be confessed that our poetry of the present day, on the whole, is poor and commonplace enough. Still there are exceptions, and bright exceptions, too. It is a strange circumstance, that the authors of some of our most beautiful recent lyrics are unknown. Witness that exquisite little poem, “The Dying Hebrew !” Who that has read this, has not been more than charmed by the beauty of the last supplication to his Creator of the child of Israel ?

“ I have seen Thee in the whirlwind,  
I have known Thee on the hill,  
I have heard Thee in the voice of birds,  
In the music of the rill.  
All nature whilst it spoke of *Thee*  
Still made my heart rejoice,  
And my spirit shrunk within itself  
To hear Thy still small voice.”

Equally unknown is the author of those exquisite stanzas, beginning—

“ Is it because amid the crowd  
 My accents name thee not,  
 Because my wailing is not loud,  
 That thou hast been forgot ?  
 I saw, oh God ! the hand of pain,  
 Write on thy fair young brow ;  
 And if *thou* did'st not murmur then,  
 I may not murmur now.”

We quote both of these poems from memory, and may therefore possibly not have done so quite correctly. Now that we are on the subject of “unknown” English poets, we cannot forbear to mention a poetical work, entitled “Poland, Homer and other Poems,” which was published by Longman in 1832. We will pronounce no eulogium on these productions, but quote a passage from the “Homer,” which will prove, that if the unknown author has not yet secured immortality, he has at least deserved it. He is speaking of Homer's childhood, of the anxiety with which he then heard the lays of Amphion and Orpheus; and he then proceeds—

“ He sat and listened all in silent tears,  
 Mixing most strangely with their hopes and fears.  
 And then his heart beat ardently—he felt  
 The charmed power, deep sown in poet's lays ;  
 He caught the spell that passion hath to melt  
 The spirit in its many trancing ways ;  
 And like a new-won proselyte, he knelt  
 And worshipped beauty in his childish phrase,  
 And prayed and waited for a single glance,  
 Caught from the splendour of her countenance.”

But others come to him, and counsel him to toil for gold—

“ And urged him to their mean and narrow ways—  
 Fools ! what is wealth to him who covets *praise* ?  
 Fools ! you are nothing even to your earth ;  
 What have you done for honour, or for her ?  
 What have you done, but made a dreary dearth  
 Of love and beauty in her character ?  
 My curse be on his head, who first gave birth  
 Unto such fantasies as now deter  
 The good, the great, the gifted, and the just,  
 From rising over low and sordid dust !

You have your riches, and you ask no more !  
Dare not to pity him who scorns your aim ;—  
Live on, and smile, and add unto your store,  
Ye noble victors in a noble game !  
Heap up your riches on your garner floor,  
But do not speak to him who seeks for fame ;  
For he is pledged unto another oath,  
And there is nothing common to you both."

And now let us bring this long preamble to a close, and proceed at once to the consideration of the relative merits and demerits of the modern German poets, whose names are set forth as the heading of this article. The first in numerical order of these is Rückert,—and with Rückert, accordingly, we will first deal. Many years have past since this lyric writer became known to the world, but he is still "one of us." Whatever the faults of his works may be, it would be vain to deny that a youthful spirit breathes through them, which contrasts highly with the assumed air of senility of the majority of his German contemporaries. Rückert, in point of truth, is an exception to the general rule in this respect, an oasis in the wilderness of Byronic despair. Naturally he is altogether free from the absurd despondency fashionable in Germany; it is true that he sometimes attempts to adopt this tone, but the attempt is ludicrous. The nightingale cannot croak like the frog. Rückert is undoubtedly at times a charming poet, but he is infinitely too profuse, and he never rises to the sublime. His last oriental productions (long ethic poems, without beginning, middle, or end,) are tiresome and Chinese in the extreme. But it is not with these that we would at present deal. His original productions are entitled to receive due consideration, and it cannot be doubted that they frequently possess much merit. If Rückert were an Englishman, he would be a more pleasing poet than he now is. The wish to comprehend the sombre spirit of his age and country, hangs like a gigantic weight around his neck, and prevents his indulging in that light vein of joy and pleasantry, so peculiarly his own, to such an extent as he otherwise would do. We imagine that we trace some resemblance betwixt Rückert and a great poet of our own—we mean Southey. True it is that Rückert never soared to those higher regions of Parnassus which inspired a Kehama and a Thalaba—but he also has shown a predilection for eastern subjects. Both of these poets are naturally gay, cheerful, and full of *bonhomie*. The latter quality is particularly shown in the family songs and ditties which both of them wrote for their children—Southey's, indeed, are superior. Rückert never composed anything in this style

that could be put into competition with the "Battle of Blenheim." Still the resemblance betwixt the two is in our eyes not to be contested; and if Southey had been born a German, or Rückert an Englishman, the resemblance would undoubtedly have been yet greater. To return to the more immediate subject of our remarks, Rückert's thoughts are lost in the multitude of his words. The roses in his garden are so surrounded, not indeed by nettles, but by poppies and other worthless flowers, that their fragrance is greatly diminished, and often altogether neutralised. The sense of many of his lyric poems may be compared to a small bark tossed to and fro mid conflicting billows, which is now and then seen by, but generally invisible to, the spectator. His fancy is, however, light and brilliant. Witness his poem of "The Three Streams," which is perhaps unrivalled in its peculiar style—gay, clear, hasty, but also transitory as the course of those streams themselves. We will now proceed to give some specimens of his lyric productions, and our first shall be a little poem, which, both in its faults and beauties, will give the reader a very just idea of the general merits of Rückert's lighter and more fanciful style of writing.

#### SWEET BURIAL.

"Shepherdess fair and dear,  
 How sweetly they buried thee here!  
 All the zephyrs mourned and sighed,  
 The blue bells tolled when their loved one died;  
 Torches the glow-worms had borne by thy side,  
 If the stars had not beamed in their grief and pride;  
 Garments of darkness the sad night bore,  
 And the black shadows bent them thy coffin o'er.  
 The morning dews shall weep long and fast,  
 And the sun on thy grave shall his blessing cast.  
 Shepherdess fair and dear,  
 How sweetly they buried thee here!"

This is, in our opinion, a very pretty though a very fantastic little poem. Some of the ideas are extremely poetical, particularly that of the black shadows bending over the bier of the dead shepherdess. We will proceed to give another specimen of Rückert's powers, which probably will not much please the English reader. It is very German, but so extremely characteristic of its author, that we could not forbear including it in our selection. The title is a far-fetched conceit, which no English poet, since the Elizabethan age, would be likely to have fallen upon.

## THE TWO AND THE THIRD.

“Phantasy, the tall tremendous giantess,  
Sat on high ;  
Wit, the sprightly dwarf, lay lost in mirth's excess  
Panting nigh.  
Reason stood  
In sober mood,  
Like most men, of middle height,  
Near the twain, and marked their sleight.

Phantasy half rising, reached the azure skies,  
And a star  
Forth she plucked, and then before all mortal eyes  
Cast afar.

After it  
Sprang dwarf wit,  
Grasped it, and the orbit's light  
Quenched in his small pocket's night.

Phantasy extends her long and magic hand  
To yon cloud,  
Casts it round her shoulders like a mantle grand,  
Or a shroud.  
Wit beneath,  
Draws laughing breath ;  
Where the cloak a rent doth show,  
Forth he peeps, and squeaks ‘ O ho !’

Phantasy in thunder roars like tempests bleak,  
Wit says nought ;  
When she's silent, he in turn begins to speak  
Fast as thought.  
Reason sad,  
And almost mad,  
Turns and flies, and cries : how wrong !  
All this looks just like a song.”

This allegory, although it bears a gay and lightsome garb, conveys a moral of some importance. Wit is here regarded as an eternal scoffer at all that is great and glorious—and, in this point of view, it is certain that wit and fancy or imagination never can be united. We have too much to exhibit to our readers to be able to indulge in critical remarks on each of the short lyric poems that we lay before them. Leaving this task to them, we will proceed to our next specimen, in which Rückert has had the boldness to enter his protest against the spirit of dull ennui and satiety that prevails so generally amongst his contemporaries, although in other places he has foolishly attempted to assume



their tone. This little poem of eight lines has no title, and requires none. It sufficiently explains itself.

“ Gladly *I* see sunbeams glowing,  
Gladly *I* see raindrops pour ;  
Grief should weep like streamlets flowing,  
When bright gladness smiles no more.

Thus I hail both joy and pain ;  
But one thing to me seems dreary—  
Dark grey skies that will not rain,  
Pale ennui of all things weary.”

This little invective against ennui came from the poet's heart. We entertain not the slightest doubt that he naturally feels the utmost antipathy to all the followers of the Byronic school. One more specimen, and we have done with friend Rückert. It is somewhat mystic and German, and will not perhaps be perfectly understood on a first reading.

#### AUTUMN BREEZES.

“ Heart, now so old, wilt thou never grow wise,  
Hoping from day to day wildly,  
Autumn should bring thee, what spring's azure skies  
Brought not when zephyrs played mildly ?

Ne'er cease the young winds to sport with the flower,  
Each breeze sweet love-tales discloses.  
Roses at morning they woke from their bower,  
At eve they have scattered the roses.

Ne'er cease the young winds to sport with the flower,  
Till it mourns its buds rified in sadness.  
Breezes have borne from our heart's fairy bower,  
All that we loved in youth's gladness.”

This little poem is mournful, but not unnaturally so. The very merriest mortal may have a sad hour or day. But though this is excusable, another “would be” mournful poem of our author's is not so, in which he attempts to prove, (Vol. V. page 311, of his works,) that the desire of creating poetry is and always must be a sick and morbid feeling. We had not imagined that he would join in the senseless cry of “Young Germany.” But be it so ! The torrent of humbug is evidently too strong even for him to resist, and we would not part from him in anger. We should rather be thankful that he has been able to keep himself as free as he has done from the fetters of Byronic despondency, and has not *usually* joined in the owlsh complaints and lamentations of his contemporaries. Rückert, then, of whom we now take leave, may be considered on the whole a very “pretty

poet,"—not a star indeed of the first magnitude—and yet undoubtedly a star!

Heine! It now becomes our painful duty to speak of one whom, from the general tenor of his writings, we hold in utter abhorrence and detestation. This gentleman then is, in plain words, an odious materialist, full of the most absurd self-conceit, with little or nothing of a poet in his nature. In his productions, the Byronic spirit of which we have spoken above is indeed developed in all its force and strength. The monotonous ennui, the egregious absurdity, the disgusting profanity, of the said writer's productions can only be conceived by those who have waded through them. His verses are generally without melody, full of bad rhymes, and frequently so silly that a child might be ashamed of them. With all this we do not deny the talents of this admirable specimen of "Young Germany." He is a clever and bitter critic, though superficial in the extreme; and his satire, although almost always in bad taste, is certainly very witty and forcible. But we are at present considering him as a poet, not as a prose writer, and we shall have little indeed at all favourable to say of him upon this score. We have said that Heine was once a leader of "Young Germany." Goethe, who detested the brood, has most delightfully caricatured him and his comrades, in a scene of the second part of *Faust*, betwixt Mephistopheles and the student, whom he had received in the garb of a professor in the first part. The concluding speech of this said student, there called *Baccalaureus*, is so admirably characteristic of the line of reasoning assumed by Herr Heine and his followers, that we cannot forbear quoting it at full length. We select from a version of the second part, now lying before us, by Mr. Archer Gurney.

*Baccalaureus.*

"This is most noble youth's sublime vocation!  
 There was no world before *I* willed creation;  
 I led the sun from out the azure sea;  
 The moon began her changing course with me;  
 Then went bright day rejoicing forth before me;  
 Blossoms this earth produced because it bore me.  
 At my command, in that first wondrous night,  
 Burst into being stars and orbits bright.  
 Who—who, save I, hath freed ye from the fetters  
 Of mean Philistine thoughts, and Fables' letters?  
 But I for ever free, my guide, my soul,  
 Follow my own most inmost light as goal,  
 And wander in delight, where none shall find me,  
 Eternal day before and night behind me."

We have called this a caricature, but we retract the expression. These are but faint terms to signify the ineffable self-admiration of the "Herren Heine and Co." But we must now proceed to give our readers some extracts from Heine's "Book of Songs" (*Buch der Lieder*)—and in so doing, we must own that he now and then displays a spark of talent, even in his poetical works. We have chosen the best, because most of the others were so bad that we could not degrade ourselves by rendering them in our own language. We shall produce, therefore, two of the most readable specimens we could find, and think that the reader will agree with us in viewing them as not altogether without merit. We have nothing further to say, save that we have endeavoured closely to imitate the doggrel measures of their author, and entreat our readers not to abuse our unfortunate translation for the faults of the original. We shall quote them one after the other, without any intermediate remarks, and so—à l'ouvrage !

## 1.

" A lonely pinetree slumbers  
Where chants the north's cold blast ;  
A snow-white veil around it  
The ice and snow have cast.  
It dreams of a palmtree fair,  
That far in the orient bright  
Mourns lonely in silent woe,  
And fades 'neath the sunbeam's light.

## 2.

Thou charming fisherm maiden,  
Come bring thy bark to land,  
And rest thee here beside me,  
Discourse we hand in hand.  
Bow down thy head, my beauty,  
Nor fear thy lover's arms ;  
For heedless thou hast trusted  
Fell ocean's fierce alarms.  
My heart is as thine ocean,  
With storm, and ebb, and flow,  
And many sweet pearls in it  
Repose in depths below."

The first of these productions is absurdly mystic. The pinetree at one end of the world dreaming of the palm at the other, is so sublime an idea as somewhat to verge on the ridiculous. The petition to the fisherm maiden is "not so bad." The resemblance of Herr Heine's heart to the ocean, and particularly the residence of many fair pearls in its depth, may, perhaps, be

doubted by philosophers; but, as we have the gentleman's own evidence on the subject, it would be ungracious to dwell too long upon such a doubt. No doubt Heine's admirers will upbraid us loudly with not having quoted one of those exquisite productions, in which he discourses of a young lady whom he adored, but who thought fit to adore, and marry another. We entertain some very shrewd suspicions, that this entire story, though it is the theme of nine-tenths of our author's lyric songs, was no true passion, of which we consider Heine scarce capable. Yet, if we are to credit Herr Heine, no mortal ever lived who was so cruelly jilted as he; and he sometimes reminds his faithless fair one of this fact, in by no means equivocal language. However, dismissing the luckless Heine's "amours" from our consideration for the time, we will now pass on to an author, who is at the least more worthy of our taking the trouble to censure him. We will only just allude "*en passant*" to Heine's disgustingly profane song, "*Ich wollt ich wär der liebe Gott*"—of which all that can be said is, that the being who could pen such detestable and low balderdash was scarcely worthy of the name of man—and so "*vale Herr Heine! ter vale!*"

Lenau is the next writer on our list, and of him we would speak more gravely, and more sadly. He too is an unbeliever—he too doubts the existence of an after world—and denies his Creator. But his language is not that of base and vulgar raillery. No! he mourns most bitterly, that all his bright hopes have fled—he ceases not to grieve, that for him creation has lost all *beauty*, because it has lost all *aim*. It appears to him that stars and worlds spring into existence, and pass away endlessly without any fixed object or result whatever—that we bloom but to fade, and live only to die. This is indeed a mournful faith!—Strange it doubtless appears to us, that a man of such superior powers of mind as Lenau, should refuse to recognize in all creation the existence of two great powers, matter and mind—of which the latter is the higher and the superior. Strange it is that he should not have observed that mind controls matter, and that even on this earth mind can alone so join and compound senseless matter, as to give it a definite aim and object. Or if he have observed this, then is it still more strange that he could imagine the vast and complicated machinery of creation, in which matter is compelled to meet and act for a definite aim and purpose, to have been created by aught but mind. In other words, it is impossible to conceive how a Lenau should doubt that nature was projected and created by God.—And if this be granted, as it must be, can any mortal imagine that an Almighty Being, all-wise and all-powerful, can take a single step that tends not to some end? Is

it possible that his worlds should be only bubbles—his creation but a chaos. Truly has it been said that the insect crawling over the pillar of St. Paul's was the type of an unbeliever. That insect, with its limited range of vision, is altogether unable to comprehend the grandeur and sublimity of the entire edifice ; but he sees the little inequalities of the pillar on which he crawls, and thence concludes that the cathedral is rough and shapeless. Thus man, who sees so little of the boundless spheres of creation, marks events around him which appear strange and inexplicable to his finite reason, and thence concludes that creation must be chaos. Lenau is undoubtedly a true poet ; but a man who has but one string to his lyre must become wearisome in the end, however well he plays on it. Everything this writer sees, he manages to turn to a mournful account. Spring reminds him of autumn, and day of night. His last volume of lyric poems is, on the whole, much better than his former one. His tone of thought, indeed, has neither been altered nor modified ; but his versification has undergone a considerable change for the better, and he writes far more like a poet than he once did. We shall proceed to quote one of the least offensive of his latter lyrics, which will give some idea to the reader of Lenau's style of writing, when he indulges in his gentler pensive strains.

#### THE RETURN.

“ My own, my native vale,  
With joy and yet with pain  
I feel thy freshening gale,  
And see thy haunts again.

Weinsberg, I greet thy height  
Where the red grape springs to birth ;  
Oft by thy cheering might  
Were eased the ills of earth.

Full many a tempest wild  
Sweet hopes from my breast hath cast,  
Full many an autumn sun has smiled,  
Since I gazed upon thee last.

There's not a humble cot  
Of which I do not mind me,  
But their dwellers know me not,  
And the joys of my life are behind me.

And here and there with fear  
I ask for a friend of yore,  
For still I dread to hear  
He breathes on earth no more.

This is indeed the spot  
Where our vows and our truth we gave;  
But the love of my youth is not,  
And my friends are in the grave.

No more then will I stay  
Where no joy my bosom greets,  
And never more will stray  
By daylight through the streets.

But when all is hushed by night,  
And day's noisy sounds are o'er,  
I will wander with footsteps light  
Round the cots of my friends of yore.

There I will strive to dream  
That that time is come again;  
That the years' and the seasons' stream  
Was a vision of the brain.

And up to the lattice high  
In silence long I gaze,  
Waiting all anxiously  
The friend of other days.

And still I gaze above,  
Through the thickening shades of night,  
Till I think I see the form I love  
In the pale moonlight."

But our readers will scarcely be contented, after what we have said above, with these simple stanzas, which contain few or no traces of the doubting spirit which almost always inspires this poet's Muse. They will require some proof of our assertion, and this we are prepared to give them. We shrunk, indeed, in the first moment from placing such wild and atheistical views before our English readers, but it is fitting that they should know the lengths to which modern German writers have carried out Byronic doubting and despondency. We will now proceed to quote some lines which are put into the mouth of "a wanderer;" but as the thoughts contained in them are constantly put forward under every possible form by our author, we can scarcely doubt that these lines express his own opinions. We have closely followed our original, neither softening down nor adding to the expressions therein employed.

#### DECAY.

"Mournful Decay! how sadly roll thy waves  
Through life's dim labyrinth, a ceaseless stream!  
All earth's wild torrents seek in *thee* their graves;  
On, on, thou flow'st, like some dull fever dream.

Broader and broader grows the mournful river,—  
 Night broods above it, darkness there doth reign;  
 But though thy billows lash their shores for ever,  
 Some still deny thy *being*—doubters vain!  
 Though still thy waves rush on in wild commotion,  
 Though still thou seek'st the vast and boundless ocean,  
 Glad fools stand idly musing on thy shore,  
 Lost in their dream, "Eternity."—No more  
 Of these self-willed deceivers! *Thou*, Decay,  
 Art Nature's law; all beings own thy sway.  
 Within my breast I feel thy torrent bounding  
 In feverish pulses of my heart resounding;  
 Nay—if I upwards gaze to yonder skies,  
 If to yon golden stars my spirit flies,  
 Hoping to find even there a future goal  
 When life's dull dream is o'er, for this proud soul,  
 Even there I gaze in vain! Lo! fades each star;  
 They shrink in night, they pass, they fly afar;  
 They hear Decay's vast stream approaching, feel  
 That from their lofty sphere they soon may reel;  
 They see the fearful ocean gathering round,  
 And guess too well—their pale beams tell the tale,  
 That round their golden host death's fetters wound  
 Shall hurl them into space. Then hail, all hail  
 Arch-ruin!—Death shall o'er the ocean brood,  
 And rule alone in vasty solitude;  
 Then shall creation's torrent freeze to ice;  
 The dark Creator and Destroyer then  
 Shall wander forth. Destruction is the price  
 He pays for chaos!—Stars, worlds, beasts, and men  
 Have perished, and the ice reflects alone  
 The smile that o'er His brow divine hath flown!

What reply should we give to this wild but fearful rhapsody—  
 for unanswered it shall not be. We will strive to give that  
 answer. May it meet the unhappy poet's eyes, and teach him  
 at least to reflect, ere he again speaks so wildly.

"Thou hapless blind one, to thyself a curse,  
 Ope but thine eyes! gaze on the universe!  
 Think'st thou *that* God, whose being thou dost own,  
 Can aught create without some settled goal?  
 Think'st thou that He on his eternal throne  
 Would form without an aim one human soul?  
 Oh madness! Matter in its form may change,  
 But mind, eternal mind, can never die.  
 Worlds o'er the vast abyss may idly range,  
 The Immaterial lives immortally!

What were the universe, if *this* were not?  
 An idle bubble on the ocean's foam,  
 A passing dream, forgetting and forgot,  
 For nought but waves and winds a fitting home.  
 Wilt thou not see? Why dost thou close thine eyes?  
 Why measure "the Eternal" by thy mean  
 And narrow rule? Pure light before thee lies,  
 And thou hast nought but night and darkness seen.  
 The hideous demon which thine own vain soul  
 Hath imaged—can this be the Almighty One?  
 Oh idle dream!—Death is thine idol's goal;  
 Creation's Lord is Life's eternal Sun!  
 Oh turn thee from thy folly! Learn to see  
 Heaven's beauteous image in each flower that blows,  
 Celestial blossoms in each fading rose,  
 In earth's decay, the mind's eternity!"

We now come to Freiligrath, a poet who has not been long known in the German literary world, and who has already secured for himself a reputation of no common order. We think highly of this author's powers, in his own peculiar line, though it must be admitted that his range of subjects is rather limited. The East and Eastern scenes and feelings are his peculiar hobby, though Africa with its inhabitants comes in at times for a share of his Muse's admiration. Seriously speaking, he displays great fancy and no little power in the treatment of these, his favourite subjects; and though we cannot quite go with him in his decided preference of the Orient to our colder clime, we are still constrained to admit that his capabilities are great. We will now let Ferdinand Freiligrath speak for himself—in somewhat bold and singular language—and describe the nature of his Oriental predilections.

Fire and originality will be discovered in the following stanzas—and the peculiarly wild manner in which one sentence is continued through several verses, may be considered well adapted to the freedom and wildness of the thoughts expressed therein.

"Oh! were I born by Mecca's gates,  
 On Yemen's glowing waste of sand,  
 'Neath Sina's Mount, 'mid palms and dates,  
 A beaming sword should deck my hand;

Oh! then with coursers fleet and wild  
 O'er Jethro's plains 'twere mine to fly,  
 Or with my flocks, deep silence' child,  
 The fiery bush to linger nigh;



Oft to my tribe at evening bright,  
 Within the tent all curtained o'er,  
 'Twere mine wild fancy's dreams of light  
 From out my inmost soul to pour ;

Then round the bard should press, should cling,  
 The nation proud, a noble train ;  
 And genius like Salômo's ring  
 Should give me power o'er all to reign.

Nomadians all are those that hear,  
 Nomadian I that chant the lay—  
 Who commune with the desert drear,  
 And kneeling to the Samum pray ;

Who wildly fly on coursers bold,  
 And stop but at the desert springs ;  
 Who *on* their course unwearied hold,  
 Of all around the reckless kings ;

Who nightly on the dreary waste,  
 When bright stars beam, their night-watch keep,  
 And trace, as erst Chaldeans traced,  
 The secrets of the azure deep ;

Who oft a murmur wild and strange  
 From Sina's heights at midnight hear ;  
 Who see the Desert's Spirit range  
 A vapoury column o'er his sphere ;

Who mark, where boils the mountain flood,  
 Through clefts *that* Spirit flaming shine—  
 Who boast the Orient's glowing blood,  
 And hearts and brows as wild as mine.

O Land of Tents, of Darts of Speed,  
 Men of the Waste, I hail ye now !  
 Wild Arab on thy glorious steed,  
 A poet's song of glee art thou !

Here on a darksome shore I stray ;  
 The North, alas ! is strange and cold—  
 Oh that the Desert round me lay,  
 And by my side my courser bold !”

It would be impossible to deny that there is a great deal of vigour in these lines. One passage pleases us particularly—

“ Beduin, du selbst auf deinem Rosse  
 Bist ein phantastisches Gedicht !”

(Wild Arab on thy glorious steed,  
 A poet's song of glee art thou !)

We may not indulge in any further remarks, for we have yet more to quote, and we fear greatly that our readers begin to lose all patience. We *must* translate another production of Herr Freiligrath's, however, which is at once one of the best things he ever wrote, and also one of the very few poems, not on an African or Oriental subject, with which his Muse has inspired his pen.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE FLOWERS.

“ On the silken couch reposing,  
Lies the maiden lost in sleep,  
And her dark brown eyelids closing,  
Watch o'er eyes beneath them keep.  
Gleaming on yon couch of rushes,  
Stands the chalice, thronged with blossoms,  
And a stream of odour gushes  
From their beauteous flowery bosoms.  
As round vines the red grapes clamber,  
'Mid the air heat's vapours cower;  
Closed the casements of the chamber—  
Coolness flies from Summer's bower.  
All is silence—silence deep !  
Hark ! what chanting faint and low !  
Leaves and flowers awake from sleep,  
Murmurs from the blossoms flow.  
From their gentle buds are soaring  
Peri forms with graceful features ;  
Crowns and shields they bear, forth pouring  
In thin robes, strange lightsome creatures.  
From the rose's purple bosom  
Bursts a lady fair to light ;  
Lo ! her tresses sweep the blossom,  
'Mid them pearls like dewdrops bright.  
From the ' dragonslips ' of gold,  
Round which dark green leaves lie dreaming,  
Steps a warrior brave and bold ;  
See ! his sword on high is gleaming !  
And his golden helm is laden  
With a plume snow-white and pale.  
From the lily glides a maiden ;  
Thin as gossamer her veil.  
From the tulip's gorgeous bower  
Comes a Negro quick advancing ;  
Like the moon at midnight's hour,  
Beams his turban brightly glancing.

From the 'Emperor's crown' a form  
Proudly steps, the sceptre bearing ;  
From the azure Iris storm  
All his huntsmen fierce and daring.

From the bright Narcissus' leaves  
Soars a boy whose looks breathe sadness ;  
Kisses wild he showers, yet grieves,  
On the maid's ripe lips of gladness.

But her couch like spectres haunting,  
Round their course the others wing,  
Round and round, whilst lowly chaunting  
Thus the song of fate they sing:—

'Maiden, maiden ! from the earth,  
Thou in cruel pride hast torn us,  
Nipped our blossoms at their birth,  
Here to fade and die hast borne us !

Oh, how joyously we slumbered  
On the green earth's mother breast,  
Where bright sunbeams all unnumbered  
Kissed our panting buds to rest ;

Where Spring's winds in sweet vagaries  
Bent our light and trembling blossoms ;  
Where at night we played like fairies  
Soaring from our flowerets' bosoms.

Dewdrops mild our buds did cherish ;  
Now heat's chains our beings bind !  
Lo ! we fade—but ere we perish,  
Maid, our vengeance *thee* shall find !'

Hark ! the chaunt is hushed ! They bend them  
O'er the young and beauteous sleeper ;  
Round again they slowly wend them ;  
Silence deeper grows and deeper.

What a train their circle's wreathing !  
How the maiden's brow is glowing !  
On her lips the sprites are breathing !  
O'er her vapoury mists are flowing !—

Lo ! the chamber sunbeams greet ;  
Now the host of spirits flies,  
And a maiden flow'ret sweet  
On yon couch a cold corse lies.

By sad death her beauties shaded,  
On her brow no trace of pain ;  
She 'mid faded flowers has faded—  
Blossoms' breath the maid has slain !"

This is undoubtedly an elegant little poem. Freiligrath falls, however, at times, into the same error we have denounced as the prevailing sin of all the German poets of the day, and "Byronises" to the most fearful extent. As a sample of his misdeeds in this respect, we will merely refer the reader to an Elegy on that half-mad atheist, Grabbe, which he will find amongst our author's poems. We must also advert to one other ill-judged production, entitled "The Irish Widow." In this poem he has expressed his supreme contempt and abhorrence of those ministers of the Anglican Catholic Church who dare to demand tithes in Ireland. It appears that, in consequence of repeated refusals to pay any tithes, made by some Irish peasants, an affray took place, in the course of which a young Irishman was killed. This story, tricked up in the most exaggerated manner, is related by Herr Freiligrath, who feels convinced, as he assures us in the course of his poem, that by so doing he has held up the Irish clergyman to everlasting infamy. Now, really, if German writers would not commit themselves by writing on Irish subjects, of which they know nothing, they would pursue a course far more likely to be advantageous to their reputations. The wild prejudices of the Germans in general, on the subject of Ireland, are perhaps not well known in this country. It is there currently believed, amongst the lower orders, that the English chain and lash Irishmen whenever they prove refractory, and that the latter are absolutely treated as slaves. This is not the place or time to enter upon a political question of this nature; but we will mention one single fact for the edification of our ignorant German readers,—and that is, that Ireland is positively altogether exempted from the income tax recently imposed on England, Scotland, and Wales. There is not an absurd assertion ever made by those detected and convicted seditionists, a Steele or an O'Connell, *et hoc genus omne*, that has not been swallowed *bonâ fide* by our gullible High Dutch neighbours. To return to the subject of our present remarks, Freiligrath is not a philosophical writer, and he seems a politically prejudiced individual, but he possesses a fund of wild and Oriental imagination, and is of unquestioned value in his sphere. We would part with him on good terms, and must therefore assure him that we really greatly admire his lyric poems, despite the drawbacks which we have alluded to—and that we think his "Alexandrines," one of which we have not space left to quote, sufficient to support three ordinary poets' reputations.

And now, taking leave of the Oriental Freiligrath, it becomes our duty to usher in the poet Immermann, the next in order on our list. Immermann is, or rather was, undoubtedly, a bard of a

very superior order, and his very faults even bear evidence of his genius. We will not at present dwell on his dramatic works, the mystic "Mythos of Merlin," or that fine tragedy, "Andreas Hofer;" nor shall we dilate on his minor lyric productions. Suffice it to say, that all these works bear evidence of the vast powers of mind of their author, as well as of the strange and mystic irregularities of that mind. His last production, a lyric poem, called "Tristram and Isolda," combines all his beauties and all his faults, his flowers and his weeds, in one wild odorous garland of poesy. We propose to analyze this poem as briefly as possible, elucidating it in our progress by brief quotations peculiarly characteristic of this author's style of writing and thinking. The scene of "Tristram and Isolda," then, is laid in our native Albion, and the entire poem is redolent of reminiscences of Arthur, Launcelot and Ginevra, of the gallant knights who were the pride and ornament of the renowned "Round Table," and of the days of chivalry and romance—when warriors overthrew a thousand paynims, giants, and dragons, to gain one kind smile from their ladies fair. In the introduction, the poet tells us that his song discourses of love, and was inspired by it, and bursting into a strain of lyric enthusiasm, he exclaims—

"Wouldst thou of love desire to know,  
To love's pure fountain thou must go!  
What love would crave, what love would claim,  
Prophet or Sybil may not name.  
In youthful hearts the wine of madness,  
Passion's wild vinejuice, springs to birth,  
And bright red lips that breathe of gladness,  
Those noblest vessels ope on earth.  
Kiss, youths—and drink with deep delight!  
Then read of love, and life, and light."

Having thus informed us, (and the reader having, as occasion may offer, complied or not complied with his injunction) the bard begins his lay. Mark the King of Cornwall holds high festival to welcome in the spring, and knights join in the graceful measure with their lady loves, and the minstrels play merrily, and the flowers bloom sweetly, and the zephyrs kiss the flowers. Thus sings the poet:—

"Beneath the beech, beneath the elm,  
In all the noble monarch's realm,  
Where Spring, the lord of joy, was smiling,  
Began light dances, heart beguiling.  
The shadows chased the beams of light,  
The golden beams appeared to flee,

Yet 'neath dark leaves those flyers bright  
 Their fond pursuers kissed in glee ;  
 And 'neath the deep green forest bowers  
 Lay fairest flowers embracing flowers."

Amidst this general festival of love, solemnized by all nature, two youthful mortal lovers, the Paladin Rivaline, and the fair Blancheffur, sister of King Mark, meet far from the noisy throng, and disclose their love for one another. But scarcely have they breathed the first soft vows of passion, when a wild uproar arises 'mid the festal crowd, and a loud cry resounds, "To arms ! to arms !" A hostile army from Ireland have landed on Cornwall's shores. The knights leave the dance and festival to hasten to the field of battle. Rivaline accompanies them. The loving Blancheffur remains in a state of miserable doubt and anguish behind.

" 'Tis mournful what we love to *leave* !  
 'Tis still more mournful *left* to be !  
 Round him who flies winds love-spells weave,  
 The lone one mourns in misery.  
 Around the flyer's wounded bosom  
 Strange zephyrs play with gladness rife ;  
 The all bereft one knows his blossom  
 Has faded, sunk his star of night,  
 And in his dungeon lone he mourns  
 Until his life, his soul returns."

Rivaline does return—and victorious. But he is borne wounded on a litter by his fellow knights ; he is at the point of death. Blancheffur seeks the chamber of the dying man, and—wondrous miracle of love ! they are yet united before his death, and Tristram is the pledge of that union. Thus ends the first song or canto. Many years are supposed to have elapsed when the second commences. The old have died, and the young have become old. Thus does the poet usher in the second canto :—

" The bright pearl beams within the maiden's ear !  
 Breathe o'er it, and its light shall seem to vanish ;  
 One moment only thou its beams canst banish,  
 And then the pearl shines forth in light again :  
 Oh cause of woe ! of grief and pain !  
 The bright pearl beams within the maiden's ear,—  
 But dark brown locks e'er long snow-white appear.

The sea, the pearl's green dwelling, is a sphere  
 Girdled by myriad reefs of crystal shining ;  
 Its wave doth wildly toss the storm wind pining ;

'Tis hushed—and calmly flows the azure main :  
 Oh cause of woe ! of grief and pain !  
 The sea is ever green, a crystal sphere,—  
 But dark brown locks e'er long snow-white appear.

The sky above the sea is blue and clear !  
 The dark\*clouds mount, and make it weep in sorrow ;  
 It grieves in watery floods, and on the morrow  
 It beams with smiles that tell of gladness' reign ;  
 Oh cause of woe ! of grief and pain ;  
 The sky is blue, its smiles are bright and clear,  
 But dark brown locks e'er long snow-white appear."

We must be brief in our narrative, and only inform the reader, in a few words, that old King Mark, hunting with all his train, meets a youth who slays the stag that has held all the huntsmen at bay, which youth proves to be Tristram, the son of the banished Blanche-flur. His uncle receives him with delight, and lives over his own youth again with him. But Tristram, unfortunately, in an evil hour counsels his uncle to take unto him a young and blooming wife ; and Mark, though he pretends to laugh at his counsel, really and truly takes it to heart. He endeavours to persuade himself that he has grown young again, and thinks that the bright cold sun of November may call forth the sweet flowers of May. The thought of marriage has unsettled his mind, and given him hopes and desires of which he would otherwise never have dreamt.

"The beehive in the winter cold  
 Is like the old man's heart.—I'm told  
 The swarm that honey ever seizes  
 In Spring, still slumbers when it freezes.  
 Thus when life's spring all sweetly beamed,  
 The heart's desires sought joys unnumbered ;  
 And now when Winter's snowdrops gleamed,  
 They like the bees all gently slumbered,  
 Who now and then their light wings move,  
 Lest ice a fatal foe should prove.

But if thou shak'st the hive, forth gush  
 The dark brown crowds ; wildly they rush,  
 They soar, they sink, they fall, they fly,  
 They know not how, they know not why ;  
 And if the old man's heart is shaken—  
 His honey-time hath past away !  
 But yet, by peaceful rest forsaken,  
 His wintry passions spring to day ;  
 They bloom like faded blossoms coy,  
 And dream of love, and sigh for joy."

How the warriors of the Queen of Erin come to Cornwall—how the youthful Tristram slays their leader in single combat—how he himself, wounded as it is thought mortally, seeks the court of Erin's Queen, whose beauteous daughter, Isolda, alone can heal his wound—how she discovers him to be the same Tristram who slew her army's leader—how Tristram, to save his life from the sword of vengeance, asserts that King Mark has sent him to Erin to claim the beauteous Isolda, as the King of Cornwall's bride—how his uncle confirms this tale in order to save his nephew, and sends an embassy to Ireland for the bride thus forced upon him—and how Tristram, Isolda, the Lord Stonycraft, the Earl la Vapule of Moor, and all the bridal train embark for Cornwall,—all this is told at great length in the poem under our consideration, but may be only glanced at here. But not to dwell too long on circumstances of small moment, we must now inform the reader that Tristram the brave and the beauteous Isolda have conceived a mutual passion. This they conceal from one another, and as much as possible from themselves; but unfortunately they partake inadvertently of the contents of a goblet blessed by potent love-spells, and intended to be shared by Isolda and King Mark, and the necessary consequence is, that the flame of love can no longer be smothered or repressed. Their lips meet, and resistless love conquers. All night they sit side by side on the deck of the vessel, lost in sweet dreams of passion and delight.

“ Nothing they say. Yet sweet sounds fall;  
One murmur, ‘Thou!’ and this was all,—  
From him, from her, in heavenly bliss,  
Whene’er their red lips cease to kiss.  
Their inmost hearts and souls disclosing,  
Nought can their lips breathe forth but ‘Thou!’  
In endless joy and bliss reposing,  
They gaze upon each other now,  
And join their youthful hearts for ever  
By love’s bright chain that nought shall sever.”

But the shores of Cornwall are reached at last. On the strand King Mark is seen with all his train waiting to receive his bride. The lovers are about to seek death together in the depths of ocean, when Brangana, the friend of youth and maiden follower of Isolda, throws herself at her mistress's feet, and implores her not to destroy herself. She (Brangana) will find means to save her from King Mark's embraces. This concludes the first volume. Of the second the poet has written but little,—and that little, with the sketch of the remainder, we shall not notice. Our



author's labours were cutshort by death. Tieck at one time intended to complete the work, but fortunately abandoned the design. No poet *can*, or at least ever *should*, continue the unfinished production of another poet. It is far better that we should only have the fragment. We fear that we have wronged this beautiful work by our too sketchy notice of it, but our space forbids us to expatiate on the subject of "*Tristram and Isolda*," much as it would please us so to do. Yet we trust that the reader cannot have failed to observe from the extracts given above, that Immermann was a true poet. It must be confessed that there was often something unpleasant, dark, and mystic about his writings, that made one feel uncomfortable whilst reading them. Strange to say, too, he wrote German poetry like a foreigner, his style being cramped and unnatural. Still this very "*Tristram and Isolda*" (that we have so inadequately noticed, and which we recommend to the perusal of all those of our English readers who have not yet met with the book) sufficiently proves that Immermann was a man of first-rate powers of mind.

Sixthly, and lastly, it becomes our duty and our pleasure to speak of a female writer, Betty Paoli. As one of the fairer sex, she should have been the first and not the last in our list, but she is the most modern or recent writer of all the six, and therefore, setting gallantry aside, we believe we have not placed her in an undue station. Of this, at least, we are quite sure—that she is far superior to the vulgar Heine, or even, in our opinion, the sombre Lenau. In truth, Betty Paoli is a charming poetess. Her writings, indeed, are tinctured with the faults of the Byronic school; but these faults are softened down and rendered less offensive and obtrusive by feminine tact and elegance. We would fain speak at some length of her works, but must hasten at once to give extracts from her short lyric poems, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

#### THE CHANGE.

"Wouldst thou behold a heart's most piercing anguish?

Oh gaze on mine!

When did a spirit thus in darkness languish?

Thus sadly pine?

Yet when the wildest storms around are foaming,

I rise on high,

And feel, still onwards, boldly onwards roaming—

'How firm am I!'

But lo! what strange, what weighty chains have bound me,

Have grasped me now!

To all the lightning rays that glared around me

I bared my brow.

But when by thy dear lips those words were spoken,  
 'For thee I die—'  
 I sank to earth, the haughty spell was broken—  
 'How weak am I!'"

This little lyric is extremely graceful, but the following pleases us even still better:—

AUTUMN SADNESS.

"Now that the buds and leaves of gladness  
 By icy winds to death are cast,  
 My spirit feels an inward sadness  
 That I Spring's joys so coldly past.

So brightly bloom its smiling roses,  
 So gently wakes each budding flower,  
 The zephyr on their breasts reposes,  
 And love and joy within them cower.

But tears from my sad eyes were breaking,  
 While earth by Spring's embrace was blest;  
 The blossoms all to life were waking,  
 Life's rays had past within my breast.

And now that sunk in Autumn's sadness,  
 Fade leaves and flowers and golden beams,  
 I mourn for Spring's evanished gladness,  
 And long for all her fairy dreams.

So when the leaves of youth are falling,  
 And my life's Autumntide appears,  
 Vainly the flowers of Spring recalling,  
 My heart may mourn for vanished years.

Alas! that heart its joys hath numbered,  
 And chants a wild, a mournful strain:—  
 'Why hast thou thus in Springtide slumbered?  
 Thy lone bark strays along the main.'

This poem is mournful indeed—but the melancholy which it breathes is not that of disbelief and hatred and Byronic ennui. The third and last specimen which we shall quote is also a strain of love, but it is full of life and hope.

THE GIFT.

"Love its joys, its gladness  
 To the loved one gives;  
 Take the rapture's madness  
 That within me lives.

Take my every pleasure,  
Life and death are thine—  
Take my choicest treasure,  
Songs of love divine.

Take each thought of glory,  
Dream of spheres above ;  
All I lay before thee—  
Choose my only love.

Take each soft emotion  
That within me glows,  
And on faith's wide ocean  
As a wavelet flows.

Take, my fondness seeing,  
In this holy hour,  
Take my soul, my being,  
As my love's last dower !"

Before we bid farewell to Betty Paoli, we would venture to suggest to her that her poetical powers would be shown to great advantage, if she were to write an Oriental poem somewhat in the strain of Lalla Rookh. Betty Paoli could produce something equally beautiful, we think, and yet extremely dissimilar. If these remarks should happen to meet her eye, we trust that she will take them into consideration. In the meantime, her shorter lyric poems have already proved her superiority, in our opinion, to any other living poetess, in any country whatsoever. We except not even the charming Mary Howitt. We have now briefly noticed the six authors whose names are prefixed to our article—and, on the whole, we cannot but think that modern German "Lyriker" are second-rate. There is much talent, indeed—nay, even no inconsiderable portion of genius—in the authors we have passed under notice ; but their efforts are not guided in the right direction ; and the perusal of them, consequently, leaves a somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion on the mind. Finally, we must record our firm and unassailable conclusion to be *this* ;—"Germany never will produce great poets until it gains faith—for without faith, poetry cannot exist. To the unbeliever, the sun itself is darkness, and creation a shapeless chaos."

- ART. IV.—1. *Le Opere di Galileo Galilei. Prima Edizione completa, condotta sugli Autentici Manoscritti Palatini, &c.* Firenze. Tom. 1—3. 1842-3. (The Works of Galileo Galilei. The first complete edition, based on the Authentic Manuscripts in the Palatine Library, &c. Florence.)
2. *De Galilei Galilei circa Jovis Satellites Lucubrationibus, &c. &c. &c., Eugenii Alberii brevis Disquisitio.* Firenze. 1843. (A Short Disquisition on the Labours of Galileo, respecting the Satellites of Jupiter. By Eugenio Albèri. Florence. 1843. pp. 13, roy. 8vo.)
3. *Lettera al chiarissimo Commendatore Giovanni Plana, Regio Astronomo a Torino.* (A Letter to Signor Giovanni Plana, &c. Royal Astronomer at Turin, signed, Vincenzio Antinori. Florence. May 29, 1843. pp. 2, 4to.)
4. *Lettera al molto Illustre e Reverendo Padre Giovanni Inghirami, &c. &c.* (A Letter to the Padre Inghirami, &c. &c., signed, Eugenio Albèri. Florence. June 10, 1843. pp. 2, 4to.)
5. *Dichiarazione del Cav. Vincenzo Antinori.* (Declaration by Cav. Vincenzo Antinori, &c. Florence. pp. 12, 8vo.)
6. *Dichiarazione del Professore G. B. Amici.* (Declaration by Professor G. B. Amici, &c. Florence. pp. 12, 8vo.)
7. *Ultime Parole de Eugenio Albèri a' suoi Avversarj in Materia dei Lavori Galileiani sui Satelliti di Giove.* (Last Words of Eugenio Albèri to his Opponents in the Matter of Galileo's Labours respecting the Satellites of Jupiter. Bologna. 8vo. pp. 18.)
8. *Lettera dell' Abate Pietro Pillori di Firenze al Dottor Giulio Bedetti di Bologna sul Preteso Ritrovamento delle Effemeridi Galileiane dei Satelliti di Giove.* (A Letter from the Abate Pietro Pillori of Florence to Dr. Giulio Bedetti of Bologna, on the pretended Discovery of Galileo's Labours on the Satellites of Jupiter. Bologna. 8vo. Dec. 1843. pp. 38.)
9. *Risposta di Eugenio Albèri ad un Scritto pubblicato in Bologna, intitolato, &c. &c.* (Answer of Eugenio Albèri to a Publication printed at Bologna, entitled, &c. &c. Marseilles. 8vo. Jan. 15, 1844. pp. 22.)

GALILEO died at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1642: and the prospectus of the first complete edition of his works, which now lies before us, is dated 1841. Our world and its denizens

have been moving onwards in the path marked out for them by Providence during these two hundred years; and Italy, despite her resistance, has been dragged forward in the great march at the heels of her more active neighbours: for none can be left entirely behind in the mighty movement. This has been effectually cared for by that providential wisdom, whose universal government of human destinies is as irresistible, as individual freedom of action is unconstrained. Thus much at least of the great design which rules our world may be clearly deciphered from the deeply confused pages of history,—that its fundamental law is progress. Some, indeed, are of opinion, that this onward movement is ever from bad to worse; while others deem that all progress is amelioration. But all must perceive, that it is in either case inevitable. Could the most inveterate unwillingness to proceed—could a slothful folding of the hands to slumber,—could the most pertinacious endeavour after immobility—have availed to reverse this law of human destiny, Italy would not have traversed the space she has travelled in the last two hundred years. For many generations, her post had been in the van of the human army; and it was but a short period before she produced the mighty mind, which was to undertake so large a share in the perilous pioneering of the advancing host, that she had resigned this place to others.

Galileo, therefore, is said to have fallen on an evil age,—to have been unfortunate in the circumstances of time and country, in which he had to do his appointed work. How far the task apportioned to such minds can ever, in any country or in any age, be pleasant and easy—or their path, a path of peace,—may be a question worth considering. To lead,—to be “a leading mind,”—to advance first into the pathless as yet, and unknown void, and fashion a route practicable for those who are to follow amid the hostile clamour of the multitude, whose eye is to the flesh-pots, and who continually demand, with the unreasoning anger of fear, wherefore, they are led forth to perish in what appears to them a wilderness;—this, alas! has never been, will never be, found easy or pleasant. When the narrow path has become a broad high road,—when all have passed, and mankind look *back* thereon,—it then seems strange, pitiable, that men should have been so swinish as to rend those good and wise leaders, who were bringing us into that fair and goodly land in which we now dwell. While we forget, alas! that the conquered territory around and *behind* us, which we regard with so much complacency, is no abiding place for us;—that man has *no* resting place here below;—

that we must still on, through new and untried ways ; and that now also in these, as in all, days, we have our leaders among us, whom we recognise not, believe not, but revile and persecute. Which be they ? Ay ! truly, could one but know *this*, it were *all* well. But it must needs be ever, that those who are in advance of their age will not be understood by their age. And all that can be hoped for in this matter is, that men should at length learn, by so many past warning examples, to respect opinion, and persecute none. He *may* be a Galileo, this strange declarer of new things ; or a Copernicus, whom we are for treating as if he were a Cagliostro. Be assured, that if he should be the appointed leader, he would have no visible glory around his brows—no mark, no sign. Our inability to recognise him, is so far from being an argument against him, that could we recognise him as one of our great ones, know him, understand him, measure him, walk side by side with him, then, indeed, it were clear that this man, great and strong captain in the host as he may be, was not the chiefest amid ten thousand.

It would seem a hard lot, then, that of the master spirits, the heaven-sent guides, earth's genuine kings, whose royalty is doomed to be ever posthumously acknowledged by their tardily repentant subjects. But let us pause awhile before we presume to pity the mighty ones, who have firmly walked their appointed course alone. To stand in solitude, uncheered by comrade's sympathies and companionship, a lonely sentinel on the first advanced outposts of the human army,—to exist habitually on those watch-tower " heights, as chill as they are clear,"—to fight on bravely, undespairingly, amid injuries, calumnies, taunts, persecutions, despite thwartings, obstructions, and even temporary defeat,—“ to scorn delights, and live laborious days,”—may indeed constitute, in the eyes of most men, no enviable lot. The head encircled by that halo, which will, alas, become visible only when it shall have receded far into the darkness of the past, will, to the full, as surely “ lie uneasily,” as that which wears a visible crown. Uneasily ! Truly, for such there is no “ ease ” in this world. But what then ? There is work ;—work to do, and—true element of happiness—work done, work realized, which shall not perish ; κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶν. There is truth to gladden with glorious beams, though fitful, the dark path. There is victory, long battled for, won at last over error, doubt, fear, and all the powers of darkness. Which of us shall estimate the proud triumph, the conscious exaltation of such a mind as Galileo's, at the moment, when, despite the forced recantation of the truths he had spent a life in attaining, he added to the idle words he was compelled to

utter:—"And for all that the earth moves on?" Should not our pity be rather for the unfortunates, whom we leave there fighting the hopeless battle *against* truth?

Again, where is the imagination that can fitly conceive the raptures, which must have filled the breast of the lonely philosopher on that memorable night, when, from his solitary Paduan watch-tower, he, first of mortal men, saw those satellites of Jupiter, which, in gratitude for somewhat scant kindnesses from the Medici, he wished to name after them. It was one of the first conquests of the new instrument just perfected by him,—the now so common, then so wondrous, so miraculous,—the telescope? The Medicean stars, or satellites of Jupiter, as improved science has fitly named them, were discovered by Galileo on the night of the 7th of January, in the year 1610. The telescope had been invented by him in the previous year.

The glory of this invention was contested. As, indeed, every step in the philosopher's upward path towards the truths which he established, was accompanied by battling and detraction. It is true that the construction of a machine, having the powers of the telescope, had been previously stumbled on by a Flemish artisan in eye-glasses. And it was contended on this ground, that Galileo could lay no claim to the invention. The circumstances of the case, however, are related in a letter of Galileo's to his opponent, the Jesuit Orazio Grassi, which we shall proceed to lay in part before our readers, as it not only may serve for a specimen of the philosopher's singularly clear, simple, and elegantly modest manner of writing, but is in itself remarkably interesting from its subject.

He writes as follows:—

"What part I had in the discovery of this instrument, and whether I could with reason call it my production, I have long since declared, in my '*Avviso Sidereo*.' I have there written, how in Venice, where I then chanced to be, there came news that an eye-glass had been presented to Count Maurice, by a Hollander, by means of which distant objects were seen as perfectly as if they had been quite near; nor was anything further added on the subject. On hearing this account, I returned to Padua, where I then resided, and set myself to think on this problem. And the first night after my return I discovered it, and on the following day constructed the instrument, and gave an account of it to those friends at Venice, with whom I had been discoursing on the subject the day before. . . . But, perhaps, some one may tell me, that it is no small assistance towards the discovery and resolution of any problem, to know beforehand that the conclusion aimed at is true, and that one is not seeking what is impossible; and that, on this ground, the certainty I had, that such a glass had been constructed, was of such assistance to me, as that without it I had never attained the discovery. To which I answer, by making

this distinction :—I admit that the assistance derived to me from the information received, awakened in me the desire to apply my thoughts to the subject, and that it is possible that otherwise I might never have thought of it. But that beyond this, the information received could have rendered easier the invention, I do not believe. And I assert moreover, that to discover the solution of a given problem, is a work requiring greater powers of mind, than the discovery of that, which has not yet been thought of or defined. Since, in the latter case, a great part may be due to chance; but in the former, it is entirely a matter of reasoning. And we are now certain, that the Hollander who first invented the telescope, was a mere maker of ordinary spectacles; who, handling, casually, glasses of different kinds, chanced to look through two at the same moment, one convex and the other concave, placed at different distances from the eye, and that he thus observed the effect produced, and so discovered the instrument. Whereas I, incited by the news of the discovery, found out the same thing by reasoning. And inasmuch as this process of reasoning was easy enough, I will lay it before you, in order that by recounting it when you may have an opportunity, you may, by its facility, render those more inclined to believe, who, with Sarsi, wish to diminish my merit, such as it may be, in this matter. I reasoned then thus :—This piece of art either consists of one glass only, or of more. But one only—it cannot be; since its form must be either convex,—that is thicker in the middle than towards the extremities; or concave,—that is thinner in the middle; or it must lie between parallel superficies. But this last form in no wise alters objects seen through it, either to magnify or diminish them. The concave form diminishes them. The convex magnifies them indeed, but altogether confused and dim. One sole glass, therefore, cannot produce the effect required. Passing therefore to two glasses, I concluded in the first place, that inasmuch as a glass with parallel superficies changes nothing, as has been said, the required effect could not be produced by any combination of this form with either of the two others. Hence, I confined myself to trying the result that might be produced by the combination of the other two forms,—that is to say, the concave and the convex. And you see how this gave me the desired result. Such was the progress of my discovery, in which the preconceived opinion of the certainty of the result was of little aid to me. But if Signor Sarsi, or others, think that the foreknowledge of the possibility of the result, is of so great assistance in discovering the means of attaining that result, let them read history; and they will find that a dove, which flew, was constructed by Architas; and by Archimedes, a glass, which burned at immense distance, and other wonderful machines; that by others, perpetually burning lights, and a hundred more stupendous inventions, were discovered. By reasoning, then, respecting these things, they will be able, with very little trouble, and to their own great honour and benefit, to discover their construction. Or at all events, if by chance they should not succeed in this, they will reap another advantage from their endeavours, which will be a clearer perception, that the aid to be expected in discovering anything from a



foreknowledge of its possibility, is somewhat less than they had supposed."

The new wondrous power thus acquired was, as might be easily supposed, eagerly applied by our philosopher to the more correct observation of the heavenly bodies; and he established his "*Sidereus Nuncius*"—(with what honest pride of heart so named!)—as a means of publishing to the inhabitants of this world the thick-coming discoveries with which almost every nightly watch rewarded his unwearied observations. It was about six months after the invention of the telescope, that he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. And hereupon he again encountered the envious and malignant opposition of his adversaries, who could not brook the publication of either opinions or facts, which threatened the supremacy of the peripatetic philosophy, in which they had been bred and nourished. Martin Hork, a Bohemian—Francescus Sittius, a Florentine—Julius Librius, a professor in the university of Pisa—and Cæsar Cremoninus, a brother professor of Galileo, in the university of Padua,—were among the principal impugnors of the new discovery. It should seem a well-nigh desperate attempt to deny the existence of that which all men could see for themselves, by looking at the heavens through a telescope. But it must be remembered, that these instruments were, as yet, very few; and all sorts of reports were diligently circulated, calculated to mislead those who could only judge of the matter by hearsay. The fact of any such discovery was boldly declared by some to be altogether a falsehood. Others more ingeniously asserted, that what had been taken for stars were, in fact, specks in the lens of the telescope; and the Jesuit Christoforo Clavio even asserted, that an artifice of this kind had purposely been resorted to,—saying that a telescope must have been manufactured, which first created and then showed the new stars. But the most staunch adherent of Aristotle was Cremoninus, who pertinaciously and doggedly refused to look into the telescope at all, or to have anything to say to an instrument which contradicted the assertions of his venerated master.

Amid all this clamour, Galileo pursued the firm and even, though by no means tranquil, tenor of his way. He appears to have been struck almost immediately with the important practical advantages, which might be derived to the world from his new discovery; and it became one of the principal objects and labours of the remainder of his life, to acquire such a perfect knowledge of the laws which regulate the movements of these stars, as might secure those benefits to mankind. The nature of these advantages may be easily explained to the un-

scientific reader, without entering into a scientific detail of the labour to be undergone, and the difficulties to be encountered before they could be realized. The immense importance of a means of ascertaining the longitude for all the purposes of navigation and geography is evident. Now, in old times, the longitude was determined mostly from the observation of the lunar eclipses,—a method which laboured under two heavy difficulties;—the first, the rarity of visible lunar eclipses,—one or two, or sometimes none at all, in a year; and, secondly, the difficulty of attaining a sufficient accuracy in observing the time of the moon's defection. The greatness and importance of this second difficulty may be easily understood by adverting to the fact, that an error of one minute in the observation of the time of eclipse, implies an error of fifteen geographical miles in the statement of the longitude to be deduced therefrom. And in Galileo's time, an error of a quarter of an hour, implying miscalculation of the longitude, to the extent of 225 geographical miles, was by no means uncommon. When, therefore, Galileo perceived that some eclipse of the new stars took place almost nightly,—and that, too, in a very short period of time,—he was at once struck with the advantages derivable from these circumstances. But the difficulties to be overcome, before an accurate knowledge of the relative position and movements of these stars could be attained, were very great. The small size of them, their proximity and similarity to each other, and the rapidity of their motions, all increased the difficulty. And when, in addition to all these sources of perplexity, we take into consideration the extreme imperfection of all the instruments and appliances which Galileo could command, we may, in some degree, estimate the justice of his own phrase, when, writing to Vinta, at the court of Tuscany, an account of his conquest over all these difficulties, he calls the task “a truly Atlantean labour,”—“*questa mia fatica veramente Atlantica.*”

No sooner had he, with invincible industry, arrived at a tolerably correct knowledge of the time occupied by each of the four satellites in its circumvolution, and of their positions and various aspects, than his unconquerable mind girded itself to the infinitely more Herculean task of accomplishing such a series of observations as should enable him to form perpetual tables of the satellites for the practical uses of all future ages. For ten years from the period of the first discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, on the 7th of January, 1610, he continued with incredible assiduity and perseverance to observe and record his observations in that series of Ephemerides, whose loss the scientific world have deplored from that generation to

the present. Subsequently to the year 1619, increasing ill health,—the result of overstrained powers both of body and mind,—as well as the distractions caused chiefly by the persecutions he underwent, compelled him to suspend his observations. Nor does there appear any ground for supposing that he ever added any thing to the mass of observations on the stars in question, which he had accumulated during the above-mentioned ten years. There is very satisfactory evidence, on the contrary, to prove that he laboured no further in this matter. But we shall have occasion to return to this question before we conclude this article.

In 1637, total blindness put all further hope of completing the materials for the construction of the tables he had projected entirely out of the question. The night had come. Those poor over-laboured eye-balls, burning in their fevered sockets with so many a long night's painful and anxious watching, had at length refused further to obey the still unvanquished mind; a few short years remained for that still to labour;—but a few. In January, 1642, his work was done, and the weary spirit passed to its rest.

Not long after he had become blind, he confided all the papers containing the Ephemerides of the Satellites of Jupiter to the Monk Renieri, a Genoese, who was at that time professor in the university of Pisa, and who had been a pupil of Galileo's. Renieri proceeded diligently with the work, and had added numerous observations and calculations, when he also was called away, in the year 1648. And from this period we lose all trace of the valuable mass of papers containing the accumulated labours of ten years of Galileo, and the continuation of them by Renieri. It seems clear that they were removed from the Genoese monk's cell, by some sacrilegious hand, at the period of his death; but nobody appears to have known by whom the deed was done.

Although the lamentations of the scientific world have been great and unceasing, and not unreasonably so, on account of the loss of these valuable documents, their disappearance seems to have occasioned little or no inquiry at the time. Viviani in his life of Galileo, Cassini, Montucla,\* Zach,† and several others, have concurred in deploring this loss. The Inquisition seems generally to have borne the obloquy of the theft. About a hundred years after the death of Renieri, Thomas Perelli, then professor of mathematics in the university of Pisa, writes, in the preface to certain astronomical

\* *Histoire des Mathématiques*, P. IV. l. V. § III.

† *Correspondence Astronomique, Géographique, Hydrographique, et Statistique*, t. I. p. 264.

observations of his which he was publishing,—“It is said by some, that certain monks—*cucullatos homines*—while Renieri was breathing his last, broke into the dwelling of the dying man, and having burst open his bookcases, carried off all the manuscripts.” Angelo Fabbroni, also, in his annotations on a letter\* of Renieri to the Prince Leopold de’ Medici, says,—“His study (Renieri’s) was robbed, it is supposed by the inquisitors, of all his own and Galileo’s writings; and they all perished lamentably.” If this was the current opinion at the time of Renieri’s death, it is perhaps a sufficient reason to account for there having been no perquisition or inquiry instituted respecting the missing property; even though the Grand Duke himself, Ferdinand the Second, had taken so much interest in the progress of Renieri’s labour, as to have had periodical reports of it transmitted to him as long as Renieri lived.

The inability of even a crowned head to control or impede the actions and the will of the Inquisition at the period, and in the country of which we are speaking, is but too manifest in the course of Galileo’s life. The Grand Duke would have saved him from all he suffered at the hands of his Roman persecutors, if he could have done so. But it is not our intention upon this occasion to enter into any detailed examination of the sad story of Galileo’s life. A life of the philosopher, worthy of the subject, is still a desideratum; but one which we hope very shortly to see supplied effectually by Signor Albèri, the editor of that first complete edition of Galileo’s works, whose title heads our present article, and to which we must now invite our reader’s attention.

A new association formed in Italy, for the purpose of bringing together annually the scientific men of the various Italian States, upon the plan of our British Association, held its first meeting at Pisa in the year 1840, and its second in the following year at Florence. On this latter occasion, nothing was neglected by the Grand Duke, which could gratify the men of science assembled in his capital, or do honour to the event. The number of members of the association, independently of those who as amateurs partook of most of the advantages enjoyed by the members, amounted to upwards of nine hundred. The most unbounded liberality on the part of the Grand Duke in printing various works, some of considerable size, for gratuitous distribution to the members, in providing for their personal comfort and entertainment, and in affording every possible facility to the objects of the meeting, rendered the

\* Fabbroni *Lettere inedite*, t. I. p. 74.

fortnight, during which the association held its session at Florence, a delightful as well as memorable one to all who had the good fortune to be present at it. Among many other pleasant doings intended to celebrate the occasion, the Grand Duke had determined to honour it by the inauguration of a charming little temple erected within the walls of the Pitti Palace, to the memory of Galileo. The beautiful little building was very much admired, and the inauguration took place with all the *éclat* possible. It was on this auspicious occasion that Signor Albèri suggested to the Grand Duke the idea of raising yet another, and even probably more durable, monument to the memory of the Tuscan philosopher, in the form of a complete edition of his works. The proposal was most graciously received by the Grand Duke, and the three handsome volumes which lie before us are its first fruits.

A complete edition of the writings of Galileo was still a desideratum; and the means of forming one, heretofore inaccessible, were now at hand, awaiting only the labours of any competent editor to whom the Grand Duke might entrust the task of examining the rich collection of Galileo's MSS., which, together with a large number by many of his contemporaries, have been collected in the library of the Pitti Palace. This collection was formed by the present Grand Duke, before he came to the throne, and it extends to no less than 200 volumes. Among these are a few printed volumes, which are classed with the MSS., because they contain original autograph marginal notes. Of these 200 volumes, 80 are by Galileo, of which about one-third have never been printed. The other 120 volumes are by Cavalieri, Renieri, Cesi, Torricelli, Grassi, &c. There was every reason therefore to hope that an edition enriched by the result of judicious researches into this vast mass of unexplored material would prove a valuable acquisition to the world of science, as well as a fitting tribute to the memory of the great Tuscan philosopher.

The edition having been determined on, the task of conducting it—no light or unimportant one, as may be in some measure understood from the above enumeration of the materials—was entrusted by the Grand Duke to Signor Albèri. The judiciousness of the choice has been abundantly manifested, not only by the very creditable manner in which the three volumes before us have been edited, but by the indefatigable zeal with which Signor Albèri has laboured in the task of examining the huge mass of unpublished matter entrusted to him,—with results which we shall have occasion to speak of presently. Although quite a young man, Signor Albèri has

made himself already favourably known to the literary world by more than one work of merit and laborious research. He is, we believe, a native of Bologna, though now and for some time past domesticated at Florence. And it was in the former city, that, at the age of nineteen, he published, at the urgent advice of the historian Botta, a "*Tableau Stratégique*" of the Italian campaign of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Signor Albèri had been educated with a view to the military profession, and this youthful essay had been composed merely as a professional exercise. The reading world have been taught, by sad experience, to be rather shy in general of those authors who publish "by advice of friends." But, in this instance, the advice of Signor Botta to his young friend was abundantly justified by the result: for the little work was received with the most unequivocal marks of the public approbation. The edition was exhausted; and a second, printed at Turin, was also very shortly after entirely sold off. Since that time, Signor Albèri has been engaged in various literary labours. He is now engaged in the publication of the correspondence of the Venetian ambassadors to the different states of Europe, during the sixteenth century; of this work five volumes have been published. He is understood to be also engaged in preparing a "*History of the Moral, Physical and Mathematical Sciences in Italy.*"

Here is work enough, and to spare, one should think, to overwhelm the most indefatigable. We cannot, however, address Signor Albèri *quite* in the words of Horace—"Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus;" for, on the title-page of the new edition of Galileo, the name of Celestino Bianchi appears as "*ajuto matematico*" to the editor. And we are convinced that no editor of mathematical matters need desire a better or more zealous first lieutenant.

Four editions of Galileo's works have been printed since his death, which overtook him while assiduously engaged, despite blindness and infirmity of all kinds, in preparing, by the help of Marco Ambrogetti and the celebrated astronomer Torricelli, a more perfect edition of some of his works than had appeared during his life. In fact, portions only of his writings had from time to time been printed; and he was anxious to publish them completed, and in two languages, the Italian and Latin, that they might be available to the learned of all countries. With this view he took Ambrogetti to live in the house with him, as amanuensis and translator. And he procured the assistance of Torricelli, to complete and reduce to the form of dialogues, to be added to those we have, those labours and speculations which he had been unable to perfect. So the

hero died at his post, with his tools in his hands! His last struggle was to secure the benefit of those labours, of whose value he was conscious, not to his heirs—not to his native town—not to the land which spoke his own tongue—but to mankind. It is an exit from the scene memorable to all ages.

His disciple, Vincenzo Viviani, endeavoured to fulfil the design which his master had left uncompleted; but he was unable to accomplish more than collecting many of the scattered writings of Galileo, with a view to the publication of a complete edition. Not long after the philosopher's death—in the years 1655 and 1656, that is to say—a collection of his works was printed at Bologna in two 4to volumes. These contained the works already published (with the exception of the "*Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi*"), and some few unpublished writings, which the editors obtained from Prince Leopold of Tuscany. The second of the four editions we have mentioned was printed at Florence in the year 1713, in three volumes, 4to. The two first are a mere reproduction of those printed at Bologna; and the third consists of unpublished matter, obtained by the editor, Tommaso Bonaventura, from the Abate Jacopo Panzanini, the nephew of Viviani. The MSS. thus published in the Florentine edition, were by no means all which Viviani had collected, but only such portion of them as the censorship of those days would permit to be printed. From others, the prohibition has only been removed by the "*Sacred Congregation of the Index*." The third edition was printed at Padua in the year 1744, in four 4to volumes. These contain, besides some trifling additions to the contents of the Florentine edition, the "*Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi*," which had not before been printed since the death of the author. The fourth and last edition, before that now in progress, was printed at Milan in 1811, in thirteen volumes, 8vo: of these the twelve first are reprinted textually from the four 4to volumes of the Paduan edition; the thirteenth contains the celebrated Letter to Christina of Lorraine, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Remarks on Tasso, and a few other small matters, not contained in the preceding editions.

Tommaso Bonaventura was, as has been said, able to avail himself of a portion only of the MSS. collected by Viviani, and by him transmitted to his nephew, the Abate Jacopo Panzanini. The remainder, as well as those which Bonaventura edited, passed successively into the hands of various possessors, some of whom were so careless, or so ignorant of the treasure they possessed, that, towards the end of the last

century, a large mass of them was discovered, by the Florentine senator Nelli, in the hands of a sausage dealer, to whom they had been sold as waste paper by a dishonest servant. The papers thus rescued by him from imminent destruction, were acquired by the present Grand Duke in 1820, who was then crown prince. These, with some others of which the Nelli family were in possession, form the basis of the large collection, now placed at the disposition of the editor of the present edition.

Signor Albèri states in his preface, that the wish to see such a complete edition of the works of Galileo, as that now in progress, had existed in the mind of the Grand Duke before Signor Albèri's proposal to that effect. And it is just to the reputation of a truly enlightened and admirable prince to repeat the fact.

In the formation of the edition of which we are speaking, it was a question for consideration whether the chronological order of the author's very various writings should be preserved; or whether a classification of them would not better enable the student to estimate the extraordinary versatility of the rare intellect which produced them, as well as to master with greater facility the entirety of Galileo's views and speculations on any one of the great subjects which engaged his attention. The latter method has been adopted, in our opinion, very judiciously, and the entire works will be arranged under the six following heads:—Class 1. The Astronomical Writings.—Class 2. The Mechanical Writings.—Class 3. The various Papers appertaining to other branches of Physical Science.—Class 4. Writings on Literary Subjects.—Class 5. Scientific Correspondence. But in those cases in which writings having the form of a letter are in fact treatises, they will be referred to that one of the preceding classes to which, from the nature of their subject, they belong.—Class 6. Letters and Documents bearing upon the Life of the Author. In arranging the materials thus divided into classes, strict chronological order will be observed.

It is intended that the edition shall be comprised in twelve volumes, 8vo. The size, however, is what we should call a royal 8vo. It will contain about a fourth part of new matter, not to be found in the thirteen volumes of the Milan edition. It is hoped that a volume will be published every three or four months: and the price is fixed at 25 centimes, about 2½d. per sheet.

The first volume contains the celebrated "*Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi.*" The apparent departure from chronological



order, which this would seem to indicate, is explained by a note of the editor's, stating that it had been found advisable to sub-divide the first class, consisting of the astronomical works, into two sections—the first comprising all the labours of Galileo relative to the Copernican system, and the second all other astronomical matter. This dialogue has, probably, been more extensively read than any other work of the author's; and, both during his lifetime and since his death, has drawn on him a larger share of the attention of the world than all his other labours and speculations. It is divided into four parts, or four days' conversation; and the object of it is to defend the Copernican system against the ancient Ptolemaic scheme, which, in Galileo's day, still reigned supreme in the schools. The professors were almost to a man ardent peripatetics. Galileo's opinions in favour of the theory which considered the sun as an immovable centre, and the earth as a revolving planet, had at an early period awakened the most rancorous opposition on the part of nearly all the theologians and philosophers of the day. He was denounced as a heretic in religion, and a visionary in philosophy. Learned professors convicted him of absurdity out of Aristotle; polemic divines proved him heretical from the Scriptures; and a preaching friar punned against him from the pulpit, in a discourse on the text, "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum.*"

All this resulted in the appointment of a special commission of theologians by the Pope, charged with the duty of examining the opinions of Galileo and his great master Copernicus, and reporting thereon the judgment of the church. This grave body, after due deliberation, rendered the following infallible sentence:—

"To maintain that the sun is placed immoveable in the centre of the world is an absurd opinion, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, inasmuch as it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures. To maintain that the earth is *not* placed in the centre of the world, that it is *not* immoveable, and that it even has a daily rotatory movement, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, but less erroneous in faith."

Galileo heard the above dictum, quoted in the previous article on Copernicus, and returned to Florence. He spent sixteen years in indefatigably maturing his system, fortifying it with new proofs, and striving so to set forth his arguments, that they might, if possible, reach the minds of his opponents. The result was the "*Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi.*" And it may truly be called a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. No grace of composition, no elegance of diction, no

adornment which the most refined wit could suggest, is wanting to render that, which in any ordinary hands would be at best a mass of dry mathematical calculations and demonstrations, a most interesting and delightful piece of reading. We have alluded in a previous article (Vol. II. p. 281), to this exquisite treatise. The argument is carried on between three interlocutors, Salviati, Sagredo, and Simplicius. Signor Giovanni Francesco Sagredo was a noble Venetian, and intimate friend of Galileo. Filippo Salviati was a Florentine of one of the most noble houses of Tuscany. Galileo says of him that the nobility of his family and the magnificence of his wealth were his least claims to distinction. He speaks of his sublime intellect, which nourished itself on no food with such eager delight as on the lofty speculations of philosophy. Salviati came to Venice; and there the three friends used often to "hold high converse" on the matters treated of in the dialogue. Both these valued friends had preceded the philosopher to that world in which they exchanged their speculations for certainty, at the time when he composed this work. And he says, in the preface to it, that he has placed his arguments in their mouths as a memorial of their past conversations, and a token of his undying affection and veneration for their memory. The part assigned to Simplicius, whose character and "rôle" are admirably sustained throughout, is to maintain the dogmas of the peripatetic philosophy. Like our philosopher's theological opponents, who reply to all his mathematical demonstrations, "*Terra autem in æternum stabit, quia terra in æternum stat,*" Simplicius answers every thing from Aristotle. Reasoning passes over him harmless, like water from a duck's back. He returns ever to the charge with unabated vigour, armed only with some positive dictum from the works of his infallible master.

But Galileo's work was not half done, when his admirable dialogues were ready for the press. The difficulty of obtaining permission to print them still remained to be overcome. Galileo undertook a journey to Rome, with the apparently Quixotic intention of obtaining for his work the sanction of the Roman censorship. With this view he conceived the amusing idea of prefixing to the work a preface, in which he professes his sole object to be the defence of Rome's previous condemnation of the Copernican doctrines! "A wholesome edict," he says, "was some years since promulgated at Rome, which, with a view to obviate the dangerous scandals that abound in these days, imposed a fitting silence on the Pythagorean doctrine of the mobility of the earth. There were not wanting some, who

rashly asserted, that that decree was the result, not of a judicious examination of the doctrines condemned, but of ignorant passion; and complaints were heard, that censors totally ignorant of astronomical matters should by an inconsiderate prohibition clip the wings of speculative intellects. My zeal could not remain silent on hearing the rash violence of such complaints." He goes on to say that he had been in Rome at the time of the decree, and was well informed on the subject. "Wherefore," he adds, "my design in my present work is to show foreign nations, that we know as much of these matters in Italy, and especially in Rome, as it could ever have occurred to the diligence of the ultramontanes to conceive. And my plan is, by collecting together all the speculations relative to the Copernican system, to make it clear to all men, that a thorough acquaintance with all these things preceded the censure of Rome. So that all may perceive, that from this Roman soil go forth not only wholesome doctrine for the salvation of souls, but also ingenious inventions for the amusement of the intellect. "To this end," he says, "he has endeavoured, purely as a mathematical exercise, to represent the Copernican system as the superior, not to that of the immobility of the earth as a matter of absolute fact, but only to that opinion as set forth by some of its ignorant defenders." A little further on he says, "I have added new arguments drawn from the celestial phenomena to this hypothesis—the Copernican—as if it were really true." This farce is kept up throughout; and it is absolutely a fact, though it seems hardly credible, that when the Paduan edition was printed in 1744 (!), and the editors wished to enrich their edition of this dialogue with certain marginal annotations, which Galileo had left in his own handwriting, in a copy preserved in the university library of that city, they were obliged to leave out or reduce to a hypothetical form all the passages in these notes in which the movement of the earth is spoken of as a real fact!

It might have been supposed that the veil adopted by Galileo was too transparent to serve any purpose. The Roman censor, however, in the first instance gave his authorization. But it seems that he soon began to suspect that all was not right; for under pretence of wishing to revise the terms in which his authorization was given, he recovered possession of the paper containing it, and could not be induced thenceforward to give any answer upon the subject. He, however, assigned Galileo a Florentine censor, with whose approbation the work was printed at Florence in the year 1632.

The publication came like a thunderbolt on his enemies

at Rome. Rage, fury, and consternation were in the council chambers of the Holy City. It was determined to bring both the obnoxious work and its author before the tribunal of the Inquisition. Some hope remained to Galileo, that the personal esteem of the reigning pope, Urban the Eighth, who had received him very graciously on his former journey to Rome, would stand between him and a trial at the bar of the Inquisition. Maffeo Barberini, who succeeded Paul the Fifth in the papacy, under the name of Urban the Eighth, especially affected to be thought a patron of science, literature, and art. In the words of Lady Morgan, his ambition, not contented with red stockings, aimed at blue also. He was himself a dabbler in rhymes, and had condescended to celebrate in sufficiently worthless verses the discoveries of our philosopher. It was necessary, therefore, that his enemies should find some means of awaking the mind of his holiness to a more fitting horror and indignation at the heresy of this new Copernicus. This was easily effected. The pope was persuaded that the character of Simplicius, in the obnoxious dialogue, was intended to represent his own infallible holiness! Heresy indeed! Urban at once perceived the whole abomination and danger of such damnable doctrines—Galileo was tried, condemned, and sentenced to say that he abjured his opinions,—sent to prison for an undetermined period,—and ordered to repeat the seven penitential psalms once a week for three years!

Such was the reception of the "*Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi*." Most ingeniously and skilfully had Galileo laboured to cover over with sweetmeat the dose of truth which he was endeavouring to administer to mankind; but the instant they tasted the bitter flavour, they rejected it with unconquerable disgust.

The second of the three volumes published contains the remainder of the philosopher's writings on the Copernican system. These consist, first—of six treatises in the form of letters addressed to Mazzone, in the year 1579; to Castelli, dated 1613; two to Dini, dated 1614; to the Grand Duchess Christina, dated 1615; and one to Ingoli in 1624. Secondly, two treatises against the Copernican system, with the replies to them by Galileo. The first of these is by the Venetian Antonio Rocco; and was first printed at Venice in 1633. Galileo's reply has also been printed; but in the copy of Rocco's book, which belonged to him, now preserved in the collection of MSS. in the Pitti library, there are seventy-one autograph annotations, which are now published for the first time. The second of the unfortunates thus condemned to be

dragged at the chariot wheels of their great antagonist's immortality, is Ludovico delle Columbe. His work, and Galileo's reply, both among the Pitti MSS., have never been printed before. Third—the well-known letter from Galileo to Orbino on the tides, a phenomenon whose cause he thought was to be found in the earth's movement.

The third volume before us contains the treatise on the sphere, probably written by him for the use of his class in the university of Pisa, when he was mathematical professor there;—the celebrated "*Sidereus Nuncius*;" and several letters respecting the appearances of the moon;—La Galla's treatise on this subject, and Galileo's reply; and the entire correspondence with Velseri respecting the spots on the sun. The whole of this matter has been collated with the original MSS. in the Pitti, and certain additions made from them.

It must have been a proud moment for Galileo, that of the first publication of the "*Sidereus Nuncius*." It is entitled "*Sidereus Nuncius magno longèque admirabilia spectacula pandens, suspicienda proponens unicuique, præsertim vero philosophis atq. astronomis, quæ a Galileo, perspicilli nuper a se reperti beneficio, sunt observata in Lunæ facie, fixis innumeris, lacteo circulo stellis nebulosis, apprime vero in quatuor planetis circa Jovis stellam disparibus intervallis atque periodis celeritate mirabili circumvolutis; quos nemini in hanc usque diem cognitos, novissime author deprehendit primus, atque Medicea Sydera nuncupandos decrevit.*"—"The '*Starry Messenger*' unfolding great and eminently marvellous spectacles, setting forth subjects of investigation for all, but especially for philosophers and astronomers, which have been lately observed by means of the telescope, discovered by Galileo, in the moon's disk, together with innumerable fixed stars in the milky way; and also observations on Jupiter's satellites; on their irregular revolutions and surprising velocities, which were not known to any until this day, but were first discovered by the author, and named by him the '*Medicean Stars*.'" Truly he might say that his "*Starry Messenger*" opened for the first time to all men, great and infinitely wonderful spectacles! The astonished world received with increasing amazement each new revelation of that glorious and wondrous firmament, whose sole interpreter and expositor he was. The moon was the first object of his observations; he thence extended his view to the stars, and to the milky way. The known number of the fixed stars shortly increased tenfold to his enraptured gaze. From these extremities of our system, he turned his wonder-working glass to the centre; and from a long course of careful

observations of the spots on the sun's disk, and the changes in their position, he inferred the rotatory movement of the sun on its own axis, in a direction slightly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic.

This third volume contains many plates, chiefly several showing the appearance of the sun's spots, at each of Galileo's observations. The two other volumes are furnished also with the plates necessary to illustrate their contents.

The reader will in some degree have been able to judge, from the very brief account we have given of the contents of these three volumes, of the great care and laborious diligence with which they have been edited. If the edition be carried on to its conclusion as it has commenced,—and we have every reason to expect that it will be so,—it will indeed be a monument worthy of its author; an atonement in some sort, which may well be deemed due from Italy to her Galileo. It will be a work reflecting honour on the enlightened prince, under whose patronage it has been undertaken; and very highly creditable to Signor Albèri, its competent, talented, and diligent editor. We wish we could add, creditable also to all who have been concerned in it. Our article might then have closed here, and our task in introducing this work, and the circumstances attending it, to the English public, would have been in all respects a pleasant one. This, however, cannot be so. A controversy, far from creditable, in our opinion, to some of the parties concerned in it has arisen, and has excited far too much attention in the scientific world, throughout Europe, to permit us to dispense with laying the entire matter before our readers. In performing that more pleasant portion of our task, which we have already accomplished, we have carefully avoided speaking a syllable on any point connected with the dispute, to which we have now to direct the reader's attention; for we were both unwilling to mingle unpleasant matter with the truly gratifying record of this meritorious publication; and we wished to place the whole matter in dispute clearly and succinctly before the English public.

To the title pages of the first and second of these volumes appears the name of Cavaliere Vincenzo Antinori, the author of the publication which stands No. 5. of those at the head of this article, as "Consultore" of the edition. In an Italian play-bill, the name of every individual who can in any way claim to have any share in the business of the evening, down to the candle-snuffer, is accurately enumerated. And the Italians are ever so extremely fond of this sort of public acknowledgment, and declaration of their rank, station, merits and honours, that we should not be at all surprised to see on the

walls of any building the inscription, which commemorated the architect, extending its immortality to the name of every hodman who had shouldered a load of mortar in the course of its erection. It was therefore quite in accordance with the most approved Italian fashion, to compel Galileo to carry down the stream of time with him as many names as titles could be found for in connection with the new edition. But we have no very precise notion of the duties performed by, or expected of, the "Consultore" of a literary undertaking. Be his functions, however, what they may, the third volume is deprived of the benefit of them. In the title page of that volume, there is "a place in the middle, where the '*Consultore*' is not." The "*Consultore*" will afford no more counsel! The new edition of the works of the mighty Tuscan shall be henceforth uncounselled! Urania weeps in silence on her urn! And Galileo's mournful ghost will flit in restless wanderings through Santa Croce's sombre aisles, for that the Cavaliere Vincenzo Antinori has withdrawn the light of his countenance from him! Now, hereby hangs the tale, which, as it has made no little stir among the scientific world of Europe, and as it turns on matter of far greater interest than the secession of Signor Antinori from this undertaking, we shall take the trouble of unfolding to our readers.

We have already spoken of Galileo's discovery of the satellites of Jupiter—of his unintermitting labour during ten years, in collecting an enormous mass of nocturnal observations of these stars, with the view of constructing perpetual tables of their movements—of his subsequent abandonment of this labour—of the blindness which prevented him from resuming and completing it—of his having confided the papers containing this astronomical treasure to his pupil Renieri—of Renieri's labours, with a view to the construction of the same tables—of his also having been interrupted by death—and of the mysterious disappearance of the papers containing Galileo's and his own observations, at the period of his death. We have spoken also of the suspicion under which the Inquisition has laboured ever since, of having caused the destruction of these valuable MSS., and of the lamentations of the scientific world over their loss up to our own time.

Two volumes of the new edition of the works of Galileo had already appeared, and Signor Albèri was diligently labouring at his task of examining the mass of MSS. in the Pitti, when one fine morning in April, 1843, he *discovered*, among these papers, *the long lost observations on the satellites of Jupiter!*

Here was a reward for many a long day's weary examination

of enormous masses of faded manuscript! Here was news for the astronomers of Europe! Here was, above all, matter for rejoicing and congratulations for the philosophers of Tuscany!

Naturally overjoyed at his discovery, and in the highest possible spirits, Signor Albèri hastens to communicate his agreeable news to the enlightened prince, of whose benignant sympathy in his honourable triumph he is sure,—and to all others interested in the matter, eagerly awaiting their congratulations and common rejoicings over the discovery of that which had so long, and by so many, been lamented as irrecoverably lost.

But Signor Antinori had been charged by the Grand Duke with the superintendence of the cataloguing of these MSS. twenty years ago. And suspicious vanity, prompt to take fright at the shadow of an affront to its overweening self-complacency, whispered to him, "Take care! Signor Cavaliere! If these labours were among the papers which you catalogued, ought not *you* to have discovered them? Take care how you acknowledge the merit of this young Albèri's discovery, for fear your own merits should be called in question." Thus argued egotism,—a fiend which will sometimes inhabit even astronomical breasts. But the more malignant spirits of envy and jealousy, it is to be feared, stood at the Cavaliere's elbow, in the shape of Signor Amici, the celebrated optician, whose general science and talent having obtained for him the somewhat incongruous reward of a professorship of astronomy, he has become a sort of "Astronome malgré lui." We are justified in attributing the evil passions we have named to Signor Amici, from his conduct in this dispute, as will become sufficiently manifest, we think, presently to the reader. But we should not be justified in seeking among *on dits* and reports the motives of his feelings. Perhaps, to those who know the Italians and their inveterate prejudices, the fact of Signor Albèri's being a "foreigner" in Tuscany—*i. e.* a Bolognese—may seem sufficient to account for the Tuscan\* professor's animosity. But however this might be, it was determined that Signor Albèri's discovery was no discovery, and *should* not be a discovery; that no merit was due to the discoverer, and that none should accrue to him.

Under the circumstances of the case, this was a sufficiently

\* Signor Amici is, by birth, a Modenese. But he has been domesticated in Florence a sufficiently long number of years to have become a Florentine in ideas, feelings, prejudices, and associations.



bold determination. The battle against truth is always a desperate one, as we have had occasion already to remark, with reference to Galileo's own history. But nothing that could be done to throw discredit upon Signor Albèri and his discovery has been neglected; and if the persevering efforts of his opponents have signally failed in effecting any other object than their own disgrace, in the eyes of the scientific public of Europe, their miscarriage must be attributed solely to the stubborn and invincible nature of facts, and not to their own want of enterprise and determination.

Signor Albèri's first care, on having assured himself of the veritable nature of his discovery, was to report the matter to the Grand Duke, and to communicate it in letters of the most open-hearted and frank rejoicing to Signor Antinori and Signor Amici. The question of the reality of the discovery was referred by the Grand Duke to Professors Amici and Mossotti. And these gentlemen presented to the Grand Duke, on the 17th April, 1843, a report, in which they state, that having examined the MSS. in question, *with the assistance of Signor Antinori*, they find the four volumes which contain them thus entitled in the catalogue:—

1. Observations and Calculations of the Medicean Stars, instituted by Galileo, not without interruption, from 1610 to 1619. An autograph volume in the form of a "Vacchetta"\* of 220 pages. In the beginning of this volume are the observations on the Medicean stars, made by the Jesuits in 1610, and copied by Galileo. Unedited.

2. Calculations on the Medicean Stars, a MS. of Galileo, in folio, of 80 pages, and two small pages. Unedited.

3 and 4. Books of the form of a Vacchetta, in which are registered divers observations for the calculation of the Medicean stars, written by Father Renieri, an Olivetan monk, disciple of Galileo, and professor in the university of Pisa, who was charged to finish the Tables of the Ephemerides of the Medicean Stars, which were completed by him, but not published, because he was prevented by death, in the year 1647. The observations contained in this volume seem to be those communicated by him to Galileo from day to day, for the purpose of being verified or corrected by him, as appears from certain letters from the Father to Galileo.

The reporters then state, that their examination of the MSS. has proved, that the contents of them correspond accurately

\* A "Vacchetta" is a MS. book, in the shape of a tradesman's day-book; such as would be formed by folding a sheet of foolscap paper the long way.

with the foregoing titles. They leave it as a matter of doubt whether these labours were ever completed or not. They think that the contents of these volumes may be, in part, of use to the science of the present day; and finally, they suggest that they, at all events, are interesting in an historical point of view, as a work of the immortal Galileo.

This report is printed in Signor Antinori's letter to Signor Plana; the title of which is numbered 3, in the list at the head of our article.

On the 6th of May, a little more than a week after the date of the above report, Signor Albèri wrote to Signor Antinori a letter, which he afterwards printed in his own defence, in the pamphlet numbered 7 in our list. It is impossible to conceive a greater degree of courtesy, or a more generous care not to wound Signor Antinori's susceptible self-love, than is manifested in this letter.

"If I am to believe (says he) all that I hear said around me, my having been able to ascertain the existence of Galileo's labours respecting the Medicean stars, which you had partially seen,—"*esistenza da lei\* intraveduta*,"—would be a matter of sorrow rather than of congratulation to me, as I am told that you think I have acted in this matter without a due regard to you. Permit me, then, to state in two words the line of conduct I have pursued in this matter. My examinations of these papers led me to the full certainty that they contained the entire labours of Galileo on the Medicean stars. I immediately waited on you, to communicate to you this, as I thought, important result of my investigations. After you, I informed the Grand Duke of it, because I deemed it my duty to do so, and because I thought it would be gratifying to his Highness. What happened next, you, Sir, perhaps know better than I do. I have heard that an attempt was made to persuade the Grand Duke that I had deceived myself in this discovery—an imputation which I cannot bear, since such a mistake must convict me of the utmost imbecility."

He goes on to say that he has drawn up a statement, undeniably showing the truth of his assertion respecting these MSS., and at the same time declaring that "the first indication, the first guide to the discovery," was derived by him from the catalogue. This statement, he tells him, he means to publish; but wishes first to know whether it meets with his approbation.

\* Signor Albèri's desire to soothe the irritated vanity of Signor Antinori has here led him to treat his opponent with more favour than the truth could justify: since Signor Antinori had not the slightest idea of the existence of these labours, after he had catalogued the Pitti MSS., more than he had before; as is proved by his own lamentation over their loss, in his "*Notizie Istoriche relative all' Accademia del Cimento*," published by him in 1841.

Signor Antinori returns a short, dogged answer, saying, that he sends back the statement,—that if he were to make any remarks on it, the matter would run to too great length; that he had signified to the Grand Duke his intention respecting the edition in progress—i. e. that he shall withdraw his patronage from the work, as we have seen; and that Signor Albèri might do as he pleased about publishing his statement, but he, for his part, was still of the same opinion that Signor Albèri had made no discovery at all.

The statement here spoken of is Signor Albèri's Latin Letter to Father Inghirami (No. 2 in our list), and its writer does not exceed the truth in saying, that in it he triumphantly proves that the MSS. in dispute contain whole and entire the labours of Galileo and Renieri on the Medicean stars. This letter was published on the 12th of May.

On the 29th, Signor Antinori writes the Letter to Signor Plana of Turin (No. 3 of our list), in which he gives a copy of the report made to the Grand Duke, which we have already spoken of, and then says that "despite the judgment contained in it, and persisting in his own opinion, Signor Albèri has published his pretended discovery in a letter to Father Inghirami."

This was discourteous and uncandid enough—uncandid, in as much as Signor Antinori must have known very well that to maintain the reality of his own discovery, involved Signor Albèri in no opposition to the report made to the Grand Duke, which, in fact, does not touch the matter in question. Signor Albèri never asserted that the MSS. were incorrectly catalogued, but, on the contrary, quoted them himself in the words of the Catalogue.

But, notwithstanding this discourtesy and want of candour, Signor Albèri returns to the question with the most perfect moderation and good temper, in a second letter, written in the most conciliatory spirit, on the 10th of June, 1843, and addressed to Father Inghirami. In this he complains that Signor Antinori has taken offence from having put an unfair interpretation upon his last published letter. He has attributed to me, says Signor Albèri, the pretence of having discovered the labours of Galileo respecting the Medicean stars. Now so far am I, continues he, from having advanced any such claim, that in my former letter I cite the volumes containing the MSS. in question by the titles, *literatim*, by which they are catalogued. But what my letter really does say is, not that I discovered these MSS.—which, on the contrary stand, as I have said, accurately classified in the Pitti Catalogue,—but that, by my examination of them, I came to the knowledge that they contained that very labour of Galileo

on this subject, in all its entirety, which for centuries has been supposed lost. He adds, in order to save Signor Antinori from any possible mortification, that the authors of the Catalogue had executed their task irreproachably—seeing that, by the nature of the duty imposed on them, they were by no means required to enter on such an examination of the papers to be catalogued, as was clearly incumbent on him who was engaged on the very different business of editing them. And he concludes his remarkably gentlemanlike letter by expressing his great satisfaction at finding, that the report of Signors Amici and Mossotti to the Grand Duke, *which he had not seen until he saw it printed in Signor Antinori's letter to Signor Plana*, had confirmed the judgment he had expressed with reference to the ephemerides, and had even assigned a higher value to them, in a scientific point of view, than he had done.

In point of fact, the report, as far as it goes, does, as Signor Albèri says, entirely confirm this opinion. But it avoids touching the real point of the question at issue, which is no other than simply this:—Do these papers indeed contain that which for two centuries has been deplored as lost? Is this truly that Atlantean labour—“*questa fatica veramente Atlantica*,” which the philosopher had blinded himself in accomplishing? Was it believed to be lost? Did Signor Antinori himself, up to the DISCOVERY of Signor Albèri, believe it to be lost? We have already shown, on his own\* testimony, that he did so believe in 1841. These are the sole and whole points on which the matter rests; and all the irrelevant verbiage which has been used for the purpose, of concealing these, will not avail to throw dust in the eyes of the men of science of Europe.

The second letter of Signor Albèri, of which we have just been speaking, was shortly followed by Signor Antinori's “*Dichiarazione*,”—(in our list, No. 5,)—and it is at this stage of the business that we chiefly blame him. We have seen his egotism make him unjust. We now find that it can make him ungenerous also.

“Signor Albèri, says he, attributes to me injustice, in the interpretation I put on his letter to Father Inghirami, saying that I deduced *from that* his pretence to the discovery of the eph-

\* At the 20th page of his “*Notizie Istoriche relative all' Accademia del Cimento*,” published in 1841, which we have already referred to in a previous note, Signor Antinori states that Galileo “*consigned to his disciple, Father Vincenzo Renieri, all his observations on the system of the Satellites of Jupiter, made from 1610 to 1637* ; which he with reason called an Atlantean labour, and which was so fatal to his eyes.” And at page 37 of the same publication, he says that Renieri's “*papers disappeared, whether from ignorance or ill intention*,” at the epoch of his death.

merides. But my knowledge of his pretension was derived from quite a different source ; which I now make public for my justification." And then he prints the private letter, which Signor Albèri had written to him, announcing the discovery in the first instance. And it is hence insinuated, and subsequently broadly asserted, that Signor Albèri wished in his public letters to back out of the pretensions put forward in his private letters to Signors Antinori and Amici, and in his report to the Grand Duke. An attempt is made to persuade the public that, finding himself detected and exposed by his opponents, Signor Albèri was desirous to recede from his first declaration of his having discovered the ephemerides—that he is drawing in his horns, and is only anxious to cover his first unadvised claims.

A more base and ungenerous use was never made of an adversary's forbearance and generosity. For *what* is the discrepancy between Signor Albèri's private letters and his printed documents addressed to Father Inghirami ? And *whence* is this discrepancy ?

In his first private letters he says simply—and as truly as simply—I have found the long lost ephemerides ! My examination of these papers has led me to the discovery, that these volumes *are*, in point of fact, the "*fatica veramente Atlantica*," which up to this hour has been deemed lost. Now, in his published letters, when he found that, most unexpectedly by him, and most entirely in contradiction to what he wished, Signor Antinori was mortified by this discovery, instead of rejoicing in it,—when, to his surprise and regret, he found that his merit had been conceived by the thin-skinned vanity of the Cavaliere to involve his own demerit,—he endeavours, by every possible concession in his power, to take the sting from the undeniable fact, that he had discovered in these MSS. those celebrated labours which Signor Antinori had failed to discover. He, by no means, he says, lays claim to the discovery of the papers. There they are catalogued, and, as he expressly testifies, *duly* catalogued. He even goes out of his way to apply a plaster to the raw wound in Signor Antinori's egotism. The gentlemen employed to form the Catalogue were by no means called on, by the nature of their task, to enter on such an examination of the MSS. as he was bound to institute.

Here is the whole of the discrepancy, and here is the motive of it. Is it possible to speak in terms too severe of those who attempted to turn it to so unworthy a purpose ?

This publication of Signor Antinori's was soon followed by another from the pen of Signor Amici, who must needs also give\*

\* In our list marked No. 6.

his "Dichiarazione" to the world. Now this "declaration" is, in all respects, a most unfortunate one for its author. The principal thing he has to declare is, that Signor Albèri was not justified in citing his testimony in favour of the opinion, that the MSS. in question contained the entirety of Galileo's labours in this matter, and that they were the very materials so long deemed lost, inasmuch as he had never pronounced himself on that matter—"non mi sono esternato su tale argomento;" respecting which he adds, with more caution than candour, "I think it prudent to say nothing." But he little imagined that in the meantime his more competent colleague in the task of reporting on the new discovery to the Grand Duke, had expressed himself in a letter to Signor Albèri, since published by him, as follows:—"I agree with you," says Signor Mossotti in this letter, "that these MSS. contain the entirety of the materials which Galileo and Renieri had collected on the subject; and I will, moreover, say, that an examination of one or two hours bestowed on these papers would suffice to convince one of that fact. *Nor did it ever occur to the commission charged to report on these papers to raise any question on that point; and had you asked me whether any such opinion as that the Pitti MSS. were incomplete, had been held by the commission, I should have immediately undeceived you.*"

And thus, this "astronome malgré lui" turned arbiter between astronomers, protests against *his* own opinion of the entirety of the papers in dispute, and thinks it prudent to say nothing. We strongly counsel him to adopt the same sentiments respecting this whole matter, henceforth, for ever.

But "quem Deus vult perdere" . . . ! Signor Amici, not content with the above unlucky declaration, has filled the remainder of his pamphlet with the urbane, and indeed friendly, letter, which Signor Albèri wrote to him announcing his discovery.—"To which," says he, "I returned no reply,"—a piece of ungentlemanlike discourtesy and gross ill-breeding, of which, perhaps, the world might not have suspected him, if he had not thought fit to record it against himself; but which speaks volumes of the "animus" with which the new edition, and its young editor, were regarded by him from the first; and of the *impartiality* with which he must have set about the task assigned to him, of reporting on the value of Signor Albèri's discovery.

Signor Amici further adds to his pamphlet an insulting letter, written by him to Signor Albèri, on the 9th of June, which he concludes by telling him, that if he—Albèri—should publish, as he talked of doing, a justification of his conduct, "it would be followed by a reply, which should speak with such clearness as to

render his fault more manifest than ever, and perhaps cause him the more to regret that he had despised the advice of those who, for his own good, had from the first counselled him to keep silence."

In the teeth of this threat, Signor Albèri published his pamphlet, entitled "*Ultime Parole*," &c. (No 9, in our list); and notwithstanding the threat, the reply which was to make his ill-doings so manifest to all the world, that he should repent not having held his tongue, *has never appeared!*

In truth, Signor Albèri might well entitle his publication "*Last Words*," for assuredly there was no more to be said on the subject. In this pamphlet he goes over the whole progress of the dispute, step by step. It is unnecessary for us to follow him, as we have already, in pursuing our disagreeable path through the preceding publications, laid the whole point and progress of the dispute before our readers. In concluding his victorious defence he recapitulates the points of the question; and asks, addressing himself to Signors Antinori and Amici, "What then is the opposition you raise to my claims? Do you deny that the labours in question are truly, as I assert, the whole of those which Galileo and Renieri accomplished respecting the Medicean Stars?" We need not enter on the examination of the perfectly convincing arguments which Signor Albèri adduces to support this position. It is sufficient for us that we have Signor Mossotti's strongly expressed opinion on this point; as well as that of Father Inghirami, who has declared himself, in a letter to Signor Albèri, perfectly convinced by his reasoning on this point. If more were wanting, we have Signor Mossotti's assurance that it never occurred to Signor Amici to doubt the fact, although that gentleman "deemed it prudent" afterwards to say nothing about it.

Do his opponents wish, asks Signor Albèri, in the next place, to contest his having been the first to discover this fact? Did any body before him give the slightest sign of a suspicion, that the long lamented papers were safe among the MSS. of the Pitti? We have already seen that Signor Antinori himself spoke of them as lost, in 1841. But that no part of Signor Albèri's cause may want the most overwhelming amount of testimony in his favour, it so happens that another person, who is believed, on the best authority, to have seen these papers, has printed his opinion, that these labours of Galileo and Renieri were lost. This person is Signor Gulielmo Libri, now professor of mathematics at Paris. In an "*Essai sur la Vie et les Travaux de Galileo*," published by him in the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," in July, 1841, he says, that "Renieri, to whom Galileo

had confided his observations on the Satellites of Jupiter, and who was to have reduced them to tabular forms, saw, when on his death-bed, his papers pillaged and dispersed by the officers of the Holy Office." Again, in the fourth volume of his "*Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*," published in the same year, he says, at page 278, the same thing in the same words.

There was no shadow of authority to justify Signor Libri in asserting, that Renieri saw any such thing. But the passage is sufficient for our purpose, which is to prove, that he also, although these MSS. had passed through his hands, still believed that the long lost "*Fatica Atlantica*" of Galileo had irrecoverably perished.

The unanswerable last words of Signor Albèri, which are dated July 17, 1843, seemed to have set the matter at rest. The unfair attempt to deprive him of the credit due to his discovery had signally failed; it was determined that the MSS. which had given rise to so much controversy, should be published in the 5th volume of the new edition of the great Tuscan's works,—(of which the fourth is now in the press,)—and it seemed that the public would be permitted to forget Signors Antinori and Amici, and their conduct, as fast as the best friends of those gentlemen could desire. This was the position of matters when we commenced this article; but since that time a pamphlet has appeared, purporting to be a letter from a certain Abate Pietro Pillori, to a Dr. somebody at Bologna. Now this wretched Peter Pillori, whose book truly deserves no other notice than that which the sound of his name suggests to English ears—(our readers must forgive the pun in consideration of the justice of its suggestion)—is nearly as unknown in Italy as in England. And we shrewdly suspect, that he has not ventured forth on this enterprise "*motu proprio*," as the Italian sovereigns say of their actions.

But, be this as it may, we have no intention of troubling our readers, already, we fear, sufficiently weary of the subject, as, we can assure them, we ourselves are, with any examination of this truly disgraceful publication. Suffice it that it is a farrago of blunders, calumnies, groundless imputations of evil motives, and inextricable confusion as to the only real points—at issue, we were going to say; but we cannot term them so, for they have been most conclusively set at rest. But the motive of this truly disgraceful publication, which is, we understand, universally attributed by the Italians to its true authors, and not to the poor priest, who has been hired in all probability to lend his ominously sounding name to it, is perfectly well understood in Tuscany! The Italians hate and dread a "*scandal*." It is their *summum*



*malum*. A maxim which we English have turned into a proverb, but which we invariably disregard in practice,—that which teaches us that, “least said is soonest mended,”—rules as invariably the conduct of the Italians. To “hush up,” is their grand and universal panacea for all social evils. Now Peter Pillori’s employers speculated on this tendency. It was hoped confidently, that the Grand Duke, who was well known to have been vexed, annoyed at the dispute and at its publicity, would have adopted the shortest and nearest method of preventing any further scandal on the subject, by ordering “the obnoxious foreigner” out of his dominions; that he would have removed the bone of discord for the sake of keeping his own dogs quiet; that Signor Albèri, in short, would have been considered a Jonah in the ship of Tarshish, and have been thrown overboard. It was to this end that the pamphlet was directed, and not to the object of altering the position of the affair in the opinion of the public. But the conspirators ill-judged their Prince. The Grand Duke is essentially a just man. And he has shown upon one or two occasions much magnanimity in his steadfast determination not to be led into injustice, or even harsh judgment, when those who would have counselled such measures were of a very different degree of importance from the persecutors of Signor Albèri.

It is as unnecessary for us to analyse Signor Albèri’s reply to the pamphlet of his adversaries, as it was to examine the contents of the attack. He says in the first page of it that he is firmly purposed not to leave one stone upon another of the rickety fabric which his opponents have raised; and truly he keeps his word. But of what interest would it be to English readers to be present at Peter Pillori’s execution, or even at that of his employers? We have put the whole of the matter in dispute before them, and they are now as competent judges of the merits of the question, as if they had waded through the whole mass of repetitions, contradictions, and shuffling, together with the exposure of them.

The cause is now before the world; and its merits may be considered to have been decided on in two of the countries of Europe. Fortunately for Signor Albèri, Jacobi of Berlin chanced to be at Florence in the midst of the quarrel, and at once saw what was the true state of the case. And two articles of a most gratifying nature to the persecuted editor of the persecuted philosopher, have recently appeared on the subject in the “*Allgemeine Zeitung*.”

But still more decisively and authoritatively has the matter been pronounced on in Paris. In the “*Séance de l’Académie des Sciences*,” on the 21st of August, 1843, M. Arago said,

“If the assertions of Signor Albèri are correct”—he is speaking of the assertions contained in the Latin letter to Inghirami, which have been proved and re-proved to weariness; and which his adversaries, by their own showing, never doubted, as we have seen from the testimony of Signor Mossotti—“if the MSS. of the Pitti contain the whole of the labours of Galileo and Renieri on the Satellites of Jupiter, *Signor Albèri will have given value to papers hitherto disdained; he will have been the first to assign to MSS. already catalogued their true signification, their true place in the history of science; HE WILL HAVE MADE A VERITABLE DISCOVERY.*”

Signor Albèri can desire nothing further. He stands righted in the face of Europe. Would that every literary wrong could meet with detection and exposure as complete and “*éclatant!*”

We have completed our task! Had it been confined to introducing to our readers the first complete edition of the works of the greatest of Italian philosophers, it would have been in all respects an agreeable one. But it was due to our readers to give them the means of forming an opinion on the merits of a dispute, which has already occupied so much of the attention of the scientific world on the Continent; and it was due to Signor Albèri to afford him that fair hearing in England, which has been accorded to him with so favourable a result in France and Germany.

Let us conclude, however, by returning for an instant to the more pleasant and permanently interesting part of our subject. It was a happy thought—this public and signal reparation offered by repentant Italy to the memory of her ill-used son. It may be deemed significative in a wider sense than the mere acknowledgment and rectification of scientific errors and literary injustices. It is well for the sake of the living that such just measure of the world's esteem as the world is capable of meting, should be awarded to the mighty dead; and if the noble spirit, whose mortal tabernacle rests in peace within its honoured shrine, be indeed permitted to be cognizant of this world's destinies, he must rejoice that his Florence has, by this deed of homage to his memory, testified her advance to such a point as may encourage sanguine hopes of her further progress. We confess that we are tempted to regard this circumstance as one of those shadows, which “coming events throw before” them; and to gather from it, in connection with many other signs of the times, a persuasion of the approaching morning of yet another bright day of Italian intellectual fertility.

- ART. V.—1. *Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France*.  
Popular Ballads and Songs of France. Paris. Delloye.
2. *Poésies Complètes de Robert Burns, traduites de l'Écossais, par M. Léon de Wailly; avec une Introduction du même*.  
The Poems of Robert Burns, translated from the Scotch, with an Introduction, by M. de Wailly. Paris. Charpentier.

IN these days of pains-taking research, when historians are expected to study every detail of manners, costume, and language, by way of giving reality and colour to their narratives,—when the philosophy of ornament has become an essential part of the education of the architectural student, and the illuminated Missal is made a text by the lecturer on Painting,—a few pages on a popular collection of lyrics, with a few remarks on modern versions and versionizers interwoven, cannot be unwelcome, even in the midst of discussions as grave and momentous as those to which a Quarterly periodical is of predilection devoted. Were we to treat of the politics of European songs, this article might possibly become serious enough, since some of the most striking portions of the subject must lead us to touch upon those times of popular excitement, when men,

“cradled into poetry through wrong,”

real or fancied, make use of an organ for the transmission of their scornful, or oppressed, or irritated feelings, as all-pervading as the air which passes from the hovel to the palace, from the field to the factory, and as keenly rapid in its power to awaken, as the beacon fires which spoke from hill to hill in the rough old days of the bow and the spear. We should have to consider—nor is the subject unworthy of philosophical analysis—how far the Ballad is aristocratic; a thing belonging to Tradition, and commanded by Authority, which passed from the harp of the noble's minstrel to the lip of the dependent churl;—how far the Song is more essentially popular; an utterance of thoughts, feelings and affections, for a class possessing no more measured forms of expression: but such investigations would tend towards controversy rather than anecdote, until the tinkling of the harp-strings was drowned in the angry sound of polemical disputation. Let us then leave untouched the great strife between Royalty and Democracy;—the great contrast between past holydays of silken troubadours and the present work-days of discontented mechanics and drooping peasants. There is enough and to spare for the gatherer in the field of popular Song, without any necessity for him to dig down to any root of bitterness, or to lay hand upon

any flower which is warded—or, as some would phrase it, garlanded—by thorns.

The first thing that strikes us on looking into these “Chants et Chansons” of France, is a nationality not to be matched. Barry Cornwall’s assertion, in the Preface to his exquisite volume of English Songs, that “England is singularly barren of song-writers,” is true as regards many of the varieties contained in this Anthology. For if we had to edit a work corresponding to the one before us, what stores would there remain for us,—were Dibdin laid on one side, as too exclusively a class-poet, and when we had selected the one or two old ballads which might pair off with “Le Comte Orry” and “Généviève de Brabant” of the French collection? The Miller who lived “on the river Dee,”—“Old King Cole,”—“The Old English Gentleman,”—the more modern “Black Eyed Susan,” and “Rule Britannia,” (the last, by the way, written by a Scot, as was also “Ye Mariners of England,”) would leave a serious vacancy in our treasury, and compel us to begin to think of including the Henrys and Emmas of the Vauxhall Ballad, or the sickly but sweet drawing-room ditties of Haynes Bayly. For the table-songs of Captain Morris were, in their day, no more universally popular, in the French acceptance of the word, than the tea-table lyrics of that master of English jingle—good-natured and clever James Smith. Then Robert Burns, and Joanna Baillie, and Walter Scott, and James Hogg, and Thomas Moore, and Charles Wolfe, and George Darley,—each of whom has enriched British song, (to Barry Cornwall honourable allusion has been already made,) are none of them English by birth;—still less so in the sense that Pannard, and Vadé, and Désaugiers were French. The allusion to the folly of the hour as it flies—the introduction of particular localities and persons—is wanting to their lyrics, high as they stand in the scale of poetry. Where are our songs of the Thames, and of Covent Garden, and of Hyde Park? Nelson, on his column, is silent;—George the Third taketh off his hat to the Opera House; and caracoles perpetually on his charger, but as mutely as if London offered no occasion for pasquinades, and was as changeless and quiet and rectangular as a Quaker city. We are a poetical—we shall become a musical—but we never have been a singing people, like the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh. We have plenty of wit, plenty of character, plenty of fun in our streets; but they do not run into rhyme or melody, else we should long ago have had our own *Vaudeville* Theatre; and a Vestris, instead of captivating her thousands by warbling quaint and elegant conceits by Herrick unintelligible to

nine out of ten among the listeners—or sentimental namby-pamby about broom-girls and “Zurich’s fair waters,”—would have been enrapturing her tens of thousands by *our* version of this Royal Progress, or the other fashionable mode. The nearest approach in popular song to the themes of the hour, has been made by Mr. John Parry in his inimitable comic exhibitions. But the charm of these has been largely musical; and the very limited range of topics by which he could appeal to sympathy, may be seen in the fact, that after having dealt with the requisitions expected in a Governess, the terrors of a Musical Wife, the feminine *mania* for Berlin Wool, and one or two like insipidities, he has been driven to the less matter-of-fact tales and topics, which “age cannot wither nor custom stale,”—the old legends of the Child’s Faëry Library.

But even in the points where this gay book agrees with other popular collections, a welcome individuality is to be found. We are for “French of Paris,” not of “Stratford atte Bowe,” and relish our neighbours’ poetry, their memoirs, their correspondences—nay, even their drama—in proportion as it is pure of foreign influences. Let us turn to any German collection of popular songs for an instant, to illustrate our meaning by contrast. There we shall find none of the “*piquante folie*” and “*ingénieuse malice*” which are announced in the French publisher’s preface—there, happily, be confronted with none of the “*couplets qui se rattachent au genre hasardé*.” But if we compare the two in the article of love songs and chivalresque ballads—sentimental and romantic poetry—the result on the side of the French would be, a deficiency in that simplicity of expression, homely tenderness, and fancy at once earnest and capricious, which distinguish the German singers, and have not been assuredly to be found for the last hundred years on the Gallic bank of the Rhine, however genially they may have there flourished in the days of the professors of the *gai science*. The best of Millevoye’s or Victor Hugo’s lyrics (we exclude Béranger as totally beyond reach of the parallel) has but an operatic and coquettish and factitious air, if it be placed beside one of Uhland’s ballads—nay, or one of the earlier songs of Heine; who, renegade that he is! has of late agonized himself to become as sarcastic and as negative, as the most ironical and bitter of the *convulsionnaire* dramatists, *feuilleton* philosophers. But the generic difference of *tone* between the singers of the two countries in subjects of a like cast, will possibly present itself most forcibly by aid of an illustration. The following lyrics, purposely selected at random, are freely imitated rather than paraphrased, and cannot be put forth without our seriously requesting the reader to accept them

as attempts, and not translations. The first is from a cheap and popular German collection :—

SIR ULRICH.

Who makes in the forest so weary a moan ?

“ O thou daughter of my age !

O my only, only child ! ”

With the church bells tolling in a deep and solemn tone,

And the kinsmen and the maidens, all sorrowful to see ;

“ My Flower for evermore is gone !—Ah me ! Ah me ! ”

The Knight would ride home, though the King's board was set,

To the daughter of his age,

To his only, only child.

And this was the welcome his hoary hairs met,

From the kinsmen and the maidens all sorrowful to see ;

“ The Flower for evermore is gone !—Ah me ! Ah me ! ”

“ Set down yonder bier—never heed for the rain ;

O thou daughter of my age,

O my only, only child !

There were none half so fair—let me look on her again ! ”

And the kinsmen and the maidens were sorrowful to see ;

“ My Flower for evermore is gone !—Ah me ! Ah me ! ”

He raised her pale garland, with death in his smile,

“ O thou daughter of my age,

O my only, only child ! ”

And he kissed her—his stout heart was broken the while—

And the kinsmen and the maidens were sorrowful to see ;

“ The Flower for ever more is gone !—Ah me ! ah me ! ”

The song of Roland,—the well-known romance of “ *Le jeune et beau Dunois*,” made our own by Sir Walter Scott,—the long-winded legend of the Countess de Saulx, pathetically formal as some antique middle-age effigy in coif and ruff,—afford us no parallel to the mournful melancholy of the verses we have so imperfectly imitated. And even if we leave the highways of French popularity to produce something like a companion ditty, we cannot but feel how wide a stream of traditions, modes, and morals, separates the one land from the other : as we read—

THE LADY'S BANQUET.—AFTER MILLEVOYE.

“ Tell me, thou peasant, what Lord abideth

In yon tall towers on the mountain height ? ”

From the Holy Land as he homeward rideth,

Saith gallant Yvain, the minstrel Knight.

“ The chief of Ravenna, dwells he yonder ? ”

“ Speed well, Sir Pilgrim ! ” (the churl laughs low,)

“ There's only a warder frailer and fonder,

Whose Lord to the East, forsooth, must go, ”—

Saith Yvain, "To Hermosa, through dread and danger,  
My faith it was sworn, and it kept shall be;  
And a Queen, could she stoop to the sunburnt stranger,  
Would meet no reply, save '*Grand Merci!*'"

Sound the trumpets—the drawbridge is ready:  
Enters the Knight, and the Dwarf, before,  
Leadeth him in to the lonely lady:  
"Yvain!"—"Hermosa!"—"We meet once more!  
Of thy death, sweet friend!—of thy death they told me!  
Of a new love spake to my heart of stone;  
And then to Ravenna's Lord they sold me.—  
My hand to another!—my hand alone!  
I am thine own maiden, as purely, as wholly,  
As when we parted beneath the tree:  
Great Heaven bear witness! hear, Angels holy!"  
Joyous the Champion cried, "*Grand Merci!*"

Pass the slow hours; with a feast she greets him,  
Royally, richly the tables shine;  
Golden the throne where by her's she seats him,  
Burning his glance, as he pours the wine.  
"Patience!" she blushes, "till twilight hide us,  
And the *Ave* tolls for a bright day gone;  
No earthly chances shall then divide us,  
Thou, mine for ever!—I, thine alone!  
Pledge me, meanwhile, in a tender sadness  
To old bonds broken, and hearts set free:"  
Saith the Knight—"I pledge thee in triumph and gladness,  
And thine eyes shall answer me, '*Grand Merci!*'"

She tastes the wine—and the goblet steaming  
From her white hands taking, he draineth deep;  
What mean dark mists through the chamber streaming?  
And the icy chills to his heart that creep?  
From the Lady's eye, too, is bright life fleeting,  
And she smiles, though her lip few words can frame;  
"There was but one grace-cup for such a meeting—  
To drown all sorrow—to ward off shame.  
I am true to my Lord; I am true to my lover—"  
And a clay-cold kiss to his brow gives she;  
'Tis the first—'tis the last—and the love dream's over;  
And he greeteth Death with "*Grand Merci!*"

There is no need to ransack our English stores further to work out the comparison. Few who glance at the above will avoid perceiving how far more operative is the taste of the latter than of the former specimen. Is it true, as some writer has said, that the French are only natural when they have to do with the convention-

alism of life?—that their Chivalry shone brightest at the court?—while the Knighthood of more romantic nations was best at home in the depths of old forests where wandering Unas were to be defended, or among “antres vast” where dragons lurked? Is it true, that the kennels of the Rue de Bac, for which De Staël so languished, are the streams of their liveliest inspiration?—that the orange trees at Versailles are fuller of thoughts for song than the oldest forest, or river-side avenue? We must not take the peasant ballads of remote districts collected by a Villemarque or a Souvestre, as in part answering this question. They belong to an insulated class, to another age; and if gathered now-a-days, it is as curiosities, and not as our own rustic lays of wood and stream, for all the nation to sing. At least, certain it is that no Parisian collection of popular songs we have ever seen, contains anything to match the picturesque ditties with which our “Warblers” and “Delights” are so thickly be-flowered. Margot is—for argument’s sake—as natural as Mary; but the one breathes out her love over a pan of chestnuts, or a hearth lit up by burning *braise*; while the other must have a trysting tree, a haycock, or a bean field, for her back-ground. Charles (or Charlemagne) is, we hope for humanity’s sake, quite as disposed to be brave and true as even an English Henry,—but the scene of his constancy is a *jardin de danse*, or the topmost retreat of a Boulevard theatre,—in place of the river side “all under the willow tree.” Look at a French actor on the stage,—what nature! Look at a French sportsman *dandinant* across a turnip field,—what affectation! We had well nigh declared our neighbours had never a landscape painter—save Watteau—when there occurred to us, by way of exception, the names of Moucheron, and of Claude,—but the last painted his Italian reminiscences.

From what has been said, the sentimental and open-air school of readers, who have been used to comfort their souls with the healthy ditties of Burns and Joanna Baillie, or to fancy themselves unsophisticated when enjoying “The Meeting of the Waters,” or “By that Lake,” will be disposed to treat the French song *par excellence* as a heartless, tawdry thing—of the town, townish—in which no one of healthy taste can find a moment’s pleasure. We hope the day of such imperfect sympathies is passing away; and that many, at least, will not deny the humanity or the poetry of the popular songs of France, because of their modish gayety—nor their heart, because it speaks sometimes in a tone of raillery. Apart from the question of national temperament, manners, organization, constantly tending towards the piquant in every form,—Satire is not always the bloodless, unfeeling creature, which some “lovers of love” (to bor-



row Tennyson's definition of the poet) would represent it. There may be many bold and burning spirits who dare indicate their griefs in no other form. We have always found as much of the tragedy of intense feeling in the great soliloquy of Beaumarchais' *Figaro*, as in whole acts full of pompous woe and terror, which have drawn tears from millions. The touches of nature, tenderness, and sweet recollection, which Béranger contrived to throw into some of his bitterest and most concentrated assaults on his political opponents, were not casual, nor were they uttered without sinking deep. So, too, in the careless anacreontics of Désaugiers—low as we are disposed to rate all table effusions of philanthropy and remembrance—gentle feeling and gracious courtesy sometimes lurk behind a biting *refrain*. It is poor work, we concede, to see the Virtues keeping such dubious company, and masquerading (as it were) in tinsel robes, lest their own chaster garniture be laughed at; but the deceit is less harmful than the prevalent affectation of the time, which is to appeal to every coarse appetite, to every lawless and unbridled desire, by professing philanthropy, and tolerance, and large-mindedness, and exhibiting crime in darkly fascinating colours, and with all its mitigations of temptation and circumstance.

The "*Chansons et Chants*," then, appear to us honestly natural, as well as national:—often free, often impudent, often coquettish—but mostly genuine. Who, for instance, that has ever smelt a French wood-fire, or stepped a Boulevard's length, but must recognise the perfect truth of such a picture of Paris at five o'clock in the morning, as the well-known one which gay Désaugiers has left?—a ditty, by the way, which would severely try the skill of a Moore or a Father Prout in versification; but which as a piece of street jingle, has always seemed to us unparalleled for its vivacity, and the number of pictures contained in a small compass. Even Joanna Baillie's exquisite "*Good Night*" in "*The Phantom*,"—even James Smith's whimsical poem on the disagreement between mortal surnames and natures—both so often referred to for a like affluence, do not surpass it. And the gay English lyrist, though no iron heart, as his survivors have many a pleasant reason to remember, was not equal to the touches of darker painting, indispensable to a true picture of a great city, which so naturally relieve the light and bustle of the French morning piece. In this particular vein, Désaugiers is hardly rivalled amongst the *chansonniers*. Pannard often equals him, as far as sparkle and *malice* are concerned—but falls short in the article, feeling. The name of this last wit reminds us that any one curious in comparing our own, with foreign manufactures, can hardly be better made aware of the state of our popular treasury

than by comparing the mock *bravuras* and burlesques, which were formerly vented in ridicule of the musical drama by our most approved satirical rhymesters—with the vaudevillist's "Les Merveilles de l'Opéra." The former could hardly too soon be forgotten for their broad and often vulgar folly,—the latter finds its place, one hundred and ten years after it was written, in a collection of popular songs and ballads, and deserves perpetuation for its neatness and *esprit*, and the skill with which the absurdities of its theme are assembled. And to us, the piquancy of the mockery is made none the less by the fact, that, in spite of the satirist's ridicule, spurred by fears for the continuance of his own "mystery,"—the Grand Opera of France remains the most magnificent of spectacles; while the vaudeville theatres of the *boulevard* continue to be the *palladia* of neat repartee and saucy political allusion, even unto this day! It is a lesson by which parodists and those given to the attempt of *writing down* what they fear—or do not understand—might profit.

Having stumbled, for illustration's sake, in these "Chants et Chansons," on Pannard, we must linger with him yet an instant: not precisely because we rate him as highly as his contemporaries and countrymen; not that we join in Favart's untranslatable *mot* of praise, by saying that he "*chansonna le vice et chanta la vertu*;" for we fear that he had but a *bon vivant's* philanthropy—only those notions of responsibility which earn for their owner the praise of being "no one's enemy but his own." Pannard was as fond of his bottle as Steele and Sheridan; as careless of fame and property as the most slipshod son of the stage. It was but a lame amends for such an one to take leave of the world, as a writer of Religious Moralities—and there was probably small real merit in his life beyond what sufficed to him to retain his friends. Among these was Marmontel, who, when the *Mercure* wanted "copy," would seek him out, and say, "Papa Pannard, you must give us some verses."—"Look," on one occasion replied the nonchalant vaudevillist—"look in my wig-box." Marmontel drew thence a handful of rumpled papers stained with wine. "The stamp of genius," was the songster's explanation. From such a source, small encouragement to virtue could flow: a homœopathic dose, at best, suited to French stomachs, and wrapped up in gold leaf. For, indeed, from the days of St. Louis downwards, it has seemed impossible to any among our neighbours rating themselves one step intellectually higher than the *esprit épicier*, to accept the smallest truth, unless it were sent forth "with a cocked hat and a walking cane." Their very preachers were not wholly guiltless of arranging their thunder in *coups de théâtre*, when they wished to terrify royal sinners;—the

Encyclopedists found no engine of assault against Throne and Altar, so mischievous as the *calembourg*. And though the wisdom of the following does not rise much above the average sentiment of Joseph Surface, it would possibly have never got into circulation among the great public in any quieter garb. At all events, the specimen is worth giving, as illustrating an aphoristic and pseudo-moralizing vein in French popular song, to which we have not yet adverted. One or two of the original stanzas are omitted, as not worth the trouble of translation.

#### LIKE AND UNLIKE.

Mars and Love, on sea and land,  
Triumph both, and both command :

This is where the two agree,—  
One by thunder works his will,  
Sweetness is the other's skill :

Here the pair part companie.

Mark how thief and tailor live,  
Both on goods of others thrive :

This is how the rogues agree,—  
One doth rob by stripping bare,  
One by clothing warm and rare :

Here the two part companie.

Love adventure, plea of law,  
On our coffers strongly draw,

And to tax us both agree :  
Lose the first, and thou shalt gain ;  
Win the next—What loss and pain !

There the two part companie.

Paris will for Helen grieve,  
Adam makes complaint of Eve :

Thus the suffering pair agree.  
One—of maiden deaf and blind,  
One—of lady thrice too kind :

So the fools part companie.

Sighing swain, and sportsman good,  
Seek their pleasure in the wood :

Thus in pastime both agree.  
Silly boy—of traps take care !  
Jolly hunter, set thy snare,—  
And, for this, part companie.

Blossoms die if air is blown,—  
Breathe on Honour, and 'tis gone :

Thus the fragile things agree.  
But the year new flowers shall bring,  
Honour comes not back with Spring—  
Dying they part companie !

Key of iron, key of gold,  
Force alike the strongest hold ;  
Thus, in might, the two agree :—  
One with warlike gait and din,—  
Hush ! no sound !—the other's in !  
They, in deed, part companie.

Childhood smooth, and bearded Age,  
Will no gallant's love engage :  
Thus do Life's extremes agree.  
Sweet Fifteen's too young to care ;  
Sixty hath no time to spare :  
Here the pair part companie.

Parrot, —— in Garrick's part,  
Both rehearse their task by heart :  
Here the noisy knaves agree,—  
Only, let not this be missed,  
One's the cat-call—t'other hissed !  
There the two part companie.

Critic just, and satirist,  
Errors of their time resist—  
And in calling stern agree ;  
A—— reforms the most perverse,  
G—— by outrage makes them worse :  
So their deeds part companie !

The collection is rich in specimens of point, perhaps keener than the above. There is "*Le Plaisir des Rois, et le Roi des Plaisirs*"—in which, beside the truths and truisms of universal application, the same vaudevillist, Pannard, doubtless intended to insinuate his view of the diversions of Louis Quinze. There is Favart's "*Les Portraits à la Mode*," in which too, beside the contrast between times present and times past, the comedian contributed his morsel of special satire to the popular current of acrimonious ridicule vented against an economical and unpopular minister, M. Silhouette. To this class, too, belongs "*Les Raretés*"—an enumeration of prodigies by M. Lamotte Houdart—but neither so insipid nor so over-tolerant as fully to justify the title of "*stingless bee*," applied to him by some partial friend, in love with a temper which neither Rousseau nor Madame Dacier could provoke into bitter language.—In this section of the Po-

pular Songs of France it would not be hard nor unprofitable to loiter. For the moment, however, abstracting them from all the personal allusions and anecdote which trick them with the social history of the time, we must content ourselves with remarking, that in this section we may challenge comparison on the strength of somewhat better stores of resource than we could draw upon, by way of matching the ballads descriptive of town life to which we have already alluded. Dibdin and Captain Morris have given us moralities at least as profound as, and little less agreeably conveyed than the above; while the following verses, which we must recall to the reader for the honour of our country, are proof sufficient, that we have now a lyrist who knows how to set Truth round with the true brilliants of Poetry, in place of the sparkling paste of the Palais Royal, which caught our eye in passing.

“ When friends look dark and cold,  
And maids neither laugh nor sigh,  
And the miser proffers his gold,  
Be sure there is danger nigh.

*O, then, it is time to look forward  
And back, like the hunted hare;  
And to watch, as the little bird watches,  
When the falcon is in the air.*

When the trader is scant of words,  
And your neighbour is rough or shy,  
And your banker recalls his boards,  
Be sure there is danger nigh.  
*O, then, &c. &c.*

Whenever a change is wrought,  
And you know not the reason why,  
In your own or an old friend's thought,  
Be sure there is danger nigh.  
*O, then, &c. &c.”*

BARRY CORNWALL.

It is surely hardly needful to remark, that the burden of the above alone removes it to the distance from Pannard's, of poetry from crambo rhyme.

As closely connected with the above class, we cannot but advert to the songs picturing manners, in which this popular collection is rich. And here we may commend the prefatory introductions, as written with ease and spirit. Research was hardly needed—since not a memoir, not a correspondence, not a preface, of French origin during the last hundred years, exists, from which some allusion to the modes of the time may not be extracted or

alembicated. Even to our more instructed selves, the songs of this order suggest reminiscence, anecdote, and speculation beyond the possibility of introduction, unless our pages were as elastic as the tent of *Pari Banou*. How does "*La Cour ordinaire d'une Femme, d'extrêmement bonne Compagnie*," attributed to *Beaumarchais*, recall the days when the Parisian lady announced her "*vapeurs*" to be as completely a necessity and a privilege of her life, as a box at the Opera,—or a *pantin* to play with while the Abbés and wits of the circle told the last folly of *Lorenzi*, or shrugged their shoulders at *Rousseau's* last display of frantic irritability!—How do the three "*Amphigouris*," by *Vadé*, (for the meaning of which name, consult the *Encyclopædia of Jargon*) recall a still more senseless folly on the part of the neatest talkers of the world,—namely, their pleasure in the most absurd and nonsensical combinations, where the wit lay in the quantity, not in the quality of the burlesque!—odd enough, by the way, to find this mode among a people, whose critics have called for "an ounce of civet" for themselves, and strait waistcoats for the English; shocked to agonies by the mathematically impossible nonsense of our pantomimes. And who can avoid remarking, how completely the days of these aimless frivolities are gone?—peace to their butterfly dust!—when we come to the ballads of the Empire, with all its strange upturnings—with its days when *Generals' wives* and *Financiers' daughters*, did they try ever so hard to imitate the affectations of the light-hearted, ignorant, graceful, selfish *Duchesses* of the *ancien régime*, only fell into extravagances as savage as they were absurd,—and, like the *gambades* of the ass in the fable, as melancholy as they were savage. To annotate upon these songs from the pages of our few English tourists who understood the French,—our *Walpoles* and *Swinburnes*,—would in itself occupy an article; were we even to stop short of our own time, and refrain from comparing the *lionnes* of *Louis Philippe's* court with the hooped and powdered playmates of *Marie Antoinette*, or the sparkling bevy who fluttered round the sprightly and ill-starred *Duchesse de Berri* scarce a score of years ago.

For like reasons, we can but allude, in a few words, to the portraits of popular characters which these songs display;—whether it be the "*Savetier*" of old time, whose trade, carried on in the open air, was enlivened by quips and cranks, making the son of *Crispin* a well-beloved character in French Comedy;—whether it be the "*Tulipe*" of the army;—that red-coated rascal, whose misdeeds were sung with that sort of joyous pride, which used to attach itself to the followers of trumpet and drum—false glories of a past time, now dolefully fading in the light of common-day sense and

benevolence! Then there is "La belle Bourbonnaise" and her history; and that immediate predecessor of Robert Macaire, Cadet Rousselle, the type of demoralized roguery; of whom, and of his successor, much might be said, throwing no false light on French popular morals—did we not hold that the work of exposure is as hazardous as it is salutary, and therefore should neither be undertaken lightly, nor lightly completed. The Tar, the Country Bumpkin of our streets and cheap theatres, "The Charming Woman" of our polite saloons, are but, in point of art, figures coarsely drawn and palely coloured, in comparison with the above vivacious exponents of Parisian life and society. It is wonderful that none of our skilful translators and versifiers, who have bent "the Groves of Blarney" into Greek, and given to the gentle insipidities of Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Haynes Bayly a Macaronic fluency—to say nothing of the myriad imitators of Béranger, Körner, &c. &c.—should have tried to illustrate French manners in England, by rendering some of these characteristic ditties. The task of versionizing is pleasant in proportion as the difficulties to be overcome are great.

So much for the narrative ballad, the song of descriptive imagery, what—till we find a better definition—may be called the didactic lyric, and the portrait in rhyme. We are glad to leave untouched that section of the ballads in popular acceptance among our neighbours, which, in subject and treatment, comes too near the irreverent familiarities of the old Monkish Mystery, not to jar most unpleasantly on our feelings—especially when exhibited in such utterly unsuitable companionship. But, besides all these, the collection of French popular songs has also its lays more exclusively poetical—its Romances. It would have been strange if some of the melodies which have been poured out by the thousand from the days of Mondonville down to those of Monpou, had not been set to words worth remembering when the music was forgotten. The style has somewhat gone out of favour. The taste for the songs of Schubert which Nourrit introduced, has somewhat mystified and sophisticated the graceful simplicity of the musical dialogues between *berger* and *bergère*, where the composer never thought of unusual modulations and nicely contrived accompaniments—but only of a pretty tune—it mattered little whether new or old. The Three Glorious Days (by courtesy) have swept away *Lindor* and *Fanchette*, and *Rose d'Amour*, and replaced them with more violent popular favourites, such as "La Marquesa d'Amaegui," and "Gastibelza," whose story Victor Hugo has told, and Duprez sings so finely as to elevate a few ballad verses to almost the dignity of a tragedy. Still the old *romance* retains a certain value and popularity, if only as a piece of

*rococo* ; and the " Parisian's Garland " must include examples of it. We care little whether the one we are attempting to paraphrase be the best or the worst—but the name appended to it has, for the moment, a peculiar interest to the Londoner ; and he will not disapprove our taste in selection, when he knows that the following owe their parentage to the venerable friend and follower of the Duke of Bordeaux :—

AFTER CHATEAUBRIAND.

How my heart is ever turning  
To my distant birth-place fair—  
Sister, in our France, the morning  
Smileth so rare !  
Home !—My love is on thy shore,  
For evermore !

Dost remember how our mother  
Oft our cottage fire beside,  
Blessed the maiden and her brother,  
In her heart's pride ?  
And they smoothed her silver hair  
With tender prayer.

Dost remember, still, the palace  
Hanging o'er the river Dore ?  
And that giant of the valleys,  
The Moorish tower,  
Where the bell, at dawning gray,  
Did waken day ?

And the lake with trees that hide it  
Where the swallow skimmeth low ?  
And the slender reeds beside it,  
That soft airs bow ?  
How the sunshine of the West  
Loved its calm breast !

And Hélène, that one beloved  
Friend of all my early hours,  
How through greenwood we two roved,  
Playing with flowers ?  
Listening at the old oak's feet,  
How two hearts beat !

Give me back my oaks and meadows,  
And my dearly loved Hélène ;  
One and all are now but shadows  
Bringing strange pain :  
Home !—My love is on thy shore,  
For evermore !



This is one of a thousand—though M. Chateaubriand might not thank us for the compliment;—something more earnest, it may be, than the generality of its class, and in its original language of a beautiful simplicity, which we at least are unable to render in English. Far, far, however, does the best and most poetical among such like French canzonets linger behind our own of similar strain. In maintaining this assertion, we will allow the whole troubadour race to come into the field—whether as introduced to us through the medium of Miss Costello's graceful interpretation, or in the *naïf* and old-fashioned elegance of their original language. Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Waller, are names we may appeal to, fearing nothing, to convince the most prejudiced of our neighbours, that if they exceed us in the song as a satire, a picture, or a lesson, we distance them in the song as a poem:—coming to our own days, the result of the parallel would be no less certain.

We are bold to record this assertion, as consistent with the fullest appreciation of the beauties of the greatest of French poets—by whom we mean Béranger; and who is also the greatest of French song-writers—in his own vein, unapproachable. To omit him, in this discursive sketch, were to leave out Hamlet's part with a vengeance: to discuss his peculiar charms, however, would lead us into inevitable breach of vow—which was, not to broach controversy. It is the very *circumstance* of his songs which enables us not to fear so formidable a rival. The best among them are political. The romance of the Great Usurper's career,—the fascination by which he enthralled all who approached him, as marvellous as if the ring of Charlemagne had by magic chance dropped on his finger,—the picturesque circumstances of his dreary exile and slow decease,—tinge with self-consistent and all-pervading colours, whether it be grave or mocking, every line of the poet's verse. His Epicureanism, his pathos, his Utopian dreams, his tender remembrances, are all of The Empire. And now, though no Methuselah, he seems to stand alone in his sentiment and his sincerity—has lived to see the Sorcerer's spell powerless, and his name coldly spoken:—nay, and the very return of his ashes to that France, for which his brilliant and meteoric part had been played, attended with little more solemnity and little more enthusiasm than the newest opera-pageant!

There is, again, the less need for the reviewer to dwell upon Béranger's peculiar beauties, inasmuch as they have been again and again brought before us by English translators. Every periodical, ten years ago, had its own version of the "Fairy and the Tailor," or of the "Shepherd and the Falling Stars," or of the Grandmother who remembered *Le petit Caporal*. Among

these it were wrong not to specify the clever and whimsical, though somewhat too free-and-easy paraphrases of Father Prout, The appearance of his polyglott versions marks a period in our poetical literature; and the anecdote is worthy of being perpetuated among the "Curiosities of Literature," that some of his essays in foreign paraphrastic rhyme are so felicitous, (we must specify the French reproduction of Moore's "Go where Glory waits thee,") as to have led to a serious discussion in no undistinguished circle, of the possibility of the banter by which they were framed having some ground of reality—and the Anacreon of Ireland having, in very deed and truth, availed himself of the obscure verses of some old French "maker" for form, idea, and sentiment!—It is needless to remind the reader that Mr. Mahoney's versions of Béranger were too entirely *ad libitum* and paraphrastic to allow the possibility of a moment's similar speculation on their account.

The name of Father Prout, and this passing mention of translators in general, brings us not unnaturally to the second work at the head of this article. Some notice of a British poet in France comes in as a natural appendix to the above remarks on the French songsters in England. These are days of interchange to which the guardians of public taste are bound to advert. No one conversant with the present state of France and Germany can have failed to remark a condition of literary affairs, which, considered in conjunction with the popular spirit of the two countries, seems anomalous. This is an increasing popularity of foreign authors, contemporaneous with an increase of an active—in the case of France, a menacing—nationality. In the absence of any commanding original genius, the German people seem nevertheless determined to assert their own individuality with a vigour born of social progress and prosperity. A school of painting has risen within the last twenty years, which may challenge Europe: the musicians are rallying round their country's standards, and making haste to expel from their Opera-houses the foreign Aubers and Rossinis, who have seduced so many from their allegiance. There is arising a call for a dramatist who shall reproduce the triumphs of Goethe and Schiller; while, in the popular lyrists, a fervid love of hearth and home, apart from political enthusiasm, quickens and glows. Yet the reprints of English, and the circulation of French books, do not diminish in number; and the poets find it to their account to translate English verses, as well as to issue odes and songs and sonnets of their own: this, too, in spite of a daily increasing diffusion of the English language. In Herr Freiligrath's small volume,

which has established his reputation among the first poets of his land, we shall find, in company with his singular and highly coloured African lyrics, not only a version of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," but slighter paraphrases from Burns, and Mrs. Hemans, and Madame Desbordes-Valmore. Nay, even Alfred de Musset's coxcombical ode to the Moon—with that most absurd of absurd similes, in which Diana is made to appear "sur le clocher jauni,"

" Comme un point sur un i,"—

has been thought worthy of naturalization!

But the case is yet more curiously striking as regards France. How this poor island has been belaboured as "perfid Albion," in the Journals of that country,—how the phlegmatic Briton has been scowled upon while passing along the streets, and talked at in the coffee-houses of Paris,—no one can be ignorant, who has looked into a Gazette or crossed the Channel within the last three years. Not a partial cloud has been seen to darken our island,—not a muttering of thunder heard behind Dover cliffs,—but one half of France has gone forth (as it were) telescope in hand, triumphing in the coming storm; not merely as furnishing an interesting study for philosophical observation, but as a matter of intimate personal self-gratulation. And yet rarely or never has been English literature in greater request than during this period of Anglophobia; and not the ephemeral productions of the hour alone, nor those—such as the works of Byron—which were likely, by their philosophical colour, to be congenial to our neighbours,—but our classics and choice writers. The French men of letters are beginning to study our authors in their own way; and the popular library which furnishes one subject for this article, numbers among its volumes, translations from Goldsmith, Fielding, Sterne, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald—besides a notable evidence of curiosity—for such, and none other, is M. de Wailly's version of the "Poésies Complètes de Robert Burns."

This is a very amusing book. Who that has an eye for the whimsical, can refuse a smile, on encountering the Lovely Lass of Ballochmyle, and Tam Glen, and the thousand other herdboys and milkmaids who gathered round the winter hearth at the "Rocking;" or met "among the rigs of barley" in autumn time, ambling and smiling and mincing in their new attire?—and as little like their hearty homely selves, as the first national melodies which were tortured into Boieldieu's piquant opera of "La Dame Blanche," or the more recent *ballet* of "La Sylphide," resembled the genuine tunes of Scotland. The literal conscientiousness with which M. de Wailly has executed his task, enhances this air of oddity: not a burden but is exactly rendered

by him,—though some of them, it is needless to remind the reader, are only one step more intelligible, even to ourselves, than the “Cahin-caha” of Pannard’s “Jadis et Aujourd’hui” would be to the trollers of “The Old English Gentleman,” or “When this old cap was new.”

To this determination of giving word for word—the graces of rhyme and metrical symmetry are sacrificed. There was no bringing “Green grow the Rushes O,” and “Whistle o’er the Lave on’t,” into any French measure, according to this plan : and possibly to reflect a spirit so utterly wild and peculiar and lawless, in any verse which should be endurable to Gallic ears—always irritably sensitive to rhythm—would have baffled the most consummate *chansonnier*. Hence these lyrics are done into a limping prose ; “John Barleycorn” and “Tam O’Shanter” alone having been thrust into metre. But in spite of this drawback, the book itself—without any secondary thought of the influences it may exercise, of the sympathy it betokens—is meritorious as well as whimsical. M. de Wailly knows English very well—he had given proof of this in his “Angelica Kauffmann,”—and Scotch passably ; nor is this mean praise, when we remember how many of our own readers south of the Tweed must read Burns with a glossary. The rendering of “*bower*” (a lady’s chamber), by “*bosquet*,” is the one only glaring misconception we have found on a casual examination ; and the following few lines will fairly make good M. de Wailly’s claim to an intimate comprehension of a difficult original—if not to a graceful or easy flow of versification or command of rhyme. The reader will at once see that they are part of the *finale* to the ball in Kirk Alloway.

“ Comme l’abeille en bourdonnant s’envole  
De sa maison qu’un pâtre attaque et vole ;  
Comme les chiens, du lièvre ennemis nés,  
Jappent après, crac ! s’il leur part au nez ;  
Comme la foule avec ardeur se rue,  
Quand “ Au voleur ! ” retentit dans la rue ;  
Ainsi Maggy ventre à terre s’enfuit,  
Et tout l’enfer en hurlant la poursuit.  
‘ Tam, mon cher Tam ! Ah ! quel cadeau de foire—  
Au feu d’enfer griller comme un hareng !  
C’est bien en vain que ta Cathos attend !  
La pauvre femme ! avant peu quel déboire !  
Va de ton mieux, Maggie, avance donc,  
Quand tu seras plus t’à moitié du pont,  
Remue alors la queue ; une sorcière  
N’a pas le droit de passer la rivière ! ”

More interesting, however, than the manner of execution, is the want implied by the task being at all attempted; or, if not a want, a willingness, at least, on the part of the French, to enter into, and sympathize with, manifestations and utterances of Fancy, the most remote possible from their own. Hitherto this has not been the besetting weakness of our neighbours. Shakspeare, Byron, (as we have said,) Scott, Goethe, have been by turns deified by them—because each, in his turn, chanced to be congenial to national taste. Now, it would seem as if our neighbours were beginning to seek for what is new and strange, for *its* sake, as much as for their own. From such a movement of healthy and liberal inquiry, nothing but good can accrue. While we are amused at turning over the prettily decorated leaves of the ‘*Chansons et Chants*,’ we are glad to see the wholesome and manly Burns introduced among our neighbours. Who does not remember the interchange of courtesies between Teresa Panza and the Duchess? For civility’s sake, we will allow our neighbours to determine which party gives the gold pieces, and which the acorns, on the present occasion.

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ART. VI.—*Waldemar, surnamed Seir, or the Victorious*. Translated from the Danish of Ingeman, by a Lady. In 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

2. *King Eric and the Outlaws; or the Throne, the Church, and the People in the Thirteenth Century*. By Ingeman. Translated from the Danish, by Jane Frances Chapman. In 3 vols. London: Longmans. 1843.

To those who remember the long and early connection between Denmark and our own country, the important part which the Danes took in our earlier history, and the light which the study of their annals and fables is calculated to cast upon our own, it may seem strange that Danish literature should be so little cultivated, and indeed so little known, among us.

There are, however, causes which have led to a feeling, unjustifiable indeed, but not the less therefore widely spread, that the indigenous literature of Denmark was hardly worth attention; and foremost among these must be ranked the unpatriotic taste which induced many Danes of great and acknowledged ability to write in German—such, for example, as Baggesen, who inflicted more injury on the literature of his

country by writing in a foreign tongue, than he did credit to it by the mere fact of his Danish birth. Of later years a brighter prospect has opened to the land of Canute the Great, and a valuable store of prose and poetry is enriching its vernacular tongue. Scott, the mightiest of all modern enchanters—Scott, who waved the wand of his magic power over all lands at once, and raised up everywhere a crowd of followers,—is not without his disciples in Denmark; and we are now about to bring before the reader a notice of two works which occupy in the Danish literature, the place of “*Ivanhoe*” and “*Waverley*” in our own. Ingeman, the chief of Danish novelists, is well aware of what he owes to his great British leader, and has been at some pains to develop the theory on which he has written. This theory we propose to examine:—

“According to *my* view of the subject,” he remarks, “it is as impossible that a delineation of a series of characters and events should lose its poetic interest by closely adhering to facts, as it is certain that history and human life contain a mine of poetic treasure and store of thought. If the eye of poetic fancy has the power not only of turning its gaze inward upon itself, but also of looking forth upon the vast and varied world without, human life will surely there be reflected in historical connection, as a continuous epos, as far truer poetry than any one given period can boast of having possessed.”

Against this we have nothing to say: it is a theory, the perfection of which in practice is to be found in Shakespeare; it may, in fact, be condensed thus:—Stick to facts—for though they are stubborn things, they are nevertheless more poetical than fiction. “All that may strike the unpoetical observer,” continues Ingeman, “as unconnected, dull and insignificant, is real poetry when viewed in its connection and in its relation to human life, of which every human being is an epitome.” He goes on to observe, that it is possible to regard even the darkest and most wretched ages in a poetic light; and indeed we should say that precisely these ages were in themselves the most poetical, the most fertile in salient points—the most abundant in heroic virtues and enormous crimes—the very food and fuel of romance. Now, in order to avail himself of these advantages, Scott boldly painted a domestic story, placed it as it were in a framework of historical truth, and caused the creatures of his own bright imagination to glide among and hover around the resuscitated images of the mighty departed. He wove a mingled web of truth and fiction, which were nevertheless not confounded. The history in “*Quentin Durward*” is as much history as it is in the annals of “*Philip de Commines*”—the fiction as much fiction as though it were found in “*Amadis de*

Gaul," or in "Clarissa Harlowe." Herein indeed do we recognise one of the great charms of his unrivalled pen. He took not the world's heroes for *his* heroes, though he introduced his readers into their most intimate society; because *their* characters were to a large extent known, and their fates matters of history, they therefore played in *his* romance grand, but yet, in one sense, subordinate parts. We long for the return of Richard, not because the nation required his presence, but because then Wilfred of "Ivanhoe" will obtain his Rowena, and because the beautifully mingled picture of domestic and national prosperity will be completed. We feel a deeper interest in the fortunes of Mary Stuart, because Roland Græme and Catherine Seyton are partakers of them; *they* are personages concerning whom we may doubt, and hope and fear,—emotions which we can hardly entertain concerning those whose fates are previously known to us, through the means of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Mezeray: the like course has been most ably, indeed most splendidly, followed out by James, whose reputation as a novelist is second only to that of the "Ariosto of the North." But this plan is not in accordance with the theory of Ingeman: he rejects the fictitious foreground, and makes up his whole picture of purely historical characters: he maintains that such should be the staple of the work, which is no longer a romance, but an epic in prose; and accordingly, when we take up "King Eric," we may expect to find the history of King Eric, and nothing more: true it is that the tale is one of great and varying interest, and that the annals of Waldemar and Eric Menwed are more romantic than the pages of many a very exciting novel: still we find little by way of fact, that Meursius, or Pontanus, or Des Roches will not supply; and consequently, if the one book is to be more interesting than the other, it must be by the mode of treating the story and developing the characters, which the poet chooses to adopt. That this can be done, is a matter beyond all reach of doubt; and we will merely refer the reader to the historical dramas of Shakespeare, for proof that such a mode may be adopted, as to win the suffrages of all times and all nations, to cast around the otherwise dull narrative of the annalist a halo of poetry and philosophy, and to create a history which shall become from that moment the history of the world. But to write a "Macbeth" requires a Shakespeare,—and it was therefore a bold undertaking for Ingeman to discard all subordinate characters, all fictitious means of interesting human fear and human curiosity—to cast away at the same time all the accessories of the drama—the

stage, the costume, and the chorus,—to expand the historical play into the prose historical poem—to extend the five short acts to three long volumes. Yet this has he done, and we are bound by the universal consent of his countrymen to admit, not without success; and we therefore think that the readers of our Review have a right to expect from us some account of the productions of one who has been, and not without some title, styled the “Danish Walter Scott.” We shall best do this by drawing a parallel between the two, showing how far they are alike and how far unlike; and if at the termination we are compelled to say that the disciple follows the master, “*haud passibus æquis*,” we must bear in mind that he has only failed where no other has succeeded.

The first general remark which we shall make as to the resemblance and difference existing between Scott and Ingeman, is the evident love the one has of scenery, and the very sparing use made of it by the other. Scott describes everything with the minuteness of a Dutch painter,—landscapes, buildings, persons, furniture,—till you see his castles, and talk to his heroes, and sit upon his chairs. What a marvellous distinctness is there in the view—we can hardly call it a description—which, in “The Monastery,” he gives us of the river toll-house and the surly bridge ward!

Now we doubt not that most readers will say that nothing can be easier than descriptive writing; but we would only entreat them, in order that they may effectually be undeceived, just to make the trial. To make pictures like Scott’s, which shall be free from the dryness of technical detail, and at the same time give a representation as exact as an engineer’s plan; which shall combine the description of the poet with the specification of the architect, and be to the romance reader what the map is to the historical student tracing the movements of an army;—*this* requires qualifications of a very rare order—qualifications which were probably *never* found in *another* writer in an equal degree. A similar but inferior instance may be noticed in the description of the house and grounds of Sir Francis Tyrrell, by James, in his novel, “The Bitter Blood;” but this clear and lucid kind of picture-writing is not to be found in Ingeman, and the parts of his works where it is most needed are therefore particularly misty;—take, for example, the portion of “King Eric and the Outlaws,” in which is related the attack made by the king on the castle of Kallundborg; we have, indeed, a castle, and a trap-door, a moat, and a subterraneous entrance,—but the whole picture is misty, and will suit Dublin Castle, or Carisbrook Castle, as well as the



one at Kallundborg. Hence one source of the manifest inferiority of the Danish to the British romancer. Again—a point of similarity between the two is thus stated by the editor of “Waldemar,” in his preface:—

“Both delight to let their characters, in a manner, display themselves,—to make them speak, that we may know them; and both possess the dramatic power required for this purpose, in the highest degree.”

Here he is too favourable to his Danish original. Ingeman possesses it, but not in the highest degree; he has not the “*ars celare artem*,” he first describes the character, and then makes a dialogue not necessary for the story, in order to verify his description. We have an instance at hand; it is that of Marsk or Marshal Oluffsen:—

“Marsk Niels Oluffsen, who rode at the king’s left hand, was a tall strong-built man of about thirty years and upwards, with a sharp, rough, warrior-like countenance, and stiff deportment. Next to Drost Aagé he was the king’s most indispensable counsellor, and was an exceedingly brave and doughty knight; but there was a tinge of haughtiness and severity in his looks and manner, which frequently aroused the feelings of independence, and wounded the self-love of his inferiors; even the king and Drost Aagé, who were fully his equals in knightly prowess, and far surpassed him in tact and talent, often felt unpleasantly repulsed by his rough and blunt bearing, of which he was himself so unconscious, that nothing astonished him more than whenever his uncouth roughness and self-confidence drove friends as well as enemies from him.”—*King Eric and the Outlaws*, p. 55.

Now after this we have the deeds of this renowned warrior, very nearly the same in the romance as in the history, but his discourses are constructed on the plan laid down in the last two or three lines. Like a certain clergyman, who being asked by Prince Eugene whether he had ever been in Paris, and who replied that he was there when his Highness’s mother was executed—the valiant marshal always speaks “*à tort et à travers*,”—shocks every body, insults every body, and then opens his eyes in sheer amazement that people should be so very silly and captious—*exempli gratia*:—

“It was the unfortunate St. Cecilia’s day, which yearly brought with it to the king bitter recollections of the dreadful murder of his father at Finnerup. Marsk Oluffsen appeared not to remember what day it was; he jested merrily, after his fashion, with the German and Swedish guests, and lauded the pious and frugal manner in which King Birger’s tutor, a certain Karl Tydske (i. e. Karl the German), had a few years since restored his young sovereign to health, viz. by making the same vow to three saints at once, and afterwards by drawing lots to determine to which of the good saints the vow should be

kept. 'I have since wondered,' said the Marsk, laughing, 'whether the victory over the Kareles was thrown into the bargain, and was one of St. Eric's miracles; if so, I must acknowledge that Karl Tydsker was worth his weight in gold.' By this unlucky jest, the Marsk wounded at the same time the national pride of both his German and Swedish companions, without appearing himself in the least to perceive it."

One of these companions was a German, and was offended at the slighting way in which Karl Tydsker had been spoken of; and the other was the distinguished General Thorkild Knudson, or Canuteson, who had gained the victory over the Kareles here alluded to. On their showing the manner in which they felt the marshal's miscalculated observations, the gallant commander replies as follows:—

" 'By all the martyrs,' exclaimed the Marsk, with wide-oped eyes and crimson cheeks, 'who ever thought of offending either you or the brave Count Henrik? By my soul, I understand ye not!' he continued, in an impatient tone. 'Were my brains as dull as other people, I should be badly off indeed!'"

In fact, this gentleman seems to realize the anecdote related by the facetious Joseph Miller, of an unfortunate person who could not open his mouth without putting *his foot* in it. Scarcely have his auditors recovered their tempers, when he again discomposes them by saying about Stig, or Stigot—

" 'Truly I believe neither Germany nor Sweden could boast of one like him.'—'It is true, we cannot boast of so highly esteemed a regicide,' said Count Henrik, in an offended tone. 'I desire not to rival his fame.'—'But, by all the martyrs! what is the matter now?' exclaimed the astounded Marsk."

Another example: The king at some festive occasion required a song of the Marsk. We do not preserve the custom in our days; the queen does not call on *the* duke for a song after dinner, and therefore the duke has no occasion to plead that his voice is not in tune, and that he has a bad cold; but King Eric did call on Field Marshal Oluffsen, and the field marshal replies—but let us have it in the words of the narrator:

" 'Now, Marsk Oluffsen! do you sing of our warriors and heroes,' said the king; 'but have a care you do not split the good arches here in our hall—I know your voice well.'—'I would rather fight than sing songs for you, my liege,' answered the Marsk;—'they say I sing like a growling bear; but if you desire it, I will willingly growl you out a song.' He then cleared his throat and began in a bass voice, as deep and hollow as from an abyss:—

' It was young Ulf van Iern,  
Unto the king went he,  
My father's death for to avenge,  
Your men will you lend me? '

'Silence,' exclaimed the king, stamping vehemently on the floor.—The Marsk was silent, and stared at him in astonishment. 'What are ye thinking of, Sir Marsk?—would you remind the king of his father's death?' whispered Count Henrik in his ear. 'By all the martyrs! who ever thought of that?' said the Marsk, and hastily withdrew.'

We might easily multiply examples; but what we have given will amply justify our criticism. Sir Pallé, the chamberlain of the Yunker Christopher, is another personage whose character and conversation are in like manner made to match, and yet these are both privy councillors of princes! We may safely defy the most rigid critic to produce *similar* instances from Scott, of this "*dramatic power in the highest degree.*"

Of the two books before us, we in every respect prefer "*Waldemar*;" and the reason is, that the real history of that prince was more stirring, his actions more extensive in their consequences, and his whole reign more important in its results as well to Europe at large as to his own kingdom; the character and death of his Queen Berengaria, too, fling an additional character of romance over the history of Waldemar the Victorious; and the introduction of Karl Risé as a kind of secondary hero, brings the work more within the category which includes the novels of Scott and James. It opens with a calm and pleasing picture of conventual life, and takes the reader at once into the cell and into the intimacy of Saxo Grammaticus, the illustrious historian of the North. While in his "vaulted chamber, commonly called the Bishop's Chamber," in the monastery of Soroë, where he finished his "*Historiæ Danicæ*," he is interrupted—welcomely interrupted—in his studies by the appearance of three travellers,—the Archbishop Andreas Suneson, Brother Gunner, and a physician, by name Master Henrik Harpæstræng. With them they bring a youth of noble birth, but impoverished fortunes, Karl Risé, the son of the late lord of Karisé, whom the archbishop intended for the church, but within whose youthful bosom stirred so strong a feeling of the honours gained by his warlike ancestors, that he himself had no desire to change the sword for the cowl,—the possible baton of the marsk for the probable mitre of the bishop. The conference between the sages is not introduced solely for the purpose of character-drawing, but it contains hints which are worked out in the volumes which they commence. Saxo, who is far from an unbeliever in starry influences over mundane affairs, remarks, that the planets which rule the destiny of Waldemar, the youthful sovereign of Denmark, already called Seir, or the Victorious, are by no means of a purely benign tendency; and declares that he could not bring his mind to continue his chronicle to the death of King Knud (Canute VI.),

the brother and predecessor of Waldemar, for that he "of a surety died not of the plague, but by poison." The portion of the dialogue which follows is finely imagined, and we would willingly, did our limits admit, extract the whole of it. Saxo prevents any suspicion from falling upon Waldemar, and adds :

"God forbid that any Christian should think a brother's hand, or a Danish heart, took part in the foul deed ! But God forbid also that my tongue should name the name now in my mind, save only to him who under the seal of the holy confessional shall hear my last and most secret thoughts !"

To the entreaties of the archbishop and his companions that he would not allow the murderers of the king to escape,—of a king, too, so pious, that he was emphatically dignified by the title of Holy,—Saxo replies that he has no positive evidence, and continues :—

"There are, perhaps, but two men in the world who could bear any certain witness in this matter ;—the one I dare not mention save in the confessional ; and he himself doubtless will keep the secret till the last day : the other is a man whose name and abode I know not ; but this I know, he is more like a supernatural than a human being. I have seen him once, and once only ; but I can never forget him."

And here, before we proceed to relate the appearance of this mysterious personage to the great northern historian, let us pause a moment, and remind our readers of the parallel which we have proposed to establish, and request of them to take down the volumes of "*The Monastery*," or, at all events, to recall the chief events of that singular romance to their minds. A remarkable resemblance will be found between Scott and Ingeman, in their love of the marvellous : the one, however, was restrained by the already decided matter-of-fact taste of his countrymen from indulging his bent in that direction ; the only instance in prose in which he gave a loose to his inclination for the supernatural, was by no means well received ; and yet, if there is one of the *Waverley Novels* in which exquisite delineation of character, and a power of depicting scenery, not almost, but altogether, unrivalled, be fully displayed, we must make that claim for "*The Monastery*." Scott lived in an atmosphere of fairy romance. Every spring, every forest, every fell, and every river, was to his creative eye peopled with spirits of power and beauty ; not a breath could pass over meadow or ravine, but it brought to him songs or sighs from no human lips ; and the wild stern mythology

of Scandinavia has laid a grasp equally mighty upon the imagination of Ingeman. He, however, has felt himself at liberty to write as his genius prompted him; and considering the plan which he has laid down for the treatment of his mortal characters, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that he *has* done so. The simple solemnity of the ancient Sagas is thus revived in his writings; and the reception they have met with from the Danish public proved that he was right. It might be a useful and interesting disquisition, were we to endeavour to ascertain *why* that which has been so successful in Denmark, should, when attempted by a far mightier magician among ourselves, have so signally failed. Why, also, that which will not be allowed in prose, should be well received in ballad-verse; and why "*Zanoni*" should be the most acceptable of Bulwer's works, while "*The Monastery*" is the least so of Scott's. And, indeed, while we cannot pursue the inquiry as we could wish, we feel strongly impelled to indicate what we imagine will be found the chief reasons for these apparent anomalies. And first, the nineteenth century in England is not precisely the same age as the nineteenth century in Denmark. We live among rail-roads and balloons, diving bells, spinning-jennies, and political economists. We have reformed parliaments and perpetual agitation, and right honourable expediency-mongers; and no voice can be heard among us save the brazen voice of some vast idol. Now, it is the *vox populi*, falsely claiming to be the *vox DEI*; and it bellows to us about the masses, and the corn laws, and universal suffrage. Now, it is the voice of the many-headed mammon, speaking ever from ten thousand factories and warehouses, and counting-houses and shops, and drowning in its unintermitting roar the still small voice of ground-down and suffering humanity: and ever and anon mingles therewith the shrill tones of polemic theology, and the loftiest and most sacred subjects are ever the most profaned, and *Charlotte Elizabeth* and "*The Record*" newspaper rail jointly and severally against St. Augustine and the Visible Church, St. Polycarp and the Apostolical Succession. All these are but the characteristics of a debased and materialized age; an age of conceit and arrogance, of rationalism and unbelief. But among the most favourable signs of the times, we must not forget to notice, with thankfulness to God, that there is arising a better spirit among us. And a love is slowly awakening amidst our vast population, at once for the highest description of art and the highest description of virtue, for poetry, and philosophy, for calm, humble, reverent theology, and for the poor of Christ's

CHURCH. And as this spirit advances, we shall the more readily admit, and more cheerfully, too, the great truth that the poet tells us:—

“ Myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth  
Unseen.”

It is, perhaps, the advance of this “*mens diviniore*” which has rendered that most remarkable work, “*Zanoni*,” so acceptable. It could not succeed in America, or in our own manufacturing districts, for it breathes a purer and loftier philosophy than Mammon can tolerate; but we do not, cannot, give Sir Edward the credit of all this: the same mind could not have moulded “*Pelham*,” and “*Arbaces*,” and “*Zanoni*.” The very merits of the former preclude it; and we can only look upon Bulwer as Pythonizing, uttering the information of another on a theme which he himself comprehends not. The “*Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*” can have no sympathy with the “*Communion of Saints*.” Nor is the man who fancies himself noble in spirit, because his heart responds to the strain of Alcæus, *therefore* able to penetrate the solemn mysteries of mightier than Æschylus.

There is a divine afflatus upon us; and amidst many errors, and many stumblings, our age is yet putting forth a hand into the depths of the spiritual, seeking to grasp those treasures of thought which lie beyond the sphere of the worldling, and which are but partially revealed to us by those grander intelligences of humanity, among whom Plato and Dante and Aquinas stand as princes. And here the name of the mighty Florentine would lead us on into an endless maze; we might compare him with Goëthe, and exhibit the latter as an incarnation of the last century’s genius, a poet with whom it could wholly sympathize, but from whom our sympathies, yearning after higher things, are already departing. We might note the decline of Milton’s influence among us of late years, an influence never so small as now, and prove that the same cause has lessened our confidence in the highly gifted poet, but the bad politician, the bad theologian, and the bad philosopher. Milton, in spite of all appearances here and there to the contrary, was a worshipper of the human intellect, a rationalist at heart; and what is worse, it is by the *faults* of his intellect, by the errors of his judgment, and by the unsoundness of his arguments, that we are placed in a position to say so.

Now in Denmark, that spirit which is thus returning upon us, has not passed away, and the ancient poetry, the wild romantic sagas, full of supernatural imagery, are still, and will,

we trust, ever remain popular. The love of the marvellous, which characterizes Ingeman, characterizes also Ingeman's countrymen; and the book is not the less agreeable to a Danish reader, which tells of a miraculously gained battle, or a wonder-working saint, the tower of a magician, or the visions of a recluse. And now return we to Waldemar, whom we have left waiting a long while. After this wise is the death of Knud VI. (why not call him *Canute*?—he wrote his name Cnut, and Knud is certainly both more distant and more barbarous than Canute). After this wise, we say, is the death of Canute VI. related by Saxo.

“All I can, or dare say here, is this:—On the night in which the king died so suddenly, I was sitting alone in this cell with my history before me, and recording the events of Bishop Waldemar's and Duke Adolph's imprisonment, and, in my zeal for King Canute's merits, said perhaps a word or too more than I liked on cooler consideration. This made me restless and uneasy, and I began to erase what I had written. While I was thus employed, the stories I had heard in my childhood, of forebodings, warnings and supernatural events, crowded upon my fancy. In this excited state of mind I saw the flame of the lamp waving unsteadily, in the same way as when ye, noble sirs, came in and surprised me just now; and I thought I heard at the same time the door open gently behind me, (I was sitting with my back to the door, as is my custom); I did not look around, for a peculiar dread had possessed my soul, and overwhelmed me in the loneliness of the midnight; I was soon, however, thoroughly convinced that I was no longer alone, and that there must be some one standing close to my chair, for I felt as it were a cold breathing on my neck, and saw a strange shadow moving on the wall. I took courage at last, seized the lamp, and turned round suddenly to see who disturbed me at so late an hour; but I nearly let the lamp fall, in my terror, when I saw just opposite an old man, with a sallow, wrinkled and withered face, wild air and dim glassy eyes, which stared fixedly on me, his little crooked figure supported by a crutch, and habited in the dress of a mountain dwarf. ‘Why dost thou not write? Write,’ said he, in a hoarse inarticulate voice, ‘this night dies the first born son of the great Waldemar; *what* he dies of is known only to me and to one beside in the world.’ He here made frightful gestures as of one drinking, and then dying in the agonies of cramp, and he muttered a name which I both heard and knew, but which, nevertheless, I dare not utter before any earthly tribunal. ‘Whence knowest thou this?’ I fain would have asked, but my lips were unable to utter a syllable.’ The old man's features grew calm again suddenly, and assumed a noble and almost a prophetic expression. ‘A new light,’ said he, ‘will rise over Denmark, far greater than that which this night puts out; the star shines brightly in the Lion's eye, but the Archer and the Virgin threaten it.’ Here his counte-

nance again became frightful. 'Hold fast fortune while yet you may; the eye of the black seer looks sinister on the tree of Waldemar, and the hand which lopped its leading branch doth not yet moulder in the grave.' So saying, he drew upright his bent form, and it seemed to my astonished eyes as though the little crooked man had grown into a giant. I sunk back in my chair senseless, and when I awoke there was no sight or trace of my mysterious visitor."

This strange dwarf reappears upon the stage again and again, and is in fact the supernatural element in the story; and it is chiefly on that account that we have made so long an extract as the preceding. While the conversation proceeds between Saxo and his illustrious guests, a sound is heard as of the clashing of armour, and a knightly suit advances towards them; their awe, however, and astonishment is changed into laughter, when the armour tumbles asunder, and the boy, Karl Risé, makes his appearance from the midst. This additional proof of his devotion to a warlike life is not unnoticed by the historian, and the youth is by him destined to the profession of arms. For this purpose he intends to introduce him into the household of Albert, count of Nord Albingien, one of the most celebrated warriors of the time; he allows the youth to watch for a night in the chapel of the monastery, and is only prevented by death from becoming a second father to the unfortunate orphan. The death of Saxo is a scene full of power and pathos, and is rendered dramatically important by an attempt on the part of the dying historian to reveal to his friend and confessor, Peter, bishop of Roskild, the weighty secret to which he had before alluded. The prelate, however, who was rather deaf, failed to catch the accents of the dying man, and the confession intended only for the episcopal ear was revealed to the youth, Karl Risé, who was, unknown to the bishop, watching beside the death-bed of his master.

" 'I shall soon be eleven years old,' said the boy in answer to some questioner; 'but I have found out that one may grow older in a single hour than in ten years,—therefore ask me no more about my age.' "

The extinction of a lamp of learning in a dark age could not fail to be felt deeply by those who knew how to prize its light; and the grief of the bishop, Peter, is thus by a few simple touches of nature contrasted with the feelings of his faithful attendant, the lay brother, Martin.

"Bishop Peter shut himself up for several days in his own private apartment, admitting no one but the old servant, against whom, in the depth of his grief, he never once flew out, or vented a reproachful sen-



tence. (Be it remembered that Peter, bishop of Roskild, was one of the most passionate and irascible men of his day.) The faithful Martin, who knew his master's temperament, took alarm at his unwonted tranquillity and depression, and purposely committed mistakes while waiting on him, without, however, succeeding in drawing down on himself one hasty reproof. 'The old canon from Soroë is to be buried to-day,' said Martin, as on the morning of the eighth day after Saxo's death he placed before the bishop his ale-caudle. 'All the young canons are to carry the bier, and the streets are strewn with box and periwinkle all over the city. Why here's as much parade and pomp as though it were a bishop they were burying, and all the while he was nothing more than a poor writer and priest.'—'Ignorant fool,' cried the bishop in great wrath, overturning the bowl which contained the caudle; 'hast thou no notion of what a man he was, and that one such writer is of more value than ten bishops. At least, thou mayst see that I, and all men of learning in the place, feel that we have lost a father, and mourn for him as though he had been an archbishop or a king.'—'As to that,' resumed Martin, (rejoiced to see his master again with something of his wonted animation, while he replaced the cup which the bishop had overturned, and endeavoured to save some part of its contents,) 'as to that, my lord bishop, you sorrow much more now than you did when the late archbishop—what *was* his name? died down yonder, at Soroë.'—'Absolom—the great Absolom,' thundered the bishop, stamping with his foot. 'Thou cold unfeeling log, hast thou already forgotten so great a name; if a great man's memory be not thought more of by the people, by Heaven, they deserve to perish!'—'Right, it *was* Archbishop Absolom,' answered Martin quietly, but with tears in his eyes, as he wiped up the ale with his sleeve.—'When *he* died you called me a log the first day; but now a whole week has clear gone since the death of his secretary, before you could recollect that I was a stupid and hard-hearted log.'—'My faithful old Martin,' said the bishop, much moved, and pressing his hand; 'I see thy purpose; thou knowest my temper, and wouldst rather see me wroth than downcast. I did thee shameful injustice when I called thee dull and unfeeling: well, be it so. Thou art right, I will no longer sit here bowed to the ground, and give way to useless sorrow—I will rouse myself and give utterance to my feelings at his grave—I will render thanks unto God for what he gave us in him, and no longer sit with folded arms. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

After the funeral of Saxo, the boy, Karl, is strangely introduced into the family of the Count Albert of Nord Albigen, by the little daughter of that noble. His wishes for a military life are now accomplished, and his future career highly successful. The romance reader will naturally look for love passages between persons situated as Karl and Rigmor, nor will he or she be disappointed. But we must bear in mind that

Waldemar the Victorious is the hero of the romance, and soon is the reader introduced to that renowned prince.

“ But no crown was needed to distinguish the son of the great Waldemar : his eagle eye, dark brown and almost black, already possessed that commanding glance which awes into subjection in spite of the will ; and his high and open forehead, yet unwrinkled by care, seemed, with its proud and beautiful arch, to be a fit dwelling for the loftiest and most kingly thoughts, while two flexible furrows between his eyes betrayed the impetuous energy with which he carried through his determinations. He was now, however, sitting calm and cheerful at the board, in the every day dress in which he is usually painted : a white collar round his neck, a short doublet of white silk quilted with cotton, and ornamented at the wrists with small buttons and gold embroidery, a small swordbelt was fastened tight about his waist, with a gold clasp, so that the doublet swelled out upon the breast like a cuirass ; the remainder of his dress was a pair of short loose drawers of black velvet, striped with a hand's breadth of gold lace all down, white stockings, and shoes with broad bows of ribbon.”

Such was the personal appearance and such the attire, drawn with the accuracy of Strutt, of the second Waldemar ; but, although this passage occurs at p. 162 of the first volume, the author has already found time to speak about the important confraternity of St. Canute, one of the most powerful guilds of the period, and to introduce thus an important piece of information :—

“ The aged Ludolf professed himself honoured and delighted in being able to acquaint Count Albert with the laws and customs of the guild, which, he said, were no longer kept secret ; and which had for their object nothing more than the common safety and defence in an age of disturbance and insecurity. He took especial care to explain that they had no political object in view, and that the members of the corporation were true and loyal subjects of the king. He succeeded completely in impressing this on the mind of Count Albert, who said he would willingly, when an opportunity presented itself, become a member of such a fraternity, into which all true friends to their country were admissible, whether knight or burgher ; for he clearly saw that such bodies, supported by persons of rank and influence, might be rallying points for the loyal in the heart-rending times of civil strife and discord. The guests met with friendly and open-hearted hospitality at the guild house. The elderly burghers, in half monkish-hooded cloaks, received them without questioning them as to their name and rank. ‘ What is the name of Denmark's lawful sovereign in the sight of God and man ? ’ was the sole query addressed by the elder of the two to each guest as he entered ; and on receiving the answer ‘ Waldemar Waldemanson,’ they were instantly ushered into the spacious reception cham-

ber, where many of the brethren were assembled, and served with ale, mead, and salted meat ; both before and after the repast, a short mass was chaunted ; and while they were at table, cups were pledged to the honour of St. Canute, the Virgin, and the King. The travellers saw nothing further of the usages of the guild, for, as strangers, they could not be admitted into the great hall of assembly."

Besides this slight sketch, which is in itself valuable, there is an account of a very *piquant* scandal of the thirteenth century, and an introduction to the Lady Helena, the beautiful, but somewhat suspect widow of Esbern Snaré, the great marshal of the great Waldemar. The banquet, in the romance, is made instrumental to the marriage of the king to Margaret of Bohemia, whose portrait is placed in his hands by a knight of the Teutonic order, then and there present. This marriage shortly after was accomplished, and the queen, for her beauty and good qualities surnamed Dagmar, or Day-break, proved in every respect a blessing to the country of her lord. But while the negotiations for this alliance were proceeding, the king is represented by Ingeman as having, at the court of Henrick, count of Schwerin, met with Berengaria, the daughter of Sanchez, king of Portugal, and sister of Ferdinand, count of Flanders. For this interview there is no sufficient authority ; but by his judicious management of it, and of its consequences, Ingeman has made it one of the most valuable parts of his romance. Struck with the rich and voluptuous beauty of the Portuguese princess, the king seeks, if not too late, to break off his negotiations with Primislaus, the king of Bohemia ; but finding that the proposition had been already made in his name and accepted, he resigns himself to his fate, and makes, in the romance, as he did in reality, an exemplary husband to his beautiful queen. In the meantime we have an account of the wars in which Waldemar was engaged on behalf of Otho in Germany, and of the gradual advance of his military reputation. Nor is Karl Risé forgotten ; he becomes an esquire, and a knight, and an accomplished warrior : what, too, is of more moment to the tale, he is secretly beloved by Rigmor, the daughter of Count Albert. If the course of true love *never* did run smooth, it could hardly be expected to vary from the general rule in the case of an attachment so unequal as this : and the love, therefore, of Karl for Rigmor, and of the Count Otto for Kyrstine (Christina), sister of Karl, makes no small part of the domestic interest of the book. But the character, into the delineation of which Ingeman has thrown the most power and enthusiasm, is unquestionably the terrible and unprincipled Waldemar, bishop of Slesvig. Of royal birth, and having, as

he fancied, some rights even upon the crown of Denmark, he had become a dangerous and factious subject, and had, for his rebellious practices, been imprisoned by Canute VI., the predecessor of Waldemar, in the tower of Sjöberg. Of great talents, and greater ambition, Waldemar of Slesvig was by no means a man to be looked on with indifference; and his influence for evil, great as it was towards his country, would have been much more extensive had it not been for his furious temper. He was subject to paroxysms of rage, which rendered him for the time more like a wild beast than a rational being; and as he was holden back by no feelings of conscientiousness from the execution of his well and deeply laid plans, however treasonable they might be, the king, who well understood the character of his kinsman, had determined to keep him in confinement. He allowed himself, however, to be seduced into an ill-timed and injudicious act of lenity by the entreaties of Dagmar, and her accession witnessed the removal of the burdens previously laid on the peasantry, and the liberation of the fiercest and most unscrupulous enemy to the king and people of Denmark. His sister, Jutta, duchess of Saxony, came to Sjöberg, to receive him when he left his prison; and, as may well be imagined, Ingeman has seized so fine an opportunity for dramatic effect. The captive prelate had allowed his hair, beard, and nails to grow; and having been once or twice visited, had grown impatient and more irritable than usual.

“As was generally the case after these fierce bursts of anger and revenge, the unhappy captive sunk into a silent and melancholy mood; and while it lasted none could approach him but at the peril of their lives. He was, however, roused from this state of torpor by the unusual sound of the tramp of horses in the castle yard. He rose in anger, looked through the grating, and saw a long train of knights and ladies ride into the deserted court, where the seneschal ran restlessly to and fro, and greeted them in an obsequious and cringing manner. ‘Hath it become the fashion at court to journey to Sjöberg to see the second Nebuchadnezzar?’ murmured the bishop, drawing back his head hastily from the grating; ‘they shall not enjoy the triumph of looking on my miserable aspect.’ He then stooped, and with great difficulty rolled a heavy loose flag-stone before the door. It was not long before the jingling of keys and the drawing of bolts were heard, and the door was presently half pushed open. ‘Who is there?’ cried the prisoner in a terrific voice; ‘I will see no one. I will not be made a show of like an imprisoned bear. The first who crosses my threshold I will tear to pieces with my raven claws.’ ‘Here is a noble knight from Ribé, who brings you good news thence, my lord bishop,’ said the seneschal, in a far more courteous

tone than usual. 'He hath brought you important letters from the king and the pope.' 'To the pope's message I open the door, not to the king's,' answered the prisoner, rolling away the stone. 'The pope's message will be of small use to you without the king's,' said Yunker Strangé, as he entered; but when he beheld the person he addressed, he fell back a pace in consternation. 'God's mercy! can you be Bishop Waldemar?' said he. 'Had my king seen you thus, you would not have been here so long. I am come to announce to you that you are free,' he continued, handing the bishop the king's written order for his liberation. A gleam of pleasure lighted up the dark visage of the captive for a moment, but it vanished when his eye caught the king's signature and seal. 'Give it to the hangman there,' said he, pointing to the seneschal, who stood in fear at the half-opened door, 'he is more fit than I to receive orders from your king; but let us see what says the holy father,—he alone is my master and superior in this world.' Yunker Strangé handed him the pope's letter, in which the captive bishop was threatened with the pope's ban in case he did not repair to Rome immediately after his liberation, and abstain from all alliance with the king's enemies. 'Are these, then, the conditions,' said the bishop, bitterly? 'Herod and Pilate are become friends!'"

At length he promises obedience, though in a manner which renders it but too certain that his quietude would be of no long duration: such as his promise was, however, with it they were perforce obliged to rest content, and Yunker Strangé then informs the captive that his sister, the duchess of Saxony, has come to receive him.

" 'My sister Jutta!' exclaimed the bishop,—and for a moment his anger seemed completely to have vanished. 'There is then one human being left who still cares for me. Where is she? I will see her.'— 'But not in this plight, my lord bishop,' objected Yunker Strangé, placing himself against the door, to prevent his passing; 'you will alarm her. Have ye no other garments? At any rate, trim your hair and nails in a more Christian fashion.' 'No! no! thus, even thus, shall she see me; in the plight to which ye have reduced me, shall Duke Bernhard's consort see me, that she may bear witness before the princes of Germany, how they treat in Denmark a royal prelate and a consecrated Christian bishop.' So saying, the impetuous bishop pushed both Yunker Strangé and the seneschal aside, and darted like a madman out of the door. When he came out of the tower and breathed the fresh air in the castle-yard, he beheld his sister running pale and breathless to meet him, and he fell, exhausted and senseless, to the ground. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself on a bench in the castle entrance-hall, in the arms of his sorrowing sister. 'Brother! my poor, ill-used brother,' moaned the elderly and care-worn duchess, while she wept and wrung her emaciated hands, so that the

gold rings dropped from her fingers on the floor. 'Is it thus I see thee again?'—'Jutta, is it thou?' said the bishop, making an effort to rise. 'Yes—but *thou* canst hardly know me;—look at me well, and let not this image of misery be blotted from thy remembrance till this seven years' reckoning be paid, which is scored in gall and wormwood.'—'Alas! compose thyself, dear brother,' said the sorrowing duchess, handing him, tremblingly; a cup of wine, which Yunker Strangé had ordered to be brought. 'Compose thyself, my poor brother, and let us quit this abode of misery for ever.' She then took a small gold comb out of her side pocket, and smoothed his hair and beard, shedding tears the while, as we still read in the old ballad. 'Weep not for me, my dear sister,' said the bishop, half aloud, endeavouring to soothe her; 'if I live, and am well another year, I shall amply have avenged my cause.'—'Alas!' speak not thus, whispered the duchess, anxiously; 'if thou comest again to Sjöberg Tower, I shall never see thee more.'"

The fears expressed by the king as to the promise made by the bishop were but too well founded; no sooner had this able and astute prelate recovered his health, than he appeared again in the field as a knight, and made use of his undoubted military skill, as well as his diplomatic talents, against Waldemar. The mode in which he caused Waldemar's ambassador, Bishop Peter, of Roskild, himself a diplomatist and commander of no inconsiderable note, to be waylaid on his way to Rome, is well described; and the subsequent operations of the war in Germany form the staple of the latter portion of the romance. There are, however, two points which deserve particular notice: the one is the meeting, the second meeting, of Waldemar with Berengaria; and the other is the death of that princess; who be it, by the way, remembered was the third wife of the Danish sovereign. It was at the court of Count Henrik of Schwerin that Waldemar had first seen the beautiful Portuguese. At the same court was it that he beheld her again. He had been calling back to his recollection his former meeting with her, and

"Engrossed with these thoughts, Waldemar opened the door which led into the castle-garden, and wandered on . . . towards an open mausoleum, where a lamp was burning before an image of the virgin. He entered, and found himself surrounded by massive marble tombs, bearing effigies, escutcheons, and inscriptions. He saw from the armorial bearings that this must have been the burying place of the former counts of Flanders. He stopped to read the inscription placed in honour of the celebrated Baldwin, by his son-in-law, Count Ferdinand. He was styled there, the Great Champion of the Cross, Count of Flanders and Emperor of Constantinople. Waldemar looked with in-

terest on the empty tomb of the great hero, who, he knew, was not interred in that spot. 'What, after all, is the greatness and glory of this world?' said he, turning to leave the vault, when his attention was attracted by the sight of a splendid marble sarcophagus on which the light of the lamp fell the strongest. He drew near, and saw a tall female figure, the size of life, carved upon it. With amazement he recognised the dress in which he had first seen the Princess Berengaria; the tall erect figure was hers also; but a shadow from the candelabra fell upon the countenance, and hindered him from seeing it distinctly. Pale with apprehension, he took, with a trembling hand, the lamp from the image of the Virgin, and cast the light upon the marble figure; he saw a faint resemblance to the Princess Berengaria's beautiful face, and a deep painful sigh escaped him—his limbs trembled—and with fixed and anxious eyes he read the following inscription:—

BERENGARIA, PRINCESS OF PORTUGAL,  
Born, A.D. 1190. Died, —.

He saw no more; the lamp dropped from his trembling hand, and was extinguished; he threw himself upon the marble form, and bedewed it with burning tears. On recovering his senses, he groped his way in silence through the dark chapel, till he found an opening through which the moon shone brightly. He felt as if the whole world lay dead around him, and he alone remained alive among the graves. He scarcely knew whither his feet carried him; but he was roused at length from his stupor by the sound of a harp, and of a beautiful female voice singing with a bitterness and melancholy,

Ieg dræmte Ieg var i Hemmerig  
Udi dem favre Dye;  
Ieg havde min kærest in min arm,  
Vi fulde gjennen den Skye.\*

"Waldemar remembered the old Danish ballad, which he himself had taught to Berengaria; he also recognised the sweet voice. 'Berengaria, Berengaria,' cried Waldemar with transport, 'thou livest;' and rushed into an open summerhouse, in which a female form was

\* This is a passage from the dream of Hagbart, the lover of Signé, which the party to whom it was addressed could not himself understand till it was explained to him, for *which* reason, oddly enough, Miss Chapman allows the passage to remain untranslated in the text; and adds the translation in a note at the end of the volume;—it is not very literal. Hagbart says:—

"I dreamed I was in that fair realm  
Where light and glory dwell;  
I had my dearest in my arms  
When through the clouds we fell!"

The fairy king's daughter thus explains its meaning:—

"Wert thou in heaven?—then in thine arms  
A lovely maid shall lie.  
Didst fall from heaven?—then of a truth  
That lovely maid shall die.

KÆMPEVISER, *Hafbar og Signé.*

seated at a harp in the bright moonlight. She arose, and advanced silently towards him. 'Dost thou,' exclaimed he, extending his arms towards her,—'dost thou then live and love me still? Then neither the living nor the dead shall part us more!'—'Waldemar! proud, faithless Waldemar,' said the beautiful princess, drawing back, 'I have hated thee to the death, and yet I love thee still. I have renounced the world for thy sake; my coffin stood ready to receive me; I resolved never to see thee more—and yet thine I am—thine for ever!'"

The king took no notice of his discovery to the treacherous count of Schwerin, but took measures to secure the person of Berengaria; and frustrated a most diabolical scheme of the outlawed and excommunicated bishop of Slesvig to carry her off *in transitu*. From the time of his marriage with this princess,—one of the most noble-minded, as well as the most beautiful of her time,—the character of Waldemar became more lofty, and at the same time more ambitious. She accompanied him in more than one campaign; and it is said that on one occasion an arrow was found to have penetrated her robes, having upon it the ominous inscription—I HAVE BRETHREN. Berengaria was exceedingly unpopular with the Danish people, because it was supposed, and probably not altogether without reason, that by her advice and encouragement Waldemar pursued a course of conquest which certainly rendered a heavy taxation necessary; and as by the removal of the plough tax (the plog-penning), Dagmar, who was the instrument thereof, had acquired the love of the people at large, so by the reimposition of it did Berengaria incur their detestation. She entertained also a very considerable incredulity as to modern miracles, a most heretical hatred of *pious frauds*,—and by these *untimely, most untimely* scruples, she lost the confidence of the clergy; while at the same time, from her evident desire, and as evident ability, to support the throne of her husband, and to strengthen the already increasing power of the crown, she was looked upon with a jealous eye by the chief nobility. These elements of unpopularity were not without their effect. Ballads and songs were made to her discredit; and even the presence of Waldemar himself, honoured and beloved as he was, was not always sufficient to secure his consort from open insult. It is said that she was slain by an arrow in the sight of the king; but some writers place this melancholy event in Livonia, at or after the battle of Wolmar; others at Ribé, on the return of the army to Denmark. The latter version is adopted by Ingeman, and a very striking and effective scene does he depict: some chorus of one of the ballads before alluded to had reached the ear of Waldemar, who, knowing the cause, at once addressed the assembled multitudes, and



pointed out that to himself was every unpopular act to be attributed.

“ ‘ And see, my brave Danes, in the person of your queen came happiness and victory, joy and gladness, might and fame, to Denmark’s sovereign. She followed me undismayed among a host of deadly foes ; each Danish warrior who looked on her became invincible, but Denmark’s foes turned pale and fled ; and will ye refuse to honour such a queen ? ’ — ‘ Long live the queen, long live the king, ’ was shouted on all sides by a thousand voices. ‘ Thanks, my Waldemar, ’ whispered Berengaria, and drew the veil from her fair features, on which signs of deep emotion were visible ; ‘ I owe to thee the first kindly salutation I have heard from thy people. The Lord and our Lady grant that it be not the last ! ’ Hardly had she said this, when the king heard a whizzing sound like that of an arrow close at his side ; he stretched out his arms towards Berengaria, who sank off the saddle into his arms. ‘ Murder ! murder ! treachery ! the queen is murdered ! ’ shouted a thousand voices, in tones of horror and dismay. Waldemar dismounted, and stood silent and pale, with the bleeding and insensible queen in his arms. A large rusty arrow was found in her fair bosom ; but no one saw whence it came. ‘ The judgment of God ! ’ murmured a few voices amongst the crowd ; but the exclamation of horror at the dreadful deed, and of compassion for the king’s unparalleled grief, overpowered the expressions of unfeeling animosity. The knights formed a close ring round the royal pair, while Master Harpæstræng examined the wound, and drew the arrow from the queen’s bosom ; a messenger was despatched to bring the royal car, but the wound was mortal ; and ere the car arrived, Berengaria lay dead in the arms of the distracted king.”

But one person remained who seemed not to partake in the general grief, and this was the former court-jester, Klaus Klumpé ; but the king was so absorbed that he neither noticed him nor any other object. When the car halted at length before the steps of the castle of Ribé, and the queen’s corse was about to be lifted out of it, the little deformity knelt down by the side of the car ; the cold, bloody hand of the queen fell from her bosom, as the attendants raised the body, on the withered face of the dwarf, who instantly started up with a thrilling shriek, rushed howling through the crowd, and threw himself over the iron railing into the deep well of the castle ; but amid the general horror and confusion, none heeded the movements of the mad dwarf. After this melancholy event, the character of Waldemar, always powerful and energetic, seemed to undergo another change : he applied himself indefatigably to public business, and to foreign conquest ; and if the domestic burdens were not decreased, at least the honour of Denmark suffered no diminution at his hand. But the cup of misfortune prepared for this illustrious prince was not yet full. Strange

as such an event may seem in these days, it is nevertheless a well-authenticated fact, that Waldemar the Victorious, the most active and sagacious prince of his time, was actually seized upon by his treacherous vassal, Henrik, count of Schwerin, after a hunting party, close to his own capital, and carried away into captivity, together with his eldest son. It appears that he was confined in a dungeon, first at Schwerin, and afterwards at Danneberg. It is indeed said by some writers, but it is not sufficiently established, that Henrik thus acted to avenge the seduction of his wife by Waldemar. On the other hand, the repeated acts of treachery towards the king committed by Henrik, his notoriously bad character, and his especial determination to render himself independent of the Danish crown, furnish us with motives enough for the abduction of the king, if possible, without any necessity for giving credit to an unsupported charge against a prince whose character for virtue stands very high. We are rather surprised, therefore, to find, in the preface to this book, the assertion, "that the motive of jealousy was suggested by Ingeman," whereas it is hinted at, though not supported, by Meursius and Pontanus, and Mallet and Des Roches. Be this, however, as it may, the king of Denmark was seized and conveyed to a dungeon on the 6th of May, 1223, and was not released till November, 1226. When he was at that period set at liberty, it was under a solemn engagement to attempt no revenge for the injuries which he had received, and to make no endeavour to recover the provinces of which he had been despoiled. Thus he was compelled to ratify all the unjust acquisitions of the treacherous Count Henrik, and to leave his children as hostages till a large ransom should be paid. It may easily be imagined how ill such conditions suited the fiery spirit of Waldemar the Victorious, but "*he bided his time.*" He collected the money for his ransom, he released his children, he laid in order his plans for a vigorous campaign, and he then applied, and applied successfully, to Rome, for a dispensation from his oath. But a little while before, and the star of the Danish king seemed altogether obscured. In prison himself, and his subjects knew not exactly where—his eldest and hopeful son, Waldemar, the companion of his captivity—his able and faithful general, Count Albert of Nord Albingen and Orlemunde, defeated and taken—his kingdom a prey to strangers, and a strong conspiracy formed to keep the family of Waldemar the Great from the throne of their ancestors. A few months, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed; and like Frederic of Prussia, but in a better cause, and with a nobler character, Waldemar had assembled around

him a large army, had commenced operations against his enemies, had obtained from the Pope a dispensation from his oath, and bade fair once more to vindicate his right to the title of Victorious. The issue of the campaign was, however, disastrous: the chief engagement cost the king an eye; and he was only saved from destruction by Count Adolph, the hereditary but generous enemy of his house. With his quiet remainder of life, his able internal government, his enlightened policy, and his careful legislation, the romance has little to do. It branches off at once into the marvellous and the mysterious; and if there be little to suit the taste of our own age and country, there is at all events much that illustrates the opinions and habits of mind common in earlier periods and more northern climes. In the mean time, Ingeman does not forget Karl Risé, and Rigmor, the daughter of Count Albert: they elope during the absence of her father on a crusade, and one or two beautiful pictures of their domestic felicity diversify the scenes of war and witchcraft which form the staple of the book. On the return of Count Albert, he, who has ever shown himself unforgiving, is induced in a most marvellous manner to pardon and acknowledge his son-in-law, and thus the romance of Waldemar the Victorious closes.

After the analysis which we have given, it is clear that we need enter into no further examination of this work. From the beginning to the end there has been one design, one hero; and it must be allowed that the one was worthy of the other. Had Waldemar been thrown into the form of an epic, it would hardly have ranked above Pye's "*Alfred*," and would have been to the full as unreadable; the necessity, or supposed necessity, of observing rules, which very rules are but gathered from successful rule despisers, could not but have operated fatally on a genius which abhors description, and is not very pre-eminent in invention. As it is, we have a well-chosen portion of history illuminated, if we may use such an expression—the customs and costumes reproduced in the pages of the annalist, and ourselves carried backwards by a gentle but yet powerful hand to the thirteenth century. Much, too, has been done by the style of our author. It is calm and somewhat melancholy, well suited to the high and constant religious feeling which Ingeman labours to excite and keep up in the reader's mind. Just as the grand and solemn march of Dante's versification carries the reader over many passages which would else appear undignified, so does the religious tranquillity of Ingeman keep out of sight much that would otherwise appear tame and common-place. It most strongly resembles the best manner of *La Motte Fouqué*, as displayed in that exqui-

site romance, "*Aslauga's Knight*." We may compare it to the soft and mellow sunshine of an autumn afternoon—there is no flashing, no splendour, but all is quiet and serene. It would seem too, that in "*Waldemar*"—(which must be read *as a whole* to feel the effect we have noticed)—in "*Waldemar*" there is no comedy, no attempt at wit or humour, no efforts at fine writing. Ingeman appears to have had his mind thoroughly imbued with the greatness of the task he had undertaken, as well as with the greatness of the hero to whom he was about to introduce his readers. Nor is his success otherwise than commensurate with the dignity of the subject; and the simple and unostentatious manner in which it is treated alike left author and romance above the reach of commonplace criticism: had he written only thus, "it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

But we pass from "*Waldemar*" to "*Eric*," and we find, instead of another romance bearing the same high character, a mere piece of patch-work. We have, indeed, another imprisoned archbishop, another pious king, another traitorous vassal; but they are all inferior. Eric is a small man compared with the Victorious; Grand is as malicious as the bishop of Slesvig, but far less terrible; and the constant presence of characters so weak as Drost Aagé, Marsk Oluffsen, Sir Pallé, and even Eric himself, cannot fail at last to weary the reader. And, indeed, it would seem that Ingeman felt this; for, aware, apparently, how impossible it was to construct a dignified romance out of such undignified materials, we have an intermixture of the flattest comedy—the most lugubrious fun—that ever book was laden with. We have the cook, by whom Archbishop Grand was enabled to escape from his prison, introduced as a prominent character, and his absurd sayings and doings chronicled for the benefit of the yawning reader; and there is, withal, such a deplorable want of dramatic power, such stilted conversations, and such a succession of unnatural characters, that we should never, had not M. Ingemann put his respected name to it, have imagined that "*King Eric and the Outlaws*," was a new work by the author of "*Waldemar*." There are a few points, however, of great interest in it. One is the reference made to the Leccar brethren—a sect of infidels, who, towards the close of the thirteenth century, became very numerous in the North of Europe. They denied all revealed religion, preached a community of women, and were, in fact, only a somewhat more enlightened kind of "*Socialists*." That their leaders were, for the most part, men far more advanced in a knowledge of natural science than those among whom they lived, cannot be doubted. Many of them professed to be

alchemists and magicians; and by their apparent love of knowledge and their attainments, they not unfrequently obtained considerable influence over the minds of the more studious and enthusiastic.—“*Thrand*,” a person of this character, plays a prominent part in “*Eric*,” and appears to have been intended to occupy the same place which, in “*Waldemar*,” was filled by “the black Seer.” Nor is it at all unworthy of notice, that in power and intensity he falls as much short of his prototype, as Eric does of Waldemar the king, or Grand of Waldemar the bishop.

Had we to decide on the literary position of Ingeman from the first of the two works we have reviewed, we should place it very high; had we to do so from the second, we should rate him as a fourth, or, at most, a third rate author. His inferiority to Scott is so palpable, as to make it absurd to put them on a level: but while, in the exercise of fair criticism, we must maintain this opinion, we are by no means inclined to undervalue him. He has given us a beautiful and accurate commentary on the by-gone ages of his country: he has, to a certain extent, shown us

“The very age and body of the time,  
Its form, and pressure:”

he has conjured up the “royal Danes” of the past, and made them live and speak before us; and, if in their mental and moral stature they be diverse one from another, they are but the more true to nature. Henry V. and Henry VI. were characters widely differing; and had our own Shakespeare chosen to depend for interest on the personal qualities of the latter, doubtless he would have produced but a slumbrous play. Hitherto we have spoken only of Ingeman and the characteristics of his works; but gallantry, as well as the fairness of criticism, will not allow us to bring this paper to a close without saying somewhat of the manner in which Miss Chapman has performed her task. The attainment of the Danish language is a rare accomplishment, and to translate well from Danish into English presents more difficulties than to translate equally well from the German. The more northern language has closer affinities with the ancient Icelandic, and is, therefore, though it may not be perceptible on the first hasty examination, more Oriental in its character. Yet, so thoroughly has Miss Chapman made herself mistress of its spirit, that it would be impossible, from barely reading the volumes before us, to know that they were translations at all. But this is not done by sacrificing the intent and expression of the original,—the version is as faithful and as literal as possible; and we are

bound, in all fairness to Miss Chapman, to congratulate her upon the skill which she has displayed in the translations of these two books. The occasional difference of style between "*Waldemar*" and "*Eric*," is plainly to be attributed to the author, and not to the translator; nor can we find a better compliment to pay to the latter than the accuracy which this observation implies. The Russian literature, that of China, that of Sweden, that of Poland, have long been adequately represented in the British republic of letters. Denmark, till of late, has had no literature; and, though one of the most ancient kingdoms of Europe, its language till within the last century has been uncultivated, disgraced at its native court, and neglected by its native literati. Now it will, no doubt, receive due attention. Ingeman has cast himself like a true patriot into the gap, and whatever inequality may exist among his works, they form a whole of which his countrymen may be well proud. Nor has the benefit which he has conferred upon his native land stopped with the acknowledgment of the fact, that there are those who write great works in the Danish tongue. Foreigners will be induced to study it, and make its stores known in other lands, and thus an added impetus will be given to the labours of learned men. Poetry has been written in Danish before, and eminent poetry too; but Ingeman is the first romance writer of note who has used his own language as the vehicle of his imaginations.

We are glad to have had the opportunity of speaking at some length concerning these romances, for we are inclined to think that publicity is all they want, in order to make them extensively known; and, at least in one case, extensively admired.\*

\* We have great pleasure in appending to this article the following letter from Ingemann; the original in Danish is in our possession, but we have translated it for the general reader. It reflects on the fair translatress no small honor, since she appears to have even satisfied fully the mind of Ingemann himself; and the learned Dane feels that even an English lady has been enabled to do him ample justice.

"Soroe, Sept. 22, 1843.

"Having not only heard with gratitude, but also with particular gratification made acquaintance with your excellent translation of '*King Eric and the Outlaws*,' I must now offer you my warmest thanks for a work so carefully and elegantly brought out, and have the pleasure of expressing my opinion of the way in which you have executed it, as far as my limited knowledge of English will allow me to judge. My wife, who has amused herself daily the last fortnight by reading it, and who can see throughout, what I have also observed by comparing individual passages, has in a manner supplied whatever was wanting in the justness of my views; and we are agreed that you have succeeded in this work not only as well as you did in '*Waldemar the Victorious*,' but still better even—as no important alterations or omissions were here necessary. The division into chapters and three volumes, is well adapted for representing the different scenes and breaks in the narrative; the resting-places thus acquired for the reader are also well suited to the interest of the principal events, so as to illustrate rather than cause any misunderstanding of the

ART. VII.—*Histoire de France*. Par M. Michelet. 6 vols. Paris. 1832-43.

It is a common and very just observation, that modern historical works are not so interesting as those which have been bequeathed to us by antiquity. Even at this distance of time, after 2000 years have elapsed since they were written, the great histories of Greece and Rome still form the most attractive subject of study to all ages. The young find in their heart-stirring legends and romantic incidents, keen and intense delight; the middle-aged discover in their reflections and maxims the best guide in the ever changing, but yet ever, the same, course of human events: the aged recur to them with still greater pleasure, as embodying at once the visions of their youth and the experience of their maturer years. It is not going too far to assert, that in their own style they are altogether inimitable, and that, like the Greek statues, future ages, ever imitating, will never be able to rival them.

This remarkable and generally admitted perfection is not to be ascribed, however, to any superior genius in the ancient to the modern writers. History was a different art in Greece and Rome from what it now is. Antiquity had no romances—their histories, based in early times on their ballads and traditions, supplied their place. Narrative with them was simple in event, and single in interest—it related in general the progress of a single city or commonwealth; upon that the whole light of the artist required to be thrown: the remainder naturally was placed in shade, or slightly illuminated only where it came in contact with the favoured object. With the exception of Herodotus, who, though the oldest historian in existence, was led by the vigour of his mind, his discursive habits, and extensive travelling, to give, as it were, a picture of the whole world then known—these ancient histories are

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purport. One single expression I shall notice which is added and seems foreign to the customs of that day, viz., 'with his pen,' (Vol. II. p. 11,) as at that time they still wrote on parchment with a sort of bodkin or point. A particular merit in your translation is the natural tone, freedom, and *naïveté* in the conversations of the common people; perhaps no other language but English can give the harmony and peculiarities of character of the Danish people, and this is probably owing to the original consanguinity of the two nations, and the many family traits still preserved in their language and mode of expression. I shall be exceedingly glad if this work of yours should meet with such approbation as to induce you to publish in the same shape, other historical romances which belong to the whole cycle in your widely extended language; and no one would appreciate more than myself the good fortune that this picture of Denmark's Middle Ages should be circulated as widely as the limits of your language, which is now known in every part of the world.

"I have the honour to remain,

"B. S. INGEMANN."

all the annals of individual towns or little republics. Xenophon, Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, are all more or less of this character. The mighty genius of Tacitus alone seems to have embraced the design of giving a picture of the vast empire of Rome; and even in his hands history was still distinguished by its old character—the Forum was still the object of reverential interest—the Palatine Mount embraced the theatre of almost all the revolutions which he has so admirably portrayed; and his immortal work is less a picture of the Roman world under the emperors, than a delineation of the revolutions of the palace which shook their empire, and the convulsive throes by which they were attended throughout its various provinces.

In modern times, a far more difficult task awaits the historian, and wholly different qualities are required in him who undertakes to perform it. The superior age of the world—the 1800 years which have elapsed since the Augustan age of Roman literature—the discovery of new nations, quarters of the globe, and hemispheres, since Livy concluded, in 140 books, the majestic annals of Roman victories—the close connection of nations among each other, which have interlaced their story like the limbs of ancient wrestlers—the new sciences which have grown up and come to bear upon human events, with the growth of mankind and the expansion of knowledge—and the prodigious perplexity of transactions, military, political, and moral, which require to be unravelled and brought in a clear form before the mind of the reader,—have rendered the task of the historian as laborious, complicated, and confused, as in former times it was simple, clear, and undivided. Unity of effect—that precious and important object in all the Fine Arts—has been rendered difficult, if not impossible. The story is so complicated, the transactions so various, the interests so diverse, that nothing but the most consummate skill, and incessant attention on the part of the historian to *breadth in effect*, can prevent the mind of the reader from being lost in a boundless sea of detached occurrences. It is not the “tale of Troy divine,” nor the narrative of Roman heroism, nor the conquest of Jerusalem, which requires to be recorded; but the transactions of many different nations, as various and detached from each other as the adventures of the knights errant in Ariosto.

For these reasons history cannot be written now on the plan of the ancients,—and if attempted, it would fail of success. The family of nations has become too large to admit of interest being centred only on one member of it. It is in vain now to draw the picture of the groups of time, by throwing the whole



light on one figure, and all the rest in shade. Equally impossible is it to give a mere narrative of interesting events, and throw all the rest overboard. All the world would revolt at such an attempt, if made. The transactions of the one selected would be unintelligible, if those of the adjoining states were not given. One set of readers would say, "Where are your statistics?" Another, "There is no military discussion—the author is evidently no soldier." A third would condemn the book as wanting diplomatic transactions; a fourth, as destitute of philosophic reflection. The statesman would throw it aside as not containing the information he desired; the scholar, as affording no clue to contemporary and original authority; the man of the world, as a narrative not to be relied on, and to which it was hazardous to trust without farther investigation. Women would reject it as less interesting than novels; men, as not more authentic than a romance.

Notwithstanding, however, this great and increasing difficulty of writing history in modern times, from the vast addition to the subjects which it embraces and must embrace, the fundamental principles of the art are still the same as they were in the days of Thucydides or Sallust. The figures in the picture are greatly multiplied; many cross lights disturb the unity of its effect; infinitely more learning is required in the drapery and still life; but the object of the painter has undergone no change. Unity of effect, singleness of emotion, should still be his great aim: the multiplication of objects from which it is to be produced, has increased the difficulty, but not altered the principles of the art. And that this difficulty is not insuperable, but may be overcome by the light of genius directing the hand of industry, is decisively proved by the example of Gibbon's *Rome*, which, embracing the events of fifteen centuries, and successive descriptions of all the nations which, during that long period, took a prominent part in the transactions of the world, yet conveys a clear and distinct impression in every part to the mind of the reader; and presents a series of pictures so vivid, and drawn with such force, that the work, more permanently than any romance, fascinates every successive generation.

It is commonly said that accuracy and impartiality are the chief requisites in an historian. That they are indispensable to his utility or success, is indeed certain; for if the impression once be lost, that the author is to be relied on, the value of his production, as a record of past events, is at an end. No brilliancy of description, no magic of eloquence, no power of narrative, can supply the want of the one thing needful—*trustworthiness*. But fully admitting that truth and justice are

the basis of history, there never was a greater mistake than to imagine that of themselves they will constitute an historian. They may make a valuable annalist—a good compiler of materials; but very different qualities are required in the artist who is to construct the edifice. In him we expect the power of combination, the inspiration of genius, the brilliancy of conception, the generalization of effect. The workman who cuts the stones out of the quarry, or fashions and dresses them into entablatures and columns, is a very different man from him who combines them into the temple, the palace, or the cathedral. The one is a tradesman, the other an artist—the first a quarrier, the last a Michael Angelo.

Mr. Fox arranged the arts of composition thus:—1. Poetry; 2. History; 3. Oratory. That very order indicated that the great orator had a just conception of the nature of history, and possessed many of the qualities requisite to excel in it, as he did in the flights of eloquence. It is, in truth, in its higher departments, one of the Fine Arts; and it is the extraordinary difficulty of finding a person who combines the imagination and fervour requisite for eminence in their aerial visions, with the industry and research which are indispensable for the correct narrative of earthly events, which renders great historians so very rare, even in the most brilliant periods of human existence. Antiquity only produced six; modern times can hardly boast of eight. It is much easier to find a great epic than a great history; there were many poets in antiquity, but only one Tacitus. Homer himself is rather an annalist than a poet: it is his inimitable traits of nature which constitute his principal charm: the *Iliad* is a history in verse. Modern Italy can boast of a cluster of immortal poets and painters; but the country of Raphael and Tasso has not produced one really great history. The laboured annals of Guicciardini or Davila cannot bear the name; a work, the perusal of which was deemed worse than the fate of a galley-slave, cannot be admitted to take its place with the masterpieces of Italian art.\* Three historians only in Great Britain have by common consent taken their station in the highest rank of historic excellence. Sismondi alone, in France, has been assigned a place by the side of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. This extraordinary rarity of the highest excellence demonstrates the extraordinary difficulty of the art, and justifies Mr. Fox's assertion, that it ranks next to poetry in the Fine Arts;

\* It is reported in Italy, that a galley-slave was offered a commutation of his sentence, if he would read through Guicciardini's War of Florence with Pisa. After labouring at it for some time, he petitioned to be sent back to the oar—*Si non è vero è bene trovato*.

but it becomes the more extraordinary, when the immense number of works written on historical subjects is taken into consideration, and the prodigious piles of books of history which are to be met with in every public library.

The greatest cause of this general failure of historical works to excite general attention, or acquire lasting fame, is the want of the power of generalization and classification in the writers. Immersed in a boundless sea of details, of the relative importance of which they were unable to form any just estimate, the authors of the vast majority of these works have faithfully chronicled the events which fell under their notice, but in so dry and uninteresting a manner that they produced no sort of impression on mankind. Except as books of antiquity or reference, they have long since been consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. They were crushed under their own weight—they were drowned in the flood of their own facts. It may safely be affirmed, that ninety-nine out of a hundred historical works are consigned to oblivion from this cause.

The quality, on the other hand, which distinguishes all the histories which have acquired a great and lasting reputation among men, has been the very reverse of this. It consists in the power of throwing into the shade the subordinate and comparatively immaterial facts, and bringing into a prominent light those only on which subsequent ages love to dwell, from the heroism of the actions recounted, the tragic interest of the catastrophes portrayed, or the important consequences with which they have been attended on the future generations of men. It was thus that Herodotus painted with so much force the memorable events of the Persian invasion of Greece; and Thucydides, the contest of aristocracy and democracy in the Greek commonwealths; and Livy, the immortal strife of Hannibal and Scipio in Roman story. No historian ever equalled Gibbon in this power of classification, and giving breadth of effect; for none ever had so vast and complicated a series of events to recount, and none ever portrayed them with so graphic and luminous a pen. Observe his great pictures:—the condition of the Roman Empire in the time of Augustus—the capture of Constantinople by the Latin crusaders—the rise of Mahomet—the habits and manners of the pastoral nations—the disasters of Julian—and the final decay and ruin of the Eternal City. They stand out from the canvass with all the freshness and animation of real life; and seizing powerfully on the imagination of the reader, they make an indelible impression, and compensate or cause to be forgotten all the insignificant details of revolutions in the

palace of Constantinople, or in the decline of the Roman Empire, which necessarily required to be introduced.

Struck with the fate of so prodigious a host of historical writers, who had sunk into oblivion from this cause, Voltaire, with his usual vigour and originality, struck out a new style in this department of literature. Discarding at once the whole meagre details, the long descriptions of dress and ceremony, which filled the pages of the old chronicles or monkish annalists, he strove to bring history back to what he conceived, and with reason, was its true object—a striking delineation of the principal events which had occurred, with a picture of the changes of manners, ideas, and principles with which they were accompanied. This was a great improvement on the *jéjune* narratives of former times; and proportionally great was the success with which, in the first instance at least, it was attended. While the dry details of Guicciardini, the ponderous tomes of Villaret or Mezeray, and the trustworthy quartos of De Thou, slumbered in respectable obscurity on the dusty shelves of the library, the “*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,” the Life of Peter the Great and Charles XII., were on every table, and almost in every boudoir; and their popular author was elevated to the pinnacle of worldly fame, while his more laborious and industrious predecessors were well nigh forgotten by a frivolous age. A host of imitators, as usual with every original writer, followed in this brilliant and lucrative path; of whom, Vertot in France, Schiller in Germany, and Watson in England, were the most successful.

But it was ere long discovered that this brilliant and *sketchy* style of history was neither satisfactory to the scholar nor permanently popular with the public. It was amusing rather than interesting, brilliant than profound. Its ingenious authors sprung too suddenly to conclusions—they laid down positions which the experience of the next age proved to be erroneous. It wanted that essential requisite in history, a knowledge of the human heart and a practical acquaintance with men. After the first burst of popularity was over, it began to be discovered that these brilliant sketches were not real history, and could never supply its place. They left an immense deal untold, of equal or greater importance than what was told. They gave an amusing, but deceptive, and therefore not permanently interesting, account of the periods they embraced. Men design something more in reading the narrative of great and important events in past times, than an able sketch of their leading features and brilliant characters, accompanied by perpetual sneers at priests, eulogies on kings, or sarcasms on mankind. This was more particularly the case when the

political contests of the 18th century increased in vehemence, and men, warmed with the passions of real life, turned back to the indifferent coolness, the philosophic disdain, the *ton dérisoire*, with which the most momentous or tragic events had been treated in these gifted but superficial writers. Madame de Stael has said, that when derision has become the prevailing characteristic of the public mind, it is all over with the generous affections or elevated sentiments. She was right, but not for ever—only till men are made to feel in their own persons the sufferings they laugh at in others. It is astonishing how soon that turns derision into sympathy. The "*aristocrats dérisoires*" emerged from the prisons of Paris, on the fall of Robespierre, deeply affected with sympathy for human woe.

The profound emotions, the dreadful sufferings, the heart-stirring interest of that eventful era, speedily communicated themselves to the style of historical writers; it at once sent the whole tribe of philosophic and derisory historians overboard. The sketchy style, the philosophic contempt, the calm indifference, the sceptical sneers of Voltaire and his followers, were felt as insupportable by those who had known what real suffering was. There early appeared in the narratives of the French Revolution, accordingly, in the works of Toulangeon, the *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, and Lacretelle, a force of painting, a pathos of narrative, a vehemence of style, which for centuries had been unknown in Modern Europe. This style speedily became general, and communicated itself to history in all its branches. The passions on all sides were too strongly roused to permit of the calm narratives of former philosophic writers being tolerated; men had felt too much to allow them to speak or think with indifference of the sufferings of others. In painting with force and energy, it was soon found that recourse must be had to the original authorities, and, if possible, the eye-witnesses of the events; all subsequent or imaginary narrative appeared insipid and lifeless in comparison; it was like studying the mannerist trees of Perelle or Vivares after the vigorous sketches from nature of Salvator or Claude. Thence has arisen the great school of modern French history, of which Sismondi was the founder; and which has since been enriched by the works of Guizot, Thierry, Barante, Thiers, Mignet, Michaud, and Michelet: a cluster of writers, which, if none of them equal the masterpieces of English history, present, taken as a whole, a greater mass of talent in that department than any other country can boast.

The poetical mind and pictorial eye of Gibbon had made him anticipate, in the very midst of the philosophic school of Voltaire, Hume, and Robertson, this great change which mis-

fortune and suffering impressed generally upon the next generation. Thence his extraordinary excellence and acknowledged superiority as a delineator of events to any writer who has preceded or followed him. He united the philosophy and general views of one age to the brilliant pictures and impassioned story of another. He warmed with the narratives of the crusaders or the Saracens—he wandered with the Scythians—he wept with the Greeks—he delineated with a painter's hand, and a poet's fire, the manners of the nations, the features of the countries, the most striking events of the periods which were passed under review; but at the same time he preserved inviolate the unity and *breadth* of his picture,—his lights and shadows maintained their just proportions, and were respectively cast on the proper objects. Philosophy threw a radiance over the mighty maze; and the mind of the reader, after concluding his prodigious series of details, dwelt with complacency on its most striking periods, skilfully brought out by the consummate skill of the artist, as the recollection of a spectator does on any of the magic scenes in Switzerland, in which, amidst an infinity of beautiful objects, the eye is fascinated by the calm tranquillity of the lake, or the rosy hues of the evening glow on the glacier. We speak of Gibbon as a delineator of events; none can feel more strongly or deplore more deeply the fatal blindness—the curse of his age—which rendered him so perverted on the subject of religion, and left so wide a chasm in his immortal work, which the profounder thought and wider experience of Guizot has done so much to fill.

Considered as calm and philosophic narratives, the histories of Hume and Robertson will remain as standard models for every future age. The just and profound reflections of the former, the inimitable clearness and impartiality with which he has summed up the arguments on both sides, on the most momentous questions which have agitated England, as well as the general simplicity and occasional pathos of his story, must for ever command the admiration of mankind. In vain we are told that he is often inaccurate, sometimes partial; in vain are successive attacks published on detached parts of his narrative, by party zeal or antiquarian research; his reputation is undiminished; successive editions issuing from the press attest the continued sale of his work; and it continues its majestic course through the sea of time, like a mighty three-decker, which never even condescends to notice the javelins darted at its sides from the hostile canoes which from time to time seek to impede its progress.

Robertson's merits are of a different, and, upon the whole, of an inferior kind. Gifted with a philosophic spirit, a just

and equal mind, an eloquent and impressive expression, he had not the profound sagacity, the penetrating intellect, which have rendered the observations of Bacon, Hume, and Johnson as enduring as the English language. He had not enjoyed the practical acquaintance with man, which Hume acquired by mingling in diplomacy; and without a practical acquaintance with man, no writer, whatever his abilities may be, can rightly appreciate the motives, or probable result of human actions. It was this practical collision with public affairs which has rendered the histories of Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus so profoundly descriptive of the human heart. Living alternately in the seclusion of a Scotch manse, or at the head of a Scotch university, surrounded by books, respect, and ease, the reverend Principal took an agreeable and attractive, but often incorrect, view of human affairs. In surveying the general stream of human events, and drawing just conclusions regarding the changes of centuries, he was truly admirable; and in those respects his first volume of "Charles V." may, if we except Guizot's "*Civilisation Européen*," be pronounced without a parallel in the whole annals of literature. The brilliant picture, too, which he has left of the discovery of America, and the manner of the savage tribes which then inhabited that continent, proves that he was not less capable of wielding the fascination of description and romance. But in narrating political events, and diving into the mysteries of human motives, his want of practical acquaintance with man is at once apparent. He described the human heart from hearsay, not experience;—he was an historian by reading, not observation. We look in vain in his pages for a gallery of historical portraits, to be placed beside the noble one which is to be found in Clarendon. As little can we find in them any profound remarks, like those of Bacon, Hume, or Tacitus, the justice of which is perpetually brought home by experience to every successive generation of men. His reputation accordingly is sensibly declining; and though it will never become extinct, it is easy to foresee that it is not destined to maintain, in future times, the colossal proportions which it at first acquired.

Both Hume and Robertson, however, left untouched one fertile field of historic interest which Herodotus and Gibbon had cultivated with such success. This is the *geographical field*, the description of *countries*, as well as men and manners. It is surprising what variety and interest this gives to historical narrative; how strongly it fixes places and regions in the memory of the reader; and how much it augments the interest of the story, by filling up and clothing in the mind's eye the scenes in which it occurred. Doubtless this must not

be carried too far; unquestionably the narrative of human transactions is the main object of history; and the one thing needful, as in fiction, is to paint the human heart; but still there, as elsewhere in the Fine Arts, variety and contrast contribute powerfully to effect; and amidst the incessant maze of villany and suffering which constitutes human transactions, it is sometimes refreshing to contemplate for a while the calm serenity and indestructible features of Nature.

The modern French historians, forcibly struck with the insipidity and tameness of the philosophical histories, and fraught with the heart-rending recollections and fervent passions of the Revolution, have sought to give life and animation, as well as fidelity and accuracy, to their works, by a sedulous recurrence to contemporary annals and authority, and an introduction of not only the facts and statements, but the ideas and words to be found in the ancient chronicles. Hence the habitual recurrence to original authority, not only by reference at the foot of the page, but by quotation in the words of the old authors, of the actual expressions made use of on the more important occasions. There can be no doubt that this is a very great improvement, both with a view to the fidelity and accuracy of history; for it at once affords a guarantee for the actual examination of original authority by the writer, provides a ready and immediate check on inaccuracy or misrepresentation, and renders his work a "Catalogue Raisonné," where those who desire to study the subject thoroughly may discover at once where their materials are to be found. The works of both the *Thierrys*,\* of *Barante*, *Sismondi*, and *Michelet*, are, throughout, constructed on this principle; and thence, in a great measure, the fidelity, spirit, and value of their productions.

But fully admitting, as we do, the importance of this great improvement in the art of historical composition, it has its limits; and writers who adopt it will do well to reflect on what those limits are. Though founded on fact, though based on reality, though dependent for its existence on truth, History is still one of the *Fine Arts*. We must ever recollect that Mr. Fox assigned it a place next to Poetry, and before Oratory. All these improvements in the collection and preparation of materials add to the solidity and value of the structure, but they make no alteration in the principles of its composition. However the stones may be cut out of the quarry,

\* In the "*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*, par *Auguste Thierry*," and the "*Histoire des Gaulois*," and "*Histoire des Rois Mérovingiens*, par *Amédée Thierry*" (brother of *Auguste*).



however fashioned or carved by the skill of the workman, their united effect will be entirely lost if they are not put together by the conception of a Michael Angelo, a Palladio, or a Wren. Genius is still the soul of history; its highest inspirations must be derived from the Muses. The most valuable historical works, if not sustained by this divine quality, will speedily sink into useful quarries or serviceable books of reference. In vain does an Utilitarian age seek to discard the influence of genius, and subject thought to the deductions of fact and reason, and the motives of temporal comfort. A higher power incessantly elevates man to his spiritual destiny: profounder feelings chain him to the Car of Genius. "*Ces ouvrages ne sont pas que de l'imagination.*" "*De l'imagination,*" replied Napoleon,—"*Hé bien, c'est l'imagination qui domine le monde.*"

This eternal and indestructible superiority of genius to all the efforts of industry and intelligence, when unenlightened by its divine light, is not only noways inconsistent with the most minute acquaintance with facts and sedulous attention to historic accuracy, but it can attain its highest flights only by being founded on that basis. Mere imagination and fancy will never supply the want of a faithful delineation of nature. The most inexperienced observer has no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. No great and universal reputation was ever gained, either in fiction, history, or the arts of imitation, but by a close and correct representation of reality. Romance rises to its highest flights when it transports into the pages of the novelist the incidents, thoughts, and characters of real life. History assumes its most attractive garb when it clothes reality with the true but brilliant colours of romance. Look at the other arts. How did Homer and Shakspeare compose their immortal works? Not by conceiving ideal events and characters, the creations only of their own prolific imaginations, but by closely observing and describing nature, and by giving to their characters (albeit cast in the mould of fancy) those traits of reality, which, being founded on the general and universal feelings of the human breast, have spoken with undiminished force to every succeeding age. How did Raphael and Claude elevate Painting to its highest and most divine conceptions, as well as its most exquisite and chastened finishing? By assiduously copying nature,—by drawing every limb, every feature, every branch, every sunset, from real scenes, and peopling the world of their brilliant imaginations, not with new creations, but those objects and those images, with which in reality all men were

familiar. True, they threw them into new combinations ; true, they gave them an expression, or threw over them a light more perfect than any human eye had yet witnessed : but that is precisely the task of genius ; and it is in performing it that its highest excellence is attained. It is *by moulding reality into the expression of imagination*, that the greatest triumphs of art are attained ; and he who separates the one from the other will never rise to durable greatness in either.

We are the more inclined to insist on this eternal truth, as we perceive in the present style of historical composition, both in this country and on the Continent, unequivocal indications of a tendency to lose sight of the great ends and aim of history, in the anxiety of attaining accuracy in its materials. Again and again we assert, that such accuracy is the indispensable basis of history ; it *must* form its elements, and characterize all its parts. But it will not of itself form an historian ; it is to history, what the sketches from nature in the *Liber Veritatis* are to the inimitable Claudes of the Doria Palace at Rome, or the National Gallery in London. Writers in this age have been so forcibly struck with the necessity of accuracy in their facts, and original drawing in their pictures, that they have gone into the opposite extreme ; and the danger now is, not so much that they will substitute imagination for reality, or neglect original drawing in their pictures, as that, in their anxiety to preserve the fidelity of the sketches from which their pictures are taken, they will neglect the principles of their composition, and the great ends, moral, political and religious, of their art.

This tendency is more particularly conspicuous in the Continental authors ; but it is also very visible in several justly esteemed historical writers of our own country. If you take up any of the volumes of Thierry, Barante, Michaux, Sismondi, or Michelet, you will find the greater part of their pages filled with quotations from the old chronicles and contemporary annalists. In their anxiety to preserve accuracy of statement and fidelity in narrative, they have deemed it indispensable to give, on almost all occasions, the very words of their original authorities. This is a very great mistake,—and indeed so great a one, that if persevered in it will speedily terminate that school of historical composition. It is impossible to make an harmonious whole, by a selection of passages out of a vast mass of original writers of various styles and degrees of merit, and running perhaps over a course of centuries. It would be just as likely that you could make a perfect picture, by dovetailing together bits of mosaic, dug

up from the ruins of ancient Rome; or an impressive temple, by piling on the top of each other, the columns, entablatures, and architraves of successive structures, raised during a course of many centuries. Every composition in the Fine Arts, to produce a powerful impression, and attain a lasting success, must have that *unity of expression*, which, equally as in poetry and the drama, is indispensable to the production of emotion or delight in the mind of the person to whom it is addressed; and unity of expression is to be attained equally in ten thousand pages and by recording ten thousand facts, as in a picture of Claude's, or a drama of Sophocles.

Sharon Turner, Lingard, Tytler, and Hallam,\* are most able writers, indefatigable in the collection of facts, acute in the analysis of authorities, luminous in the deductions they have drawn from them. Immense is the addition which their labours have made to the real and correct annals of the British empire. But though many of their episodes are most captivating, and parts of their works must entrance every reader, there is no concealing the fact, that their pages are often deficient in interest, and are far from possessing the attraction which might have been expected from subjects of such varied and heart-stirring incident, treated by writers of such acquirements. The reason is, that they have not regarded History as one of the Fine Arts; they have not studied unity of effect, or harmony of composition; they have forgot the place assigned it by Fox,—next to Poetry. In the search of accuracy, they have sometimes injured effect; in the desire to give original words, they have often lost originality of thought. Their pages are invaluable to the annalist—and as books of reference they will always maintain a respectable place in our literature; but they will not permanently move or influence mankind. From the facts they have brought to light, a future historian will be able to give a correct detail of British story, which, if clothed in the garb of imagination, will attain durable celebrity, and may possibly come in the end to rival the simpler but less truthful narrative of Hume, in popularity and interest.

Colonel Napier's descriptions of battles and the anomalous events of military warfare are superior to anything in the same

\* The name of England's greatest modern historian, Alison, has been omitted by the writer of this article, from a delicacy of motive which is perfectly apparent to the most careless observer; but we think it right to state, that the "*History of Modern Europe*" is a work not simply commanding British, but the highest *Continental* estimation. Its unexampled popularity, alike developed in its home and foreign circulation, is only to be matched by the power displayed in its composition, and the command of every requisite of the historian described in the present article, by one who may well say, "*Crede experto.*"—[EDITOR.]

style, not only in modern but almost in ancient history. His account of the battles of Albuera and Salamanca, of the sieges of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, of the actions in the Pyrenees, and the struggle of Toulouse, possess a heart-stirring interest, a force and energy of drawing, which could have been attained only by the eye of genius animated by the reminiscences of reality. But the great defect of his brilliant work is the want of calmness in the judgment of political events, and undue crowding in the canvass of his picture. He is far too minute in the account of inconsiderable transactions. He throws the light too equally upon all the figures in his canvass; the same fault which characterizes the home scenes of Wilkie, and will render them, with equal, perhaps superior, genius, inferior in lasting effect to the paintings of Teniers or Gerard Dow. So prodigious is the accumulation of detached facts which he describes, that the most enthusiastic admirer of military narrative is speedily satiated, and ordinary readers find their minds so confused by the events passed under review, that, with the exception of a few brilliant actions and sieges, they often close the work without any distinct idea of the events which it has so admirably recorded.

This defect is equally conspicuous in the pages of M. Michelet. That he is a man not merely of extensive and varied reading, but fine genius and original thought, is at once apparent. He states in his preface, and the perusal of his work amply justifies the assertion, "that the most rigid criticism must concede to him the merit of having drawn his narrative entirely from original sources." But it were to be wished, that amidst this anxious care for the collection of materials, and the impress of a faithful and original character upon his work, he had been equally attentive to the great *art* of history, viz. the massing objects properly together, keeping them in the due subordination and perspective which their relative importance demands, and conveying a distinct impression to the reader's mind of the great æras and changes which the varied story of his subject presents. Want of attention to this has well nigh rendered all the rest of no avail. To the learned reader, who is previously familiar with the principal events he describes, his narrative may convey something like a definite idea of the thread of events: but how many are they compared to the great mass of readers? Perhaps one in a hundred in France—one in five hundred in all other countries. The great bulk of readers may shut his last volume after the most careful perusal, without retaining any distinct recollection of the course of French history, or any remembrance at all of any thing but a few highly wrought up and interesting

passages. This is the great defect of the work, arising from want of attention to breadth of effect, and not throwing subordinate objects sufficiently into the shade. The same grievous mistake is conspicuous in Macintosh, Lingard, and Turner's Histories of England. It is the great danger of the new or graphic school of history; and unless care be taken to guard against it, the whole productions of that school will be consigned by future ages to oblivion.

We cannot admit that the magnitude or intricacy of a subject affords any excuse whatever for this defect. Livy did not fall into it in recording seven centuries of Roman victories; Gibbon did not fall into it in spanning the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times. Claude produced one uniform impression, out of an infinity of details,—in some of his pieces, solitary and rural—in others crowded with harbours, shipping, and figures. Gaspar Poussin finished with scrupulous accuracy every leaf in his forest scenes; but he managed the light and the shade with such exquisite skill, that the charm of general effect is produced on the spectator's mind. Look at Nature:—every leaf, every pebble, every cliff, every blade of grass, in the most extensive scene, is finished with that perfection that characterizes all her works: yet what majesty and generality of effect in the mighty whole! That is the model of historical composition: every object should be worked out; nothing omitted; nothing carelessly touched: but a bright light should be thrown only on the brilliant events, the momentous changes; whole generations and centuries of monotonous events cast into the shade; and the most sedulous care taken to classify events into periods, in such a way as to form so many cells as it were in the memory of the reader, wherein to deposit the store of information afforded in regard to each.

There is, in truth, only one really great style in history, as there is in poetry, painting, or music. Superficial observers speak of a new school of history, or a new mode of treating human affairs, as they would of a new plant or a new opera: they might as well speak of a new style in sculpture or painting, in epic or dramatic poetry. We should like to see any one who would improve on the style of Phidias and Raphael, of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso and Milton, of Sophocles or Racine. In inferior styles, indeed, there is a very great variety in this, as there is in all the other Fine Arts; but in the highest walks there is but one. The principles of the whole are the same; and those principles are to produce *generality of effect out of specialty of objects*; to unite fidelity of drawing with brilliancy of imagination. Observe with what exquisite skill Tasso works this uniform impression out of the varied events of his "Jerusalem Delivered;" therein lies his

vast superiority to the endless adventures of the more brilliant and imaginative Ariosto. The principles which regulated the compositions of the "Prometheus Vincetus" of Æschylus and the "Hamlet" of Shakspeare are the same: the Odes of Pindar are the counterparts of those of Gray: the sculpture of Phidias and the painting of Raphael are nothing but the same mind working with different materials. The composition of Gibbon is directed by exactly the same principles as the sunsets of Claude: the battle-pieces of Napier and the banditti of Salvator are fac-similes of each other: the episodes of Livy and the "Good Shepherds" of Murillo produce the same emotions in the breast. Superficial readers will deride these observations, and ask what has painting external objects to do with the narration of human events? We would recommend them to spend twenty years in the study of either, and they will be at no loss to discover in what their analogy consists.

On this account we cannot admit that history is necessarily drier or less interesting than poetry or romance. True, it must give a faithful record of events: true, unless it does so it loses its peculiar and highest usefulness; but are we to be told that reality is less attractive than fiction? Are feigned distresses less poignant than real ones—imaginary virtues less ennobling than actual? The advantage of fiction consists in *the narrower compass which it embraces*, and consequently the superior interest which it can communicate by working up the characters, events, and scenes. That, doubtless, is a great advantage; but is it beyond the reach of history? May not the leading characters and events there be delineated with the same force, brilliancy, and fidelity to nature? Has it not the additional source of interest arising from the events being real?—an interest which all who tell stories to children will see exemplified in their constant question, "Is it true?" None can see more strongly than we do, that the highest aim and first duty of history is not to amuse, but to instruct the world; and that mere amusement or interest are of very secondary importance. But is amusement irreconcilable with instruction—interest with elevation? Is not truth best conveyed when it is clothed in an attractive garb? was it not in parables that Supreme Wisdom communicated itself to mankind? The wise man will never disdain the aid even of imagination and fancy, in communicating instruction. Recollect the words of Napoleon—"C'est l'imagination qui domine le monde."

We have been insensibly led into these observations by observing in what manner Sismondi, Thierry, Barante, Michelet, and indeed all the writers of the antiquarian and graphic school, have treated the history of France. They are all men of powerful talent, brilliant imagination, unbounded research, and philo-

sophic minds: their histories are so superior to any which preceded them, that, in reading them, we appear to be entering upon a new and hitherto unknown world. But it is in the very richness of their materials—the extent of their learning—the vast stores of original ideas and authority they have brought to bear on the annals of the monarchy of Clovis—that we discern the principal defect of their compositions. They have been well nigh overwhelmed by the treasures which themselves have dug up. So vast is the mass of original documents which they have consulted—of details and facts which they have brought to light—that they have too often lost sight of the first rule in the art of history—unity of composition. They have forgotten the necessity of a distinct separation of events in such a manner as to impress the general course of time upon the mind of their readers. They are accurate, graphic, minute in details; but the “*tout ensemble*” is too often forgotten, and the Temple of History made up rather of a chaos of old marbles dug up from the earth, and piled on each other without either order or symmetry, than of the majestic proportions and colossal masses of the Pantheon or St. Peter’s.

The annals of no country are more distinctly separated into periods than those of France: in none has the course of events more clearly pointed out certain resting places, at which the historian may pause to show the progress of civilization and the growth of the nation. The first origin of the Gauls, and their social organization, before the conquest of the Romans—their institutions under those mighty conquerors, and the vast impress which their wisdom and experience communicated to their character and habits—the causes which led to the decay of the empire of the Cæsars, and let in the barbarians as deliverers rather than enemies into its vast provinces—the establishment of the monarchy of Clovis by these rude conquerors, and its gradual extension from the Rhine to the Pyrenees—the decay of the Merovingian dynasty, and the prostration of government under the ‘*Rois Fainéants*’—the rise of the “*Maires de Palais*,” and their final establishment on the throne by the genius of Charlemagne—the rapid fall of his successors, and the origin of the Bourbon dynasty, contemporary with the Plantagenets of England—the crusades, with their vast effects, moral, social, and political, on the people and institutions of the country, and the balance of power among the different classes of society—the expulsion of the English by the ability of Philip Augustus, and the restoration of one monarchy over the whole of France—the frightful atrocities of the religious war against the Albigeois—the dreadful wars with England, which lasted 120 years, from Edward III. to Henry V., with their immediate effect, analogous to that of the

Wars of the Roses on this side of the Channel, in destroying the feudal powers of the nobility—the consequent augmentation of the power of the crown by the standing army of Charles VII.—the indefatigable activity and state policy of Louis XI.—the brilliant but ephemeral conquests of Italy by the rise and progress of Charles IX.—the rivalry of Francis I. and Charles V.—the religious wars, with their desolating effects, and lasting ultimate consequences—the deep and Machiavelian policy of Cardinal Richelieu, and its entire success in concentrating the whole influence and power of government in Paris—the brilliant æra of Louis XIV., with its Augustan halo, early conquests and ultimate disasters—the corruptions of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV.—the virtues, difficulties, and martyrdom of Louis XVI.—the commencement of the æra of Revolutions, ending in the fanaticism of Robespierre and the carnage of the Empire—form a series of events and periods, spanning over the long course of 18 centuries, and bringing down the annals of mankind from the Druids of Gaul and woods of Germany, to the intellect of La Place and the glories of Napoleon.

To exhibit such a picture to the mind's eye in its just colours, due proportions, and real light—to trace so long a history fraught with such changes, glories, and disasters—to unfold through so vast a progress, the unceasing developement of the human mind, and simultaneously with it the constant punishment of human iniquity,—is indeed a task worthy of the greatest intellect which the Almighty has ever vouchsafed to guide and enlighten mankind. It will never be adequately performed but by *one mind*: there is an unity which must pervade every great work of history, as of all the other Fine Arts; a succession of different hands breaks the thread of thought and mars the uniformity of effect as much in recording the annals of centuries, as in painting the passions of the heart, or the beauties of a single scene in nature. That it is not hopeless to look for such a mind, is evident to all who recollect how Gibbon has painted the still wider expanse, and traced the longer story, of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:" but how often in a century does a Gibbon appear in the world!

In the outset of this noble task, Michelet has displayed very great ability; and the defects, as it appears to us, of his work, as it proceeds, strikingly illustrate the dangers to which the modern and graphic style of history is exposed. He is admirable, equally with Sismondi, in the description of the condition of Gaul under the Romans, and the causes which paralysed the strength, and at length overthrew the power, of the empire of the Cæsars. With a discriminating eye, and a master's hand, he has drawn the different character of the Celtic and German races of mankind,



and the indelible impress which they have severally communicated to their descendants. The early settlement of the German tribes in Gaul, and the amalgamation of the victorious savage with the vanquished civilized race, is drawn in the spirit of a philosopher, and with a graphic power. If he had continued the work as it was thus begun, it would leave nothing to be desired.

But when he comes down to later times, and above all, when he becomes involved in the endless maze and minute details of the *Chronicles* and early French *Memoirs*, the work assumes a different character. Though you still, in occasional expressions, see the reflection of the philosopher—in frequent pictures, the eye of the painter—yet the narrative in general is flooded by an ocean of details. Fatigued with the endless maze of intrigues, wars, tumults, tortures, crusades, and crimes, which succeed one another in rapid succession, the reader in despair shuts the volume, with hardly any recollection of the thread of events. He recollects only that almost all the kings appear to have been wicked, almost all the nobles ambitious, almost all the priests cruel, almost all the people ferocious. There is nothing which tends so strongly to make us satisfied with our own lot, and inclined to return thanks to Heaven for having cast it in our age, as the study of the crimes, disasters, and sufferings of those which have preceded it.

But still “the mighty maze is not without a plan.” In the midst of these hideous crimes and atrocities, of this general anguish and suffering, fixed laws were operating, a great system was going forward, and Providence was patiently and in silence working out its ultimate designs by the free agency of an infinity of separate individuals. A great system of moral retribution was unceasingly at work; and out of the mingled virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, crimes and punishment, of previous centuries, were slowly forming the elements of the great and glorious French monarchy. It is in the developement of this magnificent progress, and in the power of exhibiting it in lucid colours to the eye of the spectator, that Michelet is chiefly deficient in his later volumes. This seems at first sight inexplicable, as in the earlier ones, relating to Gaul under the Romans, the settlement of the Franks, and the early kings of the Merovingian race, his powers of generalization and philosophic observation are eminently conspicuous. They form, accordingly, by much the most interesting and instructive part of his history. But a closer examination will at once unfold the cause of this difference, and point to the chief changes of the graphic and antiquarian school of history. He generalized in the earlier volumes, because his materials were scanty; he has not done so in the later ones, because they were redundant. In the first instance,

he saw objects at a distance in their just proportions ; and, not being distracted with details, he threw broad lights and shadows over their great features ; in the last, the objects were so near the eye, and the lights so perplexed and frequent, that he has in some degree lost sight of all general effect in his composition.

In common with all later writers who have observed much or thought deeply on human affairs, M. Michelet is a firm believer in the inherent and indelible influence of *race*, both on the character and destiny of nations. His observations on this subject, especially on the peculiarities of the Celtic race, and their vital difference from the German, form one of the most interesting and valuable parts of his work. He traces the same character through the Scotch Highlanders, the mountaineers of Cumberland and Wales, the native Irish, the inhabitants of Brittany, and the mountaineers of Gascony and Bearn. On the other hand, the same national characteristics may be observed in the German race, under whatever climate and circumstances ; in Saxony as in England ; in the Swiss mountains as in the Dutch marshes ; in the crowded marts of Flanders as in the solitude of the American forest. Of the inherent character of the Celtic race, he gives the following animated description :—

“ The mixed races of Celts who are called French, can be rightly understood only by a study of the pure Celts, the Bretons and Welsh the Scotch Highlanders and Irish peasants. While France, undergoing the yoke of repeated invasion, is marching through successive ages from slavery to freedom, from disgrace to glory, the old Celtic races, perched on their native mountains or sequestered in their far distant isles, have remained faithful to the poetic independence of their barbarous life, till surprised by the rude hand of foreign conquest. It was in this state that England surprised, overwhelmed them ;—vainly, however, has the Anglo-Saxon pressed upon them—they repel his efforts as the rocks of Brittany or Cornwall the surges of the Atlantic. The sad and patient Judea, which numbered its ages by its servitude, has not been more sternly driven from Asia. But such is the tenacity of the Celtic race, such the principle of life in nations, that they have endured every outrage, and still preserve inviolate the manners and customs of their forefathers. Race of granite ! Immoveable, like the huge Druidical blocks which they still regard with superstitious veneration.

“ One might have expected that a race which remained for ever the same, while all was changing around it, would succeed in the end in conquering by the mere inert force of resistance, and would impress its character on the world. The very reverse has happened,—the more the race has been isolated, the more it has fallen into insignificance. To remain original, to resist all foreign intermixture, to repel all the ideas or improvements of the stranger, is to remain weak and isolated in the world. There is the secret of the Celtic race—there is the

key to their whole history. It has never had but one idea,—it has communicated that to other nations, but it has received none from them. From age to age it has remained strong but limited, indescribable but humiliated, the enemy of the human race, and its eternal stain. Woful obstinacy of individuality, which proudly rests on itself alone, and repels all community with the rest of the world.

“The genius of the Celts, and above all of the Gauls, is vigorous and fruitful, strongly inclined to material enjoyments, to pleasure and sensuality. The pleasures of sex have ever exercised a powerful influence over them. They are still the most prolific of the human race. In France, the *Vert Galant* is the true national king. We know how marvellously the native Irish have multiplied and overflowed all the adjoining states. It was a common occurrence in Brittany, during the middle ages, for a seigneur to have a dozen wives. *They constantly praised themselves*, and sent forth their sons fearless to battle. Universally, among the Celtic nations, bastards succeeded, even among kings, as chief of the clan. Woman, the object of desire, the mere sport of voluptuousness, never attained the dignified rank assigned to her among nations of the German descent.

“No people recorded in history have resisted so stubbornly as the Celts. The Saxons were conquered by the Normans in a single battle; but Cambria contended two hundred years with the stranger. Their hopes sustain them after their independence is lost: an unconquerable will is the character of their race. While awaiting the day of its resurrection, it alternately sings and weeps: its chaunts are mingled with tears, as those of the Jews, when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept. The few fragments of Ossian which can really be relied on as ancient, have a melancholy character. Even our Bretons, though they have less reason to lament than the rest of the race, are sad and mournful in their ideas; their sympathy is with the Night, with Sorrow, with Death. ‘I never sleep,’ says a Breton proverb, ‘but I die a bitter death.’ To him who walks over a tomb they say, ‘Withdraw from my domain.’ They have little reason to be gay; all has conspired against them: Brittany and Scotland have attached themselves to the weaker side, to causes which were lost. The power of choosing its monarchs has been taken from the Celtic race since the mysterious stone, formerly brought from Ireland into Scotland, has been transported to Westminster.

“Ireland! Poor first-born of the Celtic race! So far from France, yet its sister, whom it cannot succour across the waves! The Isle of Saints—the Emerald Isle—so fruitful in men, so bright in genius!—the country of Berkely and Toland, of Moore and O’Connell!—the land of bright thought and the rapid sword, which preserves, amidst the old age of this world, its poetic inspiration. Let the English smile when, in passing some hovel in their towns, they hear the Irish widow chaunt the coronach for her husband. Weep! mournful country; and let France too weep, for degradation which she cannot prevent—calamities which she cannot avert! In vain have four hundred thousand Irishmen perished in the service of France. The

Scotch Highlanders will ere long disappear from the face of the earth ; the mountains are daily depopulating ; the great estates have ruined the land of the Gaul as they did Ancient Italy. The Highlander will ere long exist only in the romances of Walter Scott. The Tartan and the claymore excite surprise in the streets of Edinburgh : they disappear—they emigrate ; their national airs will ere long be lost, as the music of the Eolian harp when the winds are hushed.

“ Behind the old Celtic world, the old red granite of the European formation has arisen—a new world, with different passions, desires, and destinies. Last of the savage races which overflowed Europe, the Germans were the first to introduce the spirit of independence ; the thirst for *individual* freedom. That bold and youthful spirit—that youth of man, who feels himself strong and free in a world which he appropriates to himself in anticipation—in forests of which he knows not the bounds—on a sea which wafts him to unknown shores—that spring of the unbroken horse which bears him to the Steppes and the Pampas—all worked in Alaric, when he swore that an unknown force impelled him to the gates of Rome ; they impelled the Danish pirate when he rode on the stormy billow ; they animated the Saxon outlaws when under Robin Hood they contended for the laws of Edward the Confessor against the Norman barons. That spirit of personal freedom, of unbounded individual pride, shines in all their writings—it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. From the day, when, according to the beautiful German fable, the ‘ *Wargus* ’ scattered the dust on all his relations, and threw the grass over his shoulder, and resting on his staff, overleapt the frail paternal enclosure, and let his plume float to the wind—from that moment he aspired to the empire of the world. He deliberated with Attila whether he should overthrow the empire of the East or West ; he aspired with England to overspread the western and southern hemispheres.

“ It is from this mingled spirit of poetry and adventure, that the whole idealism of the Germans has taken its rise. In their robust race is combined the heroic spirit and the wandering instinct—they unite alone the ‘ *Iliad* ’ and ‘ *Odyssey* ’ of modern times—gold and women were the objects of their early expeditions ; but these objects had nothing sensual or degrading in them. Woman was the companion, the support of man ; his counsel in difficulty, his guardian angel in war. Her graces, her charms, consisted in her courage, her constancy. Educated by a man—by a warrior—the virgin was early accustomed to the use of arms—‘ *Gothorum gens perfida, sed pudica ; Saxones crudelitate efferi sed castitate mirandi.* ’ Woman in primitive Germany was bent to the earth beneath the weight of agricultural labour ; but she became great in the dangers of war—the companion and partner of man—she shared his fate, and lightened his sorrows. ‘ *Sic vivendum, sic pereundum,* ’ says Tacitus. She withdrew not from the field of battle—she faced its horrors—she turned not aside from its blood. She was the Goddess of War—the charming and terrible spirit which at once animated its spirit, and rewarded its dangers—which inspired the fury of the charge, and soothed the last moments of the dying warrior. She was to be seen on the field of blood, as Edith the

swan-necked sought the body of Harold after the defeat of Hastings, or the young Englishwoman, who, to find her lost husband, turned over the dead on the field of Waterloo."—(Vol. I. pp. 150, 175.)

"O si sic omnia !" The mind is rendered dizzy ; it turns round as on the edge of a precipice by the reflections arising out of this animated picture. In truth may it be said, that these observations demolish at one blow the whole revolutionary theories of later times—they have turned the streams of French philosophy by their source. It was the cardinal point, the leading principle of the whole political speculation of the last half of the eighteenth century, that institutions were everything, character nothing ; that man was moulded entirely by the government or religion to which he was subjected ; and that there was no essential difference in the disposition of the different races which had overspread the earth. The first half of the nineteenth century was spent in the practical application of this principle. The French Jacobins conceived themselves adequate to forge constitutions for the whole world, and sent forth their armies of starving Republicans to force them at the point of the bayonet on all mankind. Less vehement in their constitutional propagandism, the English have been more persevering, and incomparably more pernicious. Their example allured, as much as the horrors of the Revolution repelled, mankind. The ardent, the generous, the philanthropic, every where sighed for the establishment of a government which should give them at once the energy of the British character, the glories of the British empire. And what has been the result !—The desolation of Spain, the ruin of Portugal, the depopulation and blasting of South America. Vain have been all attempts to transplant to nations of Celtic or Moorish descent, the institutions which grew and flourished among those of Anglo-Saxon blood. The ruin of the West India islands proves their inapplicability to those of negro extraction ;—the everlasting distraction of Ireland, to those of unmixed Celtic blood. A century of bloodshed, devastation, and wretchedness will be spent ere mankind generally learn that there is an essential and indelible distinction between the character of the different races of men ; and, in Montesquieu's words, "that no nation ever attained to durable greatness, but by institutions in harmony with its spirit."

Nor is there any foundation for the common observation, that this presents a melancholy view of human affairs ; and that it is repugnant to our ideas of the beneficence of an overruling Providence to suppose that all nations are not adapted for the same elevating institutions. Are all nations blessed with the same climate, or soil, or productions ? Will the vine and the olive flourish on every slope—the maize or the wheat on every plain ? No. Every country has its own productions, riches, and advan-

tages; and the true wisdom of each is found to consist in cultivating the fruits, or developing the riches, which Nature has bestowed. It is the same in the moral world. All nations were not framed in the same mould, because all were not destined for the same ends. To some was given, for the mysterious but beneficent designs of Providence, excellence in arms, and the ensanguined glory of ruthless conquest; to others supremacy in commerce, and the mission of planting their colonies in distant lands; to a few excellence in literature and the arts; and the more durable dominion over the thoughts and minds of men. What sort of a world would it be if all nations were sanguinary and barbarous like the Tartars—or meek and patient like the Hindoos? If they all had the thirst for conquest of the Grand Army—or the rage for transplanting the institutions of the English? We boast, and in some respects with reason, of our greatness, our power, our civilization. Is there any man amongst us who would wish to see that civilization universal, with its accompaniments of nearly a seventh\* of the whole population of the empire paupers;—of Chartists, Socialists, Repealers, Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers, and landed selfishness?

As a specimen of Michelet's powers of description, we extract his account of the battle of Agincourt:—

“The two armies presented a strange contrast. On the side of the French were three enormous squadrons, three forests of lances, who formed in the narrow plain, and drew up as they successively emerged from the defiles in their rear. In front were the Constables, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, Bar and Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, D'Eu, Richemont, and Vendome, amidst a crowd of barons, dazzling in gold and steel, with their banners floating in the air, their horses covered with scales of armour. The French had archers also, but composed of the commons only; the haughty seigneurs would not give them a place in their proud array. Every place was fixed; no one would surrender his own; the plebeians would have been a stain on that noble assembly. They had cannons also, but made no use of them: probably no one would surrender his place to them.

“The English army was less brilliant in appearance. The archers, 10,000 in number, had no armour, often no shoes; they were rudely equipped with boiled skins, tied with osier wands, and strengthened by a bar of iron on their feet. Their hatchets and axes suspended from their girdles, gave them the appearance of carpenters. They all drew the bow with the *left* arm—those of France with the right. Many of these sturdy workmen had stripped to the shirt, to be the more at ease; first, in drawing the bow, and at last in wielding the hatchet, when they issued from their hedge of stakes to hew away at those immoveable masses of horses.”

\* Viz.—1,446,000 in England and Wales; 76,000 in Scotland; and 2,000,000 in Ireland. In all, 3,522,000, out of 27,000,000.—*Census of 1841.*

"It is an extraordinary but well authenticated fact, that the French army was so closely wedged together, and in great part so stuck in the mud, that they could neither charge nor retreat; but just stood still to be cut to pieces. At the decisive moment, when the old Thomas of Erpingham arranged the English army, he threw his staff in the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike!' The shout of ten thousand voices was raised at once; but to their great surprise, the French army stood still. Men and horses seemed alike enchained or dead in their armour. In truth, those weighty war-horses, oppressed with the load of their armour and riders, were unable to move. *The French were thirty-two deep—the English only four.*\* That enormous depth rendered the great bulk of the French army wholly useless. The front ranks alone combated, and they were all killed. The remainder, unable either to advance or retreat, served only as a vast target to the unerring English arrows, which never ceased to rain down on the deep array. On the other hand, every Englishman wielded either his lance, his bow, or his hatchet, with effect. So thick was the storm of arrows which issued from the English stakes, that the French horsemen bent their heads to their saddle-bows, to avoid being pierced through their visors. Twelve hundred horse, impatient of the discharge, broke from the flanks, and charged. Hardly a tenth part reached the stakes, where they were pierced through, and soon fell beneath the English axes. Then those terrible archers issued from their palisade, and hewed to pieces the confused mass of wounded horses, dismounted men, and furious steeds, which, galled by the incessant discharge of arrows, was now turmoiling in the bloody mud in which the chivalry of France was engulfed."—(Vol. IV. pp. 307, 311.)

We take leave of M. Michelet, at least for the present, as his work is only half finished, with admiration for his genius, respect for his erudition, and gratitude for the service he has rendered to history; but we cannot place him in the first rank of historians. He wants the art of massing objects and the spirit of general observation. His philosophy consists rather in drawing visions of the sequence of events, or speculations on an inevitable progress in human affairs, than an enlightened and manly recognition of a supreme superintendence. He unites two singularly opposite sets of principles—a romantic admiration for the olden time, though with a full and just appreciation of its evils, with a devout belief in the advent of a perfect state of society, the true efflorescence of the nation, in the equality produced by the Revolution. Yet is his work a great addition to European literature; and the writers of England would do well to look to their laurels, if they wish, against the able phalanx now arising on the other side of the Channel, to maintain the ancient place of their country in historic literature.

\* This formation was the same on both sides, when Napoleon's Imperial Guard attacked the British Guards at Waterloo.—See the indelible difference of race.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Essai sur les Causes de la Révolution et des Guerres Civiles de Hayti.* Par le Baron de Vastey.
2. *Réflexions Politiques.* Idem.
3. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution de Saint Domingue.* Par le Baron Pamphile de La Croix.
4. *Almanach Royal d'Hayti, pour l'Année 1817.*
5. *Almanach National d'Hayti, pour l'Année 1827.*
6. *Colonies Etrangères et Hayti.* Par Victor Schoelcher.
7. *Notes on Hayti.* By Charles Mackenzie, Esq.
8. *Brief Notices of Hayti.* By John Candler.
9. *Sketches of Hayti.* By W. W. Harvey.

IN our last glance at the past state of this extraordinary Republic, we left one section of the island endeavouring to accustom itself to the presence and control of a crowned monarch, and to consider itself as a kingdom; nor is it possible to contemplate without surprise the aptitude with which the new sovereign adopted the arbitrary habits of exclusiveness and etiquette which were rendered necessary by the sudden change in his political and social condition. The palaces at Cape François and Sans Souci, in which he took up his abode, were peopled with impromptu officers of the household and extempore ministers of state: pages lounged in the anterooms, and body-guards thronged the galleries. Gold and jewels glittered on all sides; and sonorous titles made the echoes courtly. Grand and privy councils were formed: orders were created: dukes, grand marshals, and excellencies were to be encountered on every staircase; the apartments were floored with marble or polished mahogany; valuable paintings lined the walls; England supplied a state carriage, at an expense to the new monarch of £700, which was drawn by six gray horses; while, in addition to the "household," consisting of 108 individuals, exclusive of medical practitioners of every grade, the *Maison Militaire du Roi* was on a still more extended and expensive scale. The queen, the prince royal, and the two princesses, had each their separate establishment; and the etiquette of "the presence" was so stringent, that friends were forbidden all token of recognition while in the same apartment with any of the royal family.

At the first glance it may appear idle and absurd, that, just as the sovereigns of Europe were beginning to put aside much of the irksomeness of that cumbrous state by which they had hitherto



loved to surround themselves, the King of Hayti should hedge himself about with empty forms, and trammel himself with gold-laced and feathered courtiers; but the measure was, in point of fact, by no means so unwise as it may appear; for be it remembered that the Haytians had only recently emancipated themselves from the shackles of slavery; and they consequently forgot, in their admiration of the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" attached to one of their own race, the right of the individual by whom it was assumed.

"Although he began his career with an evident desire to improve the condition of the people, and give them a standing among civilized nations, the maxims of his government were unfortunately tyrannical. Wanting a revenue, and not knowing how otherwise to obtain it, and believing also that the people had become too much dissipated by war to labour willingly for wages, he compelled field-labour at the point of the bayonet. By this means, he secured large crops of sugar and rum; and making himself, like Mohammed Ali of Egypt, the principal merchant in his own dominions, he became rich, kept a court, and maintained a standing army." \*

Soured by the perpetual opposition of the adverse factions, Christophe soon lost the buoyancy of spirit by which he had originally been characterized; nor is it wonderful that it should have been so; but it would seem that as he became less sanguine, the natural ferocity of his nature increased. His reign, like that of Dessalines, was one of terror. The citadel of La Ferrière, above Sans Souci, which had been commenced by the French, was finished under his auspices, and rendered one of the strongest fortresses in the world; under circumstances of such revolting barbarity, that humanity shudders at their contemplation. Prisoners of every age and sex were degraded into beasts of burden, and cemented the stones of the frowning edifice with their blood, until death terminated their sufferings. This, the great stronghold of his mimic kingdom, was on one occasion struck by lightning, and reduced to a heap of ruin; the specie and stores which it contained being flung, by the bursting of the powder-magazine, to a considerable distance, in every direction; while out of a garrison of 300 men, a few only escaped to carry the tidings of the awful catastrophe to the Cape. Christophe, however, having already experienced the great utility of this store-house for his wealth and arms, once more set his human engines into motion, and the formidable fortress was rebuilt. In his admirable and carefully-compiled little volume, Mr. Candler gives an anecdote of the sable monarch, which is a key-stone to this phase of his character.

\* Candler's Brief Notices, p. 31.

"On his return to Sans Souci on one particular occasion, he was informed that, during his absence, the mulatto women of Cape Haytian had offered up prayers in the great church that he might never be permitted to return again to his palace; revenge rankled in his soul—his purpose was immediately taken—he ordered a company of soldiers to make domiciliary visits, and lead out the accused women to summary execution. A dark retired spot, about a mile from the city, was chosen for the massacre; and here, in cold blood, these unhappy victims of cruelty were butchered. Bayonets were plunged into their bosoms, and their dead bodies cast into a deep well; this well is now called *The Well of Death*, and nobody will drink of its waters." \*

Of the domestic character of Christophe, little can be said to his advantage; for, although in compliance with the "prejudices" of his "Grand Almoner," he was *de facto* married to the queen, his licentiousness was so great as to procure for his palace a *sobriquet* too coarse to warrant mention. His redeeming qualities were, however, as conspicuous as his vices. To his unceasing exertions the Haytians are indebted for the present advanced state of education in the island; and Mr. Harvey, (in his *Sketches of Hayti*,) mentions with enthusiasm the encouragement held out to industry and talent in the several schools; six of which are conducted on the Lancasterian system, under the control of English masters, selected at the request of Christophe, by the British and Foreign School Society. Nor did he display less admirable policy in the efforts which he made, and the inducements which he offered, to accomplish the naturalization of foreigners in his dominions.

"Besides endeavouring to prevail on negroes and mulattoes from America to enrol themselves among his subjects, Christophe encouraged foreigners of all nations to become naturalized; for which purpose he offered them also all the privileges of Haytian citizens, and promised them every facility in their pursuits." †

Another admirable point of Christophe's policy, was his constant habit of reminding his subjects, upon every occasion, of their altered condition, and of exciting their national ambition by all the means in his power; while, by his new agrarian regulations, he provided labour and remuneration for all who were desirous to obtain them. The city of Cape François, partially rebuilt under his auspices, and astir with commerce, gave an earnest of what might be anticipated when time and custom should have habituated the citizens to a life of order and industry; but throughout the general population there was necessarily

\* Brief Notices of Hayti, p. 33.

† Harvey's Sketches of Hayti, p. 241.

a large amount of ignorance, indolence, and superstition. 'It was comparatively easy to found schools, and to imbue the youth of the country with industrious and emulative habits ; but for the immediate purposes of local government and social reform, the adventurous sovereign could command no better instruments than those which his discrimination enabled him to select from among the mass of excited and ambitious spirits by which he was surrounded—excited and ambitious in proportion to their ignorance of all practical ethics, both moral and social,—and thus our astonishment is not that, once possessed of power, he should not have done more, but that with such inefficient coadjutors he should have accomplished so much.

The hatred entertained towards France continued unabated throughout his reign ; but that the antipathy did not extend to England is equally certain. The extreme liberality—we may even say, profusion—of the British during their occupation of the island, and their scrupulous avoidance of those acts of wanton cruelty by which the French had made themselves so conspicuous, had endeared them to the natives ; and their effect is evident, from the testimony of De Vastey ; who, himself a man of colour, and violently inimical to the whites, nevertheless admits the benefits which had accrued to Hayti from the conduct of Great Britain :—

“ England is the principal power of Europe which has really taken an interest in our fate. It was she who took the initiative on the other powers, to abolish the treaty, and who laboured to effect the amelioration of the slaves. It is she who, by an order in council, has considered us as neutral and independent, and has expedited, directly and legally, her merchant vessels to Hayti. We should be, therefore, the most ungrateful and the most unjust of men, if we could ever fail in gratitude towards the English people and government.” \*

That these were really the sentiments of his master, needs no further confirmation than the fact, that the shrewd but time-serving secretary of King Henry I. ventured to put them upon paper ; but we have a decided and practical proof that such was the case, in the interference of Christophe to prevent the continuance of a clandestine correspondence, which had commenced between some restless spirits within his own dominions, and certain disaffected persons in Jamaica, who were anxious to disturb the peace of that island ; when having, with great sagacity, discovered the intrigue, he forthwith arrested all the parties implicated. His reward from the British government for this proof of political integrity, was a permission, as alluded to by De

\* *Réflexions Politiques*, p. 39.

Vastey, for English merchantmen to dispose of their cargoes in any port of St. Domingo which was not subject to France or Spain ; and to reload with the produce of the country.

Highly as he estimated the advantages of education, Christophe never succeeded, to his death, in accomplishing more penmanship than sufficed for the signature of his own name ;\* nor did he, in providing the means of education for the boys within his dominions, take equal care of the female children, for whom no schools were organized ; and who were left, without an effort, in the same state of moral degradation in which he found them. As years wore on, the better features of Christophe's character were obscured by the avarice and tyranny which were his besetting sins.

" He took possession of the best plantations in his own right, and gave others to some of his military comrades, and a few civilians who pleased him, on whom he bestowed the titles of barons, counts and dukes.† The *châteaux royaux*, as his own and the queen's domains were denominated, were worked by soldiers disbanded, or on leave of absence. In the last year of Christophe, twenty of these plantations yielded ten millions of pounds of sugar, equal to 5,000 hogsheads of a ton weight each. One of them, three leagues from the Cape, called the *Queen's Delight*, yielded 500 hogsheads of superior sugar, of the enormous weight of 25 cwt. each."‡

Sir Home Popham, the English admiral, who visited Christophe several times during his reign, remonstrated firmly with him upon the appalling severities of his rural code ; but he could produce no impression upon the black monarch, who persisted in declaring that his people could be governed in no other manner. The natural result of such a system followed. His political rival, Pétion, more judicious in his views, and more temperate in his passions, increased in popularity as he himself lost his hold upon the spirits of the people. To the few foreigners who resided in the country, the rule of the monarch of the North was more agreeable than that of the President of the Republic, for thus was Pétion styled in the southern section of the island. At Cape François every European was held in honour ; nor was he passed

\* Conscious how greatly this ignorance of written characters placed him in the power of those about him, to whom he was in consequence obliged to confide, Christophe was in the habit, after having dictated a letter or ordinance to his secretary, to call in half-a-dozen individuals separately, and to cause the document to be read to him by each, in order to assure himself of its fidelity.

† It was once remarked to Christophe that the titles of the Duke of Limonade and the Prince of Marmalade had excited great ridicule in France ; when he wittily replied, that he was by no means astonished such should be the case in a country possessing the Prince of Peas and the Duke of Broth (*Le Prince de Poix* and *Le Duc de Bouillon*).

‡ Candler's Brief Notices, p. 31.

in the street by a native without a salutation; at Port-au-Prince it was precisely the reverse. Regarding the whites as the representatives of a race which had so long subjected them to the yoke and the chain, they did not even attempt to conceal their antipathy to the strangers; and far from saluting them with courtesy, even compelled them to acts of outward respect towards themselves; some of the more wealthy among them actually insisting that foreign merchants, travellers, and traders, should raise their hats as they passed them by! This, however, was a vexation as petty as it was ridiculous; and did not suffice to prevent any candid and thinking man from distinguishing the vast difference produced upon the minds and habits of the people, between the coercive, vain, and selfish government of Christophe, and the moderate and modest rule of Pétion.

That the coloured President possessed to the full as much ambition as the black King, his whole career tended to prove; but it was a more wholesome and legitimate ambition. While the policy of Christophe was to surround himself with splendour and indulgence, and thus dazzle the eyes and hoodwink the intellects of his subjects, as he was gradually enriching himself at their expense, and, by slow degrees, subjecting them to a tyranny scarcely inferior to that from which they had freed themselves at the expense of so much blood; that of Pétion, satisfied with the fact of being created President of the Republic for life, with the privilege of appointing his successor, after having been already thrice annually elected to that dignity, affected no state, formed no court, waived all unnecessary ceremony, and was courteous, accessible, and considerate. The great objects of his life appear to have been, the safety and moral benefit of the Republic, and the overthrow of his northern rival. With an empty treasury, which compelled him to issue base money, and a knowledge that without exports it would be vain to attempt to trade, or to obtain a revenue, he nevertheless used no compulsory measures to enforce labour. The head of that caste which was numerically the weakest in the island, he endeavoured to strengthen his position by conciliating rather than coercing the blacks; and, in so far as his crippled means allowed, he encouraged commerce from without, especially with England, upon whose imports he levied a duty of only 5 per cent., while those of all other nations were taxed at 10.

From the period of Pétion's election to the Presidency, his hatred of the French was virulent and undisguised; while his opposition to Christophe was, as he declared, based upon a conviction that he was incapable of exercising the supreme command to which he aspired, with benefit to the country; and that

should he attain to power, he would degrade it by tyranny. One of his own earliest measures was to establish, in conjunction with his principal partisans, a popular form of government, calculated to inspire confidence in the people, and to prove his consistency. Of this government, by the unanimous consent of the citizens and the army, he became the executive head, establishing its head-quarters at Port-au-Prince.

During the period of his struggle against the pretensions of Christophe, the moral and social condition of his people was necessarily neglected; but on the suspension of hostilities between them, he was as zealous and as indefatigable as his opponent in forming plans of civilization and progression; and so desirous was he that individual justice should in every case be done, that it was not until the accumulated pressure of public affairs compelled him to forego the practice, that he abstained from withholding his decision, in every instance, when called upon to administer justice, until he had himself determined the case from personal investigation. The army was devoted to him; the people regarded him as their liberator from oppression and hardship; and while he deprecated all state, and even disarmed envy by the unobtrusiveness of his habits—they regarded him with a veneration and respect which no crown could have commanded. The mildness of his rule brought nevertheless its evil—"the bane and antidote" were both there. His solicitude to be considered rather as the father than the governor of his people, afforded a license for disorder, of which the evil-disposed portion of the population were not slow to avail themselves. The transition had been too sudden and too violent, from an existence of slavery and toil—terminated by an epoch of bloodshed and terror—to an existence of freedom and indolence; and thus the population, liberated from the restraints to which they had been hitherto subjected, habitually indulged in their vicious propensities, and defying the established laws, set at nought the authority of those who held office in the different departments of the state. Their ideas of liberty were still vague, extravagant, and undefined; and, in the first jealousy of its possession, they degraded it into licentiousness. To this description of the moral state of the lower orders, however, the soldiers of the republic formed, in all save their deportment to Europeans, a striking contrast. Their hatred to foreigners carried them frequently to insolence, while their bearing towards the people was haughty and violent; but their discipline was admirable: they were subordinate, orderly and obedient to their officers, amenable to authority, and emulative of the distinctions with which Pétion rewarded their gallantry and good conduct. One of the greatest defects of the republican

government was the total neglect evinced towards the educational interests of the young. Not an effort was made to establish public schools, which was the more inexcusable in the case of Pétion, (always supposing him to have individually possessed sufficient power to carry so important a point,) as, enjoying himself all the advantages of an admirable education, and fully capable of appreciating its value, he must have been conscious that a more powerful moral engine in the progression of his people could not have been applied ; and that so long as they remained in the state of ignorance which was the concomitant of their slavery, nothing great or good could be rationally anticipated from the mass of the population.

In the distribution of property the government of Pétion proved its superiority to that of Christophe. Far from possessing themselves of lands to which they had no just or legal claim, and compelling the less favoured members of the community to labour for their benefit, the republican authorities made so equal a division of their territories, that the majority of the people were possessed of small estates, which they cultivated with an industry that proved the position of the king to be a false one, when he declared that the natives could be induced to labour only at the point of the bayonet.

The defection of a portion of Christophe's fleet augmented the resources of the Republic ; and ere long the harbour of Port-au-Prince presented a spectacle of greater and steadier commerce than that of Cape François : nor is it less worthy of mention, that while at the court of Christophe his new made nobles were frittering away their energies and their intellects in puerile and fantastic forms and follies, the sterner government of Pétion was calling into action the abilities and talents of those about him.

The only point of resemblance between the chiefs of the two rival factions existed in their unmitigatable hatred to France ; and their resolution never again, under any circumstances, to submit to her authority. The sincerity of these declarations was tested, when, on the return of Louis XVIII. to the French throne, the government of that country made an attempt at renewed possession of the colony. On the restoration of peace throughout Europe, the ex-colonists began to entertain hopes of recovering their property in the island, and consequently addressed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, which was favourably received, and referred to a committee. The chairman, General Defourneaux, made an inflated and exaggerated speech, in which he recommended that a force should be despatched to Hayti, accompanied by the colonists, strong enough to put the ex-proprietors in possession of their estates, and to secure them in their tenure ;

asserting that, from his personal knowledge of both the native chiefs, he was convinced that they would eagerly acknowledge the authority of Louis. The interested parties did not pause to inquire into the probability of men, rescued at a heavy and fearful price from slavery, resuming their chains at the bidding of a foreign potentate, who had but recently recovered his own throne ; and the topic of re-conquering St. Domingo became a favourite theme in every *salon* :—

“ The members of the cabinet also ultimately entered into the same views ; and in the hope of effecting an object of so much importance, they refused to accede to the proposal, made by Great Britain on the return of Louis, for an immediate abandonment of the African slave-trade, but stipulated for its continuance for five years longer ; at the end of which they promised by treaty its definite cessation. For, as the population of St. Domingo was already considerable, they would be able, they conceived, during that period, to supply the plantations with as many negroes from Africa as should be required for their entire cultivation.

“ In the mean time, no authentic information had yet been received by the French government respecting the state of the island, or the disposition of the reigning chiefs ; for which reason, the plan recommended by General Defourneaux being abandoned for the present, Malouet, the Minister for the Colonies,\* resolved on sending to the West Indies three commissioners, for the avowed purpose of obtaining and transmitting to France all the information which could be procured on these subjects. This measure, though of a preparatory nature, necessarily required much caution ; and some discretion, it might be supposed, would have been displayed in the selection of those to whom its execution should be entrusted. But the same folly was betrayed in the choice of the agents which characterized the whole scheme. The principal one, who was Dauxion Lavaysse,† had been a member of the Committee of Public Safety at Paris, under the infamous Robespierre ; and the second, De Medina, who had served in St. Domingo in the army of Toussaint, being entrusted by that general with an important post, had betrayed it to the French under Le Clerc. Two men more obnoxious to the Haytians could not, therefore, have been easily selected. These emissaries having been instructed to repair without delay to one of the islands nearest to St. Domingo, proceeded

\* Himself an ex-colonist.

† “ One Dauxion Lavaysse, formerly a *Terrorist*, an agent of Robespierre's under the Committee of Public Safety ; and one of those immoral and degraded wretches, who, on their return to France, had been sentenced to twenty years' confinement with hard labour in chains for the crime of *bigamy*. The second was a renegade Spaniard, named Augustino Franco Medina, formerly employed at Bannique in looking after smugglers, afterwards appointed adjutant-general, with the command of the district of Cibao, by Ferrand ; he signalized himself by his cruelty, in causing a massacre of defenceless women and children, in his attack upon the village of Ounaminthé.”—DE VASTRY'S *Essai*, p. 139.



forthwith to England ; and, in the summer of 1814, sailed from Falmouth in a packet for Jamaica."\*

The Haytian chiefs were soon apprised of the real intentions of France : that an attack upon the island was contemplated, they did not permit themselves to doubt ; and, determined alike to resist the claims and to reject the authority of Louis, they began simultaneously to make preparations for defence. De Vastey labours to throw the imputation of treason upon Pétion, and roundly asserts that he temporized with Lavaysse, in order to secure the interests of the people of colour at the expense of the blacks, whom he desired to see once more reduced to slavery ; and to cause himself to be named Governor-General of Hayti, upon the destruction of Christophe. For these assertions there is, however, no apparent foundation ; nor does the after conduct of Pétion in any point tend to carry out the accusation. De Vastey, we believe, stands alone as his accuser ; and in his case the arrow of virulent hate is indeed *telum imbellè sine ictu* ; the *soi-disant* historian having, with all his talent, suffered his temper to overcome his reason, and his arguments to degenerate into invective. Certain it is, that Pétion was no less active than Christophe in repairing the coast-batteries, strengthening the fortresses, filling the arsenals with torches of cotton-wood, and accumulating ammunition and provisions. Should force, indeed, be employed against them, the Haytians had determined, to a man, to resist till every hope was at an end, and then to apply the brand to their cities, their palaces, and their plantations ; and to bequeathe to their victors, if such the intruders were fated to become, a desolate and unpeopled waste, where they had lately seen fertility and life. Having dispatched from Jamaica his written instructions to Christophe, Lavaysse expressed his desire to treat personally with Pétion, provided his safety were guaranteed ; a request and a pledge to which the President at once acceded, and to which he religiously adhered ; having, on the termination of the negotiations, and the failure of the mission, dispatched the discomfited envoy back to France in a Haytian schooner. The fate of Medina was, however, less fortunate. This man had been secretly sent to the Spanish frontier, whence he made his way back to Cape François, where he was immediately arrested, and his papers seized. These proved to be secret instructions from M. Malouet, tending to create tumult and insurrection among the Haytians ; and thus justified in considering their prisoner as a spy and an incendiary, Christophe and his ministers compelled him to be present, standing upon an elevated platform

\* Harvey's Sketches of Hayti, pp. 366-7.

in the midst of the people, at a solemn *Te Deum*, which was attended by the king and all his court ; and at the subsequent reading of all the documents which had been found upon his person ; after which he was led back to his dungeon, and was never again heard of.

The monstrous proposition of the ex-colonists, published in France under the eye of its Christian King, that "the population of Hayti ought to be exterminated, to infants of the age of six years, who were to be reserved as slaves," sufficed to prove to the inhabitants of the country the species of feeling which existed towards them, and the degree of protection that they might anticipate from a government which put forth no protest of rebuke or denial to so impious a suggestion :—

"The proposals of the French government, conveyed through its commissioners, were thus positively rejected by both chiefs ; and its attempt to resume its ascendancy over the island was, as might have been anticipated, wholly unsuccessful. And while on the one hand, its failure overthrew the hopes of the ex-colonists, so long and so earnestly cherished, the discovery of their designs served to increase the caution of the Haytians, and confirmed them in the resolution of holding no farther intercourse with France, till she should acknowledge and guarantee the independence of their country." \*

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, one of his first acts was to abolish the slave-trade ; to which England, at the entreaty of Louis and his ministers, had reluctantly conceded a further toleration of five years ; and at the close of the hundred days, Louis himself saw fit to confirm this act of abolition ; and to dispatch, in 1816, six new commissioners to St. Domingo, with modified propositions to the authorities. This commission, as in the former case, was composed of individuals highly obnoxious to the Haytians, the whole of its members being ex-colonists, and the vowed enemies of the blacks. It was a signal failure. After five and twenty years of freedom, the natives, or *Indigènes*, as they termed themselves, had learned to rely more confidently upon their own resources, and to contemplate with less respect and misgiving the measures of their opponents. The French agents had calculated largely upon the disunion between the chiefs, and the disaffection existing between the rival factions ; but they were compelled to discover that hatred of a common foe, and love of a common country, are bonds sufficiently strong to smother for a time all individual jealousies, and all civil feuds. The worsted commissioners departed once more, having produced no effect upon the Haytians, save that of exciting and maintaining, in the spirits of

\* Harvey's Sketches, pp. 377-8.

every class of the population, a resolute determination to suffer death as individuals, and utter extermination as a nation, rather than resume the yoke of France, and the brand of slavery.

But although thus united in the bond of brotherhood against an external foe, and alike engaged in the same work of preparation and defence, the hostility of the rival chiefs had slumbered in inaction, it is true, but had never been extinguished. The constant struggle for supremacy, and the sense of increased power upon either side, had indeed rather tended to aggravate than to annul the feeling; and while the partisans of Christophe loudly accused Pétion of treason to his country, the supporters of the Republic declaimed against the government of Henry as one of tyranny and usurpation. There exists no doubt that Pétion firmly believed that the destruction of Christophe would insure the happiness of the Haytians; nor is it at all problematical that he constantly held himself in readiness to invade his dominions whenever a fitting opportunity should present itself; but he was not fated to witness the accomplishment of his wishes. He had, indeed, lived to see the flag of France flouted by the nation which was once her footstool; and to feel that the scars of his countrymen were no longer the badges of servitude, but the honourable trophies of a freedom hardly won, and highly valued; but still his sanguine spirit drooped beneath the comparative languor of her social progression. He was wounded to the quick at the opposition offered to many of those measures which he had proposed for the benefit of the people whom he ruled; and, at length, he suffered himself to become imbued with the painful and depressing idea that they were weary of his government, and desired his abdication. This belief grew slowly into a conviction; and even while the most urgent arguments were used by his friends to refute it, and the continued proofs of regard which were lavished upon him by the people might well have dispersed so unhappy a delusion, the disease struck deeper; and he at last abandoned himself to the conviction that his ruin was decided. Every trifling dissatisfaction manifested by the citizens—every puerile outbreak originating in individual jealousies—he construed into a plot against his government, or a design against his life. He became desponding and melancholy, lost his habitual suavity of manner, refused to receive his accustomed guests, denied admission even to those with whom he had hitherto been the most confidential and familiar, neglected his person, and ultimately refused the sustenance necessary to his existence. The consternation produced throughout the republic by the lamentable hypochondriacism of the President, is indescribable. It was evident to all, that the painful disease under which he laboured must soon deprive them of one who had been

to each a father and a friend ; nor was the foreboding a false one ; for despite every effort to arouse him from the mental and moral atrophy into which he had fallen, Pétion expired in May, 1818, amid the tears of his people, and with the belief of their ingratitude at his heart, after having presided over the Republic upwards of eleven years. Previous to his death, he nominated General Boyer\* as his successor ; (a nomination which was confirmed by the senate and the prætorian bands of Hayti ; ) to whom he gave his dying injunction " never to treat with France."

These events in the North excited less sensation among Christophe and his party than might have been anticipated. No interference was attempted on either side, and each found sufficient occupation in the affairs of his own government to employ alike his time and his energies. Christophe had now reigned nine years, and although no very striking events had formed the landmarks of his rule, he had nevertheless apparently laid the foundation of permanent authority and improvement. He had, however, at this period reached the culminating point of his greatness ; and amidst this appearance of tranquillity and progression, he became suspicious and uneasy. He no longer placed faith in the honour or fidelity of any one about him, but lived in perpetual fear of assassination. He caused his palaces to be strongly defended, and never stirred abroad without his body-guard, from whom, in their turn, he was partially protected by loaded fire-arms. His appearances in public were less frequent, and the circle at the palace reduced to a few favourites, on whose good faith he still felt some degree of reliance. Nor were his misgivings, like those of the unhappy Pétion, altogether visionary. But his downfall was sealed by the license which he at length permitted to his violent and ferocious nature,—those bursts of wild and ungovernable passion, which he had held in abeyance until his ambition was sated ; and which now, fostered into increased fury by the suspicions which dogged his path, swept all before them like an avalanche. His end was characteristic of his whole life.

" As he spared no one, whether black or coloured,—as he attacked all,—he necessarily found all alike disposed to support whomsoever sought his ruin. It was an African negro, Richard, Duke of Marma-

\* " This officer had been in the French service, had emigrated with Rigaud and others, had been in the United States, and accompanied Pétion on his return in 1802. He served as aid-de-camp to General Boyé, who was chef d'état major of Rochambeau's army. Eventually he was attached to Pétion's staff, and became commandant of the city of Port-au-Prince."—MACKENZIE'S *Notes on Hayti*, vol. II. p. 81.

" The President Boyer narrowly escaped this fate, (the *noyade* under Le Clerc and Rochambeau,) through the intercession of the French General Boyé."—*Idem*, vol. I. p. 169.

lade, and military commandant of the Cape, who first thought of delivering the North. He had already been for some time at the head of a conspiracy, in which the principal officers of the army were involved, when, in August, 1820, Christophe was struck with apoplexy in the church of Limonade. He was carried to the palace of Sans Souci, which he had built four leagues from his capital. The lingering illness of the king appeared to offer a favourable opportunity for the outbreak. On the 4th of October, 1820, the regiment in garrison at St. Mark revolted ; but the dying man still inspired so much terror, that the mutineers requested assistance from the President of the Republic. Boyer immediately commenced his march at the head of 20,000 men. Christophe, being informed of the sedition, ordered Richard to go and suppress it. Richard, far from obeying, led on the troops, declared the fall of the king, and posted himself, the 8th of October, on the heights above the Cape, taking measures for attacking Sans Souci. The tyrant, whom his ancient courage did not abandon, insisted on mounting his horse. In order to subdue the malady which prevented his doing so, and to restore partial circulation to his stagnant blood, he caused himself to be rubbed all over the body with a mixture of rum and pepper ; the remedy succeeded for a moment ; he rose, dressed himself, and took his arms. Scarcely had he left the palace when the air seized him ; he fell back, and his muscles refused to obey his will, which still retained its energy.

"Thenceforth all was lost to him, for he alone sustained his own fortune, and could yet have saved it by his military talents, and the terror that he inspired. He nevertheless made one closing effort ; he dispatched his armed guard and the garrison of the citadel of Ferrière against Richard. Vain resource—disaffection reigned everywhere ; these last soldiers left him only to join the rebels. General Bottex, a coloured officer, speedily informed him of the fact. He thanked him calmly for this last proof of fidelity, and retired to his apartments. Christophe had often blamed Bonaparte for surviving the loss of his crown ; he would not fall alive. At the end of a few minutes the report of fire-arms was heard in his chamber. They rushed in—he was already lifeless. He had aimed at his heart, and the hand of the veteran of sixty-two had not deviated a line.\*

"The death of Christophe reopened the North ; and General Boyer skilfully availed himself of the anarchy existing among the leaders of the revolt, to possess himself of every strong place in the late kingdom ; and to reunite (for the first time since the death of Dessalines) the whole of what once was French St. Domingo under one government. \* \* \*

"The sudden dissolution of the iron rule of Christophe produced such entire disorganization, as to render it impossible to restore even so much discipline as might have been useful ; and the habits of the North were gradually assimilated to those of the South. The supremacy of the Port-au-Prince government was not, however, long undis-

\* Colonies Etrangères et Haiti. Par Victor Schoelcher. Paris, 1842.

turbed ; for some of Henry's old generals were accused of putting forth pretensions to the government. They were seized ; some were tried, condemned, and executed—others destroyed themselves.”\*

The limits of the Republic had now resumed their original extent ; and in 1822, the annexation of the Eastern or Spanish portion of the island, satisfied all the views of the Haytian government, in so far as related to territory ; but as yet they held no position among the nations, for no foreign recognition had established their political rank ; not even Colombia would consent to acknowledge their claim as a free country, even weighed down as she was with a heavy obligation for similar services at their hands. This concession was destined to be first made by France herself. Divers abortive negotiations were entered into between her and her ex-colonists,—one in 1821, three years after the accession of President Boyer ; another in 1823, when the Haytian government were urged to make their own proposals, which failed, from their refusal to pay down a large sum of money, as an indemnity to France for her loss of property on the island ; and finally, in the month of July, 1825,

“ Baron Mackau arrived, with a strong squadron of about fourteen ships of war, that remained in the bay of Port-au-Prince, while he himself proceeded to the capital, with the ordonnance of the 17th of April, 1825, in which the independence of French St. Domingo was recognised, on the following conditions :—that the ports should be open to all nations ; but that the French flag should only pay half duties, both inwards and outwards ; and that one hundred and fifty millions of francs should be paid, as an indemnity, in five equal payments, the first on the 31st of December, 1825. The ordonnance was accepted on the 11th of July.”†

This trammel, heavy and crushing as it was, was nevertheless a welcome alternative to another death-struggle for national independence ; and the firmness with which General Boyer held the reins of government, soon suppressed all attempts on the part of ambitious and disappointed individuals to supplant him. Towards the close of 1825, the recognition of Haytian independence was ratified by the arrival in the island of a French consul-general to the capital, a consul to Cayes, and a vice-consul to the Cape ; and, early in the following year, these were followed by Mr. Mackenzie (from whom we have quoted so largely), as consul-general for England, as well as agent to represent the interests of Prussia, Lubeck, Hamburg, Holland, and Sweden.

General Boyer was the President of a free country ; a man of universally admitted talent, legitimate ambition, and great personal courage. His government, a modification of those by which

\* Mackenzie's Notes, vol. II. p. 81-2.

† Id. p. 87.

it had been preceded, if imperfect in some of its parts, and mistaken in some of its bearings, was nevertheless well suited to the genius of the people over whom he was called to rule ; and for some time nothing could work better than the system upon which it was based. But a fatal disregard for the moral progression of the people, and too great a reliance upon the awe inspired by a large standing army upon the population, tended ultimately to ruin Boyer. A nation whose freedom has been the growth and harvest of centuries ; whose establishments have been perfected by time, and consolidated by wisdom ; and whose internal resources, and external commerce are alike assured,—may still not only exist, but even flourish, under a lethargic ruler, at least for a time ; but an infant state, like that of Hayti, requires constant help and nourishment, and demands unremitting watchfulness and exertion. The apparent security of his position cheated General Boyer into a belief that it was impregnable ; and he was weak and reckless enough to forget, or absurd enough to undervalue, the fiery qualities of a people who had already given ample proofs of their power alike to judge and to act for themselves. The passion of Boyer was his troops ; it was in vain that he saw the resources of the island diminished by the reduced value of its exports, and the paralyzing debt which weighed like an incubus upon its revenues ; still, although with no enemy, either external or internal, to contend against, and in defiance of the better judgment of the few, who contemplated with anxiety and misgiving so useless and ruinous an expenditure, he persisted in maintaining an army, which, according to a report supplied to Mr. Candler by the government, he thus details :—

“ Under the head *Military Appointments*, as commanders of districts, there are 9 generals ; 15 brigadier-generals ; 63 colonels ; 48 lieutenant-colonels ; 9 captains ; 1 lieutenant ; and 20 medical men ; whose united pay amounted to 188,407 dollars, or £15,700 sterling. \* \* \* The standing army consists, in addition, of 33 colonels ; 95 lieutenant-colonels ; 825 captains ; 654 lieutenants ; 577 sub-lieutenants and ensigns ; 6,815 non-commissioned officers ; 25 medical men ; and 19,127 rank and file. \* \* \* The total cost of the army in 1838, including the arsenals, hospitals, and marines, was, in Haytian dollars, 1,418,557 ; or £118,213 in sterling money ; a small sum for the maintenance of such an immense standing army ; but (says Mr. Candler, in a spirit of judicious prophecy,) a much larger sum than Hayti, with her very limited resources, can afford to pay, or is likely long to sustain.” \*

Herein existed, beyond all doubt, the fundamental error of

\* Brief Notices of Hayti, pp. 91-2.

Boyer's government. His personal vanity was gratified by the constant display and importance attached to a large armed force; and he was misguided enough to believe that its strength was reflected upon himself. Had Boyer been an inferior man—had he even been deprived of the privilege of comparing and contrasting other countries with his own—had he never crossed the Atlantic, and been enabled to distinguish what were the true elements of national power and national happiness,—then, indeed, we might have been induced to believe that he was incapable of comprehending that march of mind which was slowly but surely making its way among the great mass of his countrymen, the spirit of progression which was awakened within them, and the fact that they were anxious to be understood and assisted.

“ If you publish observations on Hayti,” said several of the merchants and planters to me, (we again quote from Candler,) “ represent us as we are; do not flatter us; exhibit our true condition; we seek amelioration, not by force of arms,—we have had bloodshed and strife enough,—but through the important and powerful medium of the opinion of observing foreigners, who see our condition, and can state what it really is.”\*

And these were the people, who,—with a half-depopulated country, plains untilled, and mines unworked for want of capital, a huge outstanding debt, depreciated produce, and a diminished revenue,—Boyer was blind enough to believe would sit down patiently under their trials and privations, while he indulged himself in inaction, amid the waving of feathers and the glitter of gold lace.

Wedded even to the abuses which use had rendered familiar to him, Boyer had a horror of everything that bordered on innovation, and wilfully shut his eyes to those evils and omissions, which, to the awakened energies of those about him, had become irksome and offensive. To such an excess, indeed, did he carry this culpable inertness, that he betrayed annoyance whenever a remark was hazarded even upon the disgraceful state of the public streets and roads; which, although he traversed them daily, he made no effort to redeem from the deplorable condition by which they were rendered an endless cause of discomfort to every decent inhabitant of the capital and its environs.

Having, upon one occasion, proved his authority in the Chambers, by the expulsion of those members who were personally obnoxious to him, he presumed upon his impunity, and became at once careless and despotic through a false estimate of his power; nor can it be doubted that his downfall may be dated from the month of April, 1842, when he forcibly excluded from the Cham-

\* Brief Notices of Hayti, p. 91.



ber of Representatives, with the assistance of a party of armed troops, the members for the South, among whom were Hérard Dumesle and David St. Preux, two of the principal instigators of the popular demonstration which recently broke out in Cayes : and which was headed by the artillery-commandant, Charles Rivière Hérard, (the elder brother of Dumesle,) now General Hérard.

On the subject of this expulsion, and of the men who were subjected to it, Mr. Candler remarks :—

“ The President thought them too much in advance of the age, and as requiring more than the public good, or the people at large, could bear ! He therefore caused the Assembly to be decimated, and made their own votes the executioner of his secret decree. The government of Hayti is, in fact, a military despotism in the hands of a single man ; mild and merciful, it must be confessed, and desiring the welfare of his country ; but mistaken in some of his views, and therefore acting on some occasions in a manner utterly opposed to the public good.”\*

The inhabitants of Cayes, in 1842, elected as their representative M. Hérard Dumesle, and chose as his colleague Alcée André Laudun, a man highly esteemed, and who in 1839 had been deprived of his place of director of the government press, for having attended a dinner given by some of the citizens in honour of their expelled member.† The election of these two popular individuals was almost unanimous ; and they were returned with great triumph and rejoicing. Having taken their seats, M. Laudun was named President of the Chamber, and constitutionally invested with that dignity ; but on hearing of the circumstance, Boyer remarked, “ Laudun is Dumesle ;” and forthwith intrigues were set on foot, threats were fulminated, and promises were lavished, the result of which was the deposition of Laudun. An armed force, ostentatiously displayed, rendered resistance impossible ; but before the insulted citizen left Port-au-Prince, he had already, in conjunction with another of the deputies,‡ (whose unexpected exile ultimately prevented his taking a prominent part in the late revolution,) discussed and determined the measures to be adopted, for delivering his country from the tyranny and oppression of which he was at that moment the victim.

In conjunction with Rivière Hérard, his brother Hérard Dumesle, Lhérisson, Rameau, Press, &c., he organized the plan of a revolution. A secret society was formed at Cayes,§ under

\* Brief Notices of Hayti, p. 90.

† The Commons Chamber of Representatives is integrally renewed every five years, each period being distinguished by the appellation of “ legislature.” The members assemble every year, and the session lasts three months.

‡ M. Dumai Lespinasse.

§ “ The population of the South,” says M. Schoelcher, in his admirable work

their auspices, for the diffusion of liberal doctrines, the exposure of the evils which were generated by the administrative system of Boyer, and for the purpose of rousing into action the citizens of the Republic. Their first demonstration was made at Praslin, on the property of Rivière Hérard, who took the command, under the title of "Executive Chief of the Wills of the Sovereign People." Landun, Lhérisson, and Bedouet, were detached to Camp-Perin, to invite the national guard of that place to join their ranks ; but General Borgella having already sent an armed force against them, under the command of Colonel Cazeau, they were unable to accomplish their purpose. The three commissioners, thus separated from their leader, did not succeed in rejoining him until the 16th of February, at Tiburon. During their absence from the patriot army, whose numbers had meanwhile rapidly increased, they encountered perpetual and serious dangers. They were, by order of General Borgella, constantly pursued by parties of the President's troops ; they were hidden for many days in the depths of the forests ; at times, lost amid the vastness of the deserts through which they made their way, and with which they were totally unacquainted ; and at others nearly famished for want of food. Despite, however, all these difficulties, they ultimately reached the camp of their leader, as he was about to march on Miragoâne ; where Lhérisson again left them to return with the division of Lazarre, for the defence of the town of Jérémie, against a force with which General Solages was about to attack it. The handful of men who had thus devoted themselves to a cause fraught with peril, and surrounded by difficulty, were not possessed merely of that brute courage which overwhelms by muscular force, but could also boast that mental power which is essential to the right guidance of physical supremacy. Among them, Romain Lhérisson was particularly conspicuous for his various and solid attainments. He it was who compiled the Manifesto, which, originally addressed to the citizens of Cayes, has now become the revolutionary charter, and the palladium of the people's liberties. It is true that he was assisted in his task by Landun and Press ; but the credit of the work is nevertheless his own.

Their numerical force not permitting them to attempt the

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published in Paris in the year 1842, "has preserved something of the old spirit of unrest by which it was distinguished during the civil wars. It is there that you hear *spoken of*, we will not say the most freely, but in the least timid terms, the culpable acts of the President Boyer ; and it was from the district of Cayes, and the neighbouring district of Acquin, that the citizens, Hérard Dumesle and David Saint-Preux, were sent to the Commons' House, whose radical opposition well nigh overthrew, in 1839, the reigning faction."

capture of the city of Cayes, of which General Borgella\* was in command, Hérard summoned him to surrender; which, owing to the almost universal desertion of his troops to the ranks of the Patriots, he was within a few days compelled to do. Borgella, in fact, found himself, together with such officers as still adhered to the fortunes of Boyer, abandoned by his followers, and left helpless at the mercy of the insurgents. One trait of desperate courage deserves record here, and must not be refused mention. The commandant of the arsenal, although deserted by his men, resolutely refused to deliver up his trust; and as the Patriots were passing the bridge to enter the magazine, blew it up, and buried himself in the ruins! General Borgella, whose grey hairs and long services had secured to him the respect of his adversaries, was allowed to go at large on his parole. Not the slightest outrage or disorder was committed by the conquerors. The patriot army appeared resolved to falsify all the libels which had been fulminated against them by the government party; and while the official proclamations were charging them with laying waste the country, and wantonly spoiling the property of the non-belligerent population, the most perfect order and discipline prevailed throughout their ranks; nor did the paltry spirit of retaliation betray them into any acts of injustice or cruelty. Such individuals as were notoriously hostile to their cause were placed under *surveillance*, but the cases of imprisonment were few.

How little the party in power anticipated any serious results from what they attempted to treat as an insignificant outbreak, may be gathered from the following article in the *Feuille de Commerce*, of the 5th of March:—

“ Ever since the month of February, the *Temps* (Government paper) has informed us that a revolt has lately taken place; an attempt of a levee of shields at Cayes, under the title of the Revolt of Rivière Hérard, of Hérard Dumesle, and Consorts. According to the several correspondents of this journal, towards the end of January there was a meeting of persons on the estate of Praslin, a sugar factory situated in the plain of Thorbeck, belonging to the artillery commandant, Rivière Hérard. It was there that arms were taken up; that Rivière Hérard demanded an interview with General Borgella by a letter delivered on the 28th of January by the overseer of the administration of Port Salut, Bélus Ledoux; subsequently, malevolence had propa-

\* “ On the division of the island between Christophe and Pétion, Borgella adhered to the latter, but supported Rigaud on his secession from Port-au-Prince. Subsequently he has uniformly served under the Republic, and public opinion has long marked him as the future President of Haiti.”—MACKENZIE'S *Notes on Haiti*, vol. I. pp. 255-7.

gated the report in Cayes, that there were 5,000 men collected at Praslin, who were to march during the night upon the city. The General, satisfied of the good spirit of the inhabitants, had despised this braggadocia (*fanfaronnade*), and trusted that the sight of the troops by whom he was surrounded, would induce this handful of men to abandon Rivière and his principal accomplices, Dumesle, Laudun, Lhérisson, &c. &c., and that thus he should have fewer culprits to punish. But, on the other hand (says the *Temps*), the General would not expose himself in the plain, five leagues distant from Cayes, and run the risk of giving this band a chance of penetrating into the town by cross-roads,—well knowing that the project of firing the city had been decided on, in order to create confusion, and to facilitate to these brigands the assassination of the principal functionaries, of whose posts they were envious. General Solages, warned in time, marched to Cayes with his troops. The rebels attempted to take Port-Salut, but failed, without the firing of a gun. They retreated on Praslin, reduced to about 50 men. Colonel Cazeau immediately pursued them, but he found no one at Praslin. They had already taken the direction of the Grande Anse, &c.”

The order of the day published by General Borgella was precisely in the same strain. He trusted, as he declared, (although the town of Jérémie had openly accepted the patriot cause, and the black General Lugard had joined them at the head of two regiments of the line,) that the imposing force which he had dispatched in pursuit of the insurgents, would find but few culprits to deliver over to the sword of justice.\*

We have now to examine what was actually the case ; and in how far the authorities were justified in their contempt of the insurgent party. Although its chiefs were well aware that the popular feeling was in their favour, and that they were already sufficiently strong to make head against the force which had been ordered out to oppose them, they were still unwilling to shed blood, and rather sought to bring Boyer to a compromise ; in furtherance of which arrangement they endeavoured to open a negotiation, assuring him that they did not desire to deprive him of his dignity, but that they simply demanded immediate redress of their grievances,—the principal being the life-tenure of the Presidentship, which they required should be limited to a duration of five years, according to the constitution. Boyer, in reply, declared that he would not treat with an armed force ; and he had already dispatched, as we have shown, a strong body of troops to attack the Patriots ; but it was sufficiently evident that these troops marched with great reluctance ; and it ultimately required

\* On the 5th of February, 6,800 men marched against Hérard, under the command of General Désiré.

all the energy of their leaders to compel them to face their opponents, who at once vacated Jérémie to meet them.

It was originally our intention to have introduced into our pages a few specimens of General Hérard's proclamations, but we find that our space will not permit us to do so ; as, although they are admirable proofs of his *savoir faire* as a diplomatist as well as a soldier, they are yet so wordy as to occupy more room than we are able to bestow ; and thus we shall content ourselves with a rapid record of the events upon which they were hinged.

On the 7th of February, General Lazarre, who held the command of the district of Tiburon, went over to Hérard, carrying with him the whole of the 18th regiment ; and his defection was immediately repaired by the provisional appointment of General Cazeau. Two days previously, 1,500 men were collected at Petit Goave ; and Colonel Lamarre marched thence at the head of 1,200 ; while, on the 11th, the national guard and the 20th regiment left Leogane, to co-operate with him against the insurgents.

That the government began at this period to feel more anxiety in the result of the rising than it cared to show, cannot be doubted, from the fact that orders were issued to forbid all assembling together of the citizens, all political discussions, and all speculations on the state of affairs in the South ; while at nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 26th, immediately after the arrival at Port-au-Prince of General Inginac, from Little Goave, whence he had made a rapid and somewhat undignified retreat, and of the Director of the Customs, B. Ardouin, from Cayes, the National Fort fired the alarm gun three several times—the bells sounded the tocsin—and half an hour subsequently the drums beat to arms. The confusion exceeded all description. Sunday being the market day, the town was crowded with peasants from the valleys and heights, who were vending their produce ; crowds were rushing in every direction, neither knowing what they feared, nor what they sought ; while an universal cry of "To arms ! to arms !" increased the terror, which was only the greater because it was untangible. Thenceforward the national guard of the city, both horse and foot, were under arms ; but instead of remaining passively at their post, to maintain order, and, if need were, to protect their homes and their families, as the general interest required, and as it had been decided by the authorities that they should do, they unanimously demanded, through Major (*chef d'escadron*) E. Duplessis, and others of their officers, that rations and ammunition should be supplied to them, and that they should receive an order to encamp, instead of that which had been previously issued.

It must doubtless have been a conviction on the part of the

said authorities, that these stipulating troops would carry out their purpose *per fas et nefas*, which induced a ready acquiescence with their demand; and, accordingly, they were directed to hold themselves in readiness to march out at six o'clock,—which they did, and then halted at Marquissant, to await further orders. How the national guard of the capital could reconcile with its duty this abandonment, not only of the city itself, but of the wives, children, parents, and property of its own members, to the care and protection of indifferent individuals, was a problem which every rational being failed to solve; however, at Marquissant they remained until the 2nd of March, encamped in the plain of Leogane, where they joined divers detachments of different regiments collected there under the command of Generals Inginac and Merault. In his flight from Little Goave, General Inginac had passed a hurried night at Leogane, where the women had pursued him with hootings and abuse. It was consequently with no small panic that the inhabitants saw him return on the evening of the 27th of February, at the head of 900 men, and pitch his tents opposite the town. Nor were their first fears allayed by the fact that he was no sooner arrived, than he summoned to his presence certain individuals against whom he alleged causes of suspicion or displeasure, and whom he detained in his power. Spies were constantly passing and repassing between the camp and the city; the warning voices of the sentinels occurred at short intervals; the lines of light emitted by the camp-fires illuminated the plain; and the pen of the diplomatic secretary\* appeared to have made way for the sword of the resolute general; when one night, some of the Leoganois, in order to create a confusion among his troops, drove a number of stray horses through the Savannah at the top of their speed, in the direction of the tents. Cries of, "To arms! To arms! The cavalry of the Popular Army are upon us!" resounded on all sides; and in the midst of the panic, General Inginac, acting upon the aphorism of Hudibras, sprang into his carriage, whence he was only dislodged by the intimation that it was unhorsed! Calling vehemently for his charger, he had just placed his foot in the stirrup, when through the camp thundered the prancing and snorting horses; and the mistake was discovered. It would appear, however, that the adventure had proved sufficiently startling to M. Inginac to induce him to avoid the risk of another shock; for on the 1st of March he struck his tents, and retired from his position. He had so sooner retreated than the town of

\* Brigadier General Balthazard Inginac, secretary general to the President, was so celebrated for his complicated and intricate diplomacy, as to have earned for himself, among the resident Europeans at St. Domingo, the *sobriquet* of the "Haytian Talleyrand." He was a man of vast ambition and few scruples.

Leogane openly declared for the Patriots. Such was the enthusiasm of the women at the discomfiture of the government general at Leogane, that they armed themselves with such weapons as they could procure, and insisted on sharing in the defence of the city ; where they actually acted as patrols, and dragged the guns to their allotted positions. One fact, hinging upon this Amazonian demonstration, although numerically exaggerated by the timidity of the reporter, is at once too honourable to their energy, and too laughable in itself, to be overlooked. On the night of his retreat, General Inginac secretly despatched Colonel Lesage to reconnoitre the city, and to endeavour to discover some method of possessing himself of the persons of three individuals who were in the town-prison, and whom he was anxious to forward to Port-au-Prince. His envoy returned, declaring the project impossible, as the prison was guarded by 600 armed women !

On the 23rd of February, the right column of the President's army, commanded by Colonel Lamarre, was encamped at Le Sieur, before Pestel, while the troops under the orders of Generals Riché, Solages, and Cazeau, were in movement to co-operate in repressing the revolt, by joining that at Le Sieur, to march on Jérémie. At Pestel an attempt was made to stop the march of the Patriots, by the brave but ill-fated and deluded Colonel Lamarre ; who, under the impression that Boyer was still all-powerful, and that he should be speedily and strongly reinforced, persisted, contrary to the advice of those about him, in attacking the enemy. He was shot by one of his own officers, who was, in his turn, cut down by the axe of a sapper, who thus revenged the death of his colonel. The scull of the officer was cleft in two, and he fell to the earth a corpse. In the order of the day, published on the 12th of May, by General Charles Hérard, from his head-quarters at Tiburon, he announces to his troops that the result of the engagement was, to leave in the possession of the patriot army upwards of 200 prisoners, 50 horses, 50 stand of arms, a quantity of provision, a small sum of money, and 200 rounds of ammunition. He then goes on to order the liberation of all the private soldiers, so soon as they shall have been supplied with rations ; they being merely the instruments of power, in whom *passive obedience* was a duty ; but declaring his purpose of retaining the officers prisoners, as responsible and reasoning parties.

An action took place a few leagues from the town, which ended in the total defeat of Boyer's party. Cazeau was shot dead during the engagement ; and the loss on both sides was about 300 men killed and wounded. The President's troops suffered the most severely, the Patriots having the advantage of two field-pieces, which told murderously upon the ranks of their opponents.

In Jérémie the Patriots had already commenced their work of

reform steadily and usefully. They had organized a "Committee of Public Safety;" and while all was terror and confusion in Port-au-Prince, order and tranquillity reigned in this first *pied-à-terre* of the newly-formed government; for the committee, being invested with discretionary power, dispensed military and civil rank, and assumed to itself the title of "The Popular Government."

Late on the evening of the 1st of March, information reached the President's army, that both Great and Little Goave were in the possession of the Patriots. Orders were accordingly given to raise the camp, and to retire to Gressier, Morne-à-Bateau, Mariani, and Marquissant; and on the 4th, proclamation was made, that such of the women as were desirous of escaping from possible violence, were at liberty to embark on board the British, or other vessels, then lying in the port; or to retire to whatever part of the island they might see fit to adopt as a retreat. The effect of this announcement, together with intelligence of desertion after desertion to the enemy's lines, soon covered the plain with moving groups; carts and waggons heaped with property and furniture of every description were to be seen in all directions; and the city bid fair to be abandoned ere long by all its female inhabitants.

On Sunday, the 12th, the government forces encamped at Gressier, under the orders of General Mèrault, composed of the national guard of Port-au-Prince, averaging, horse and foot, about 150 men; the foot-chasseurs of Boyer's body-guard, under the command of Colonel (*chef-de-bataillon*) Therlonge, and of the 4th, 11th, and 13th regiments, and a few mounted grenadiers, mustering in all something less than 1,500 men, and totally destitute of artillery—the same fear being assigned as on a previous occasion by the President, that *the cannon might fall into the hands of the enemy!*—were rash enough to oppose themselves to the patriot army, consisting of between 3,000 and 4,000 individuals, fighting for life, for freedom, and for all that makes man strong and resolute. It is a remarkable fact, that although he ordered out even his own guard upon this occasion, Boyer did not possess sufficient heroism to put himself at their head, but remained safely and supinely within the city walls; while it will require little explanation that, supported as the Patriots were by six field-pieces, the engagement was a mere scene of slaughter, succeeded by a disgraceful rout; and that it was owing to the humanity of the insurgent troops that the plains of Leogane were not one vast shamble. The action lasted only five minutes, and but two cannons were fired; the 11th and 13th regiments having gone over *en masse* to the Patriots.



On learning the defeat and defection of his soldiery, Boyer lost all confidence ; and his changed manner did not escape remark. The Haytians are universally superstitious, and put great faith in omens. When intelligence reached Port-au-Prince of the approach of the Patriots, all was consternation, as has been already described. The alarm-gun at the fort had never been fired, save on occasions of great exigency, such as the arrival of the French fleet, and the people had not heard its iron tongue for twenty years ; the effect of its deep and fear-awakening voice may consequently be imagined. As Boyer was reviewing the troops in garrison in the capital, his hat fell off ; he looked chagrined, and the expression of his countenance was reflected on those of his staff, and the spectators, who immediately remarked upon the inauspicious augury, which boded evil to the head upon which the hat refused to rest.

“ This affair,” says the *Feuille de Commerce* of the 9th of March, “ took place about half past 8 o'clock on the 12th of February ; and at half past 11 the news was spread throughout Port-au-Prince, and contributed to augment the terror of the President's family, and the few persons who still adhered to him—if, indeed, any could yet be found who had the melancholy courage to avow themselves as the partisans of such a cause—of a party for ever lost ! The authorities endeavoured to call together a few troops, especially the grenadiers of the line ; but the wives and relations of those who had fallen victims on the plains of Leogane collected in crowds on the parade ground, in the squares, and in front of the dwellings of the ex-President's family, and exhaled their suffering in shouts of indignation, manifesting at that moment all the hatred that was felt of the despotism, the tyranny, and the selfishness of the fallen family. It was then the President really discovered that it would be worse than folly to conceive the least hope of retaining his power ! In fact, nothing was talked of throughout Monday but *abdication*—the resignation of the Presidentship—and that the resolution was taken. In the afternoon, an absurd report was spread, that the arsenal was to be blown up—(because it was thence that the deposed family were to embark) ; and the rumour was promulgated in order that the neighbourhood might be deserted ; and the embarkation, which took place about 6 in the evening, be thus accomplished without difficulty.”

The arrival of two Haytian schooners from Cayes, one of which had on board the administrator of that city, (Céligny Ardouin,) bringing intelligence of the occupation of the place by the Patriots, doubtless drove Boyer to an immediate decision on his future measures ; and several officers of the British navy, accompanied

by the British vice-consul, Mr. Usher, were requested to attend at the Government-house; where a formal request was submitted to them for permission for Boyer, his family, and attendants, to embark on board an English ship-of-war, which was instantly accorded. The French consul-general, however, objecting to the departure of the ex-President through such a medium, protested against it, at least until the arrival of the popular army, and the installation of the new government. A precaution on the part of the French functionary, it was whispered, sufficiently authorized by the fact, that considerable sums were stated to have been lately withdrawn from the public treasury, which might, considering the position in which Hayti stood towards France, render it difficult, if not impossible, without some provision against this disbursement, for her in future to pay the amount due to France, under the title of indemnity, according to the treaty of the 12th of February, 1838.\*

This objection was, however, ultimately over-ruled by H. B. M.'s consul; and having satisfied himself of the defeat of his guard, Boyer proceeded to draw up his act of abdication, and to forward it to the Senate, by whom it was transferred to the provisional secretary of state,† accompanied by a request, that he would thenceforward assume the authority and functions of the executive power, and make public the document which they then transmitted, and which ran as follows:—

“Citizen-Senators. Twenty-five years have elapsed since I was called upon to replace the illustrious founder of the Republic, of whom death has deprived his country. During this period of time, memorable events have taken place; under all circumstances I have struggled to fulfil the views of the immortal Pétion, who, better than any one, I was in a position to understand. Thus, I have been happy enough to see successively disappear from the land, both civil war, and the territorial divisions which made of the Haytian people a nation without strength, and without unity. I was also subsequently enabled to see her national sovereignty solemnly recognised and guaranteed by treaties, of which public faith dictated the execution.

“The efforts of my administration have constantly tended towards a system of wise economy of the public funds. At this moment the situation of the national treasury affords the proof of my constant solicitude: about 1,000,000 of piastres are there in reserve; other funds are, moreover, deposited in the chest of deposits and consignments, at Paris, to the credit of the Republic.

\* This report, so prejudicial to the honour of Boyer, was totally groundless. The whole of the amount sent on board the *Seylla* by his family collectively, being only about 50,000, or say 50,000 Spanish dollars. That he possesses property in France is undoubted; but that fact is totally unconnected with any trespass on the public funds.

† Captain Bazelaïs, of the Engineers, secretary to the Treasury.

“Recent events, which I must not here specify, having brought upon me deceptions which I had no reason to anticipate, I consider it essential to my dignity, as well as my duty towards my country, to give, on this occasion, a proof of my entire self-abnegation, by solemnly abdicating the authority with which I have been invested.

“In condemning myself, moreover, to a voluntary ostracism, I am desirous to prevent all chance of civil war, and all pretext to malevolence. I form but one wish : it is that Hayti may be as happy as my heart has ever desired.

(Signed) “BOYER.”

This last public act of the deposed President was drawn up on the 13th of March ; and on the evening of the same day, he and his family embarked at the arsenal on board the *Scylla*, one of the British men-of-war then lying in the harbour. This abdicatory act of the President had, however, been preceded by a formal proclamation of his deposition by General Hérard, too long for insertion in this brief notice. This decision of Boyer was a happy one for Hayti, as he had still sufficient adherents about him—men who clung to his fallen fortunes from personal regard, or the memory of past favours, or from long habit—to have seized upon the treasury and fired the city, and under cover of the confusion made good his retreat to Mirembalais, and taken possession of the arsenal. The funds so acquired would have enabled him readily to recruit his army, and raise the standard of disunion in the North ; thus protracting a civil war, in which, although he might ultimately have perished, he would once more have made unhappy Hayti the theatre of crime and bloodshed, perhaps for years. Had he been a Dessalines or a Christophe, such, beyond a doubt, would have been his plan of action ; but, whatever might have been the amount of Boyer's personal courage at an earlier period of his life, it is self-evident that it had abandoned him throughout the late events.

The moment of his embarkation was an affecting one. His wife was by his side, pale, trembling, but tearless ; his daughter, Madame Bazelais, followed, leaning on the arm of a British officer, and weeping as the young heart ever weeps when it is torn from all its earliest associations. The hour was one in which the gorgeous scenery and glowing climate of the beautiful island which they were leaving for ever were seen and felt the most acutely ;—the lingering rays of the departed sun flashed over the heaving sea ; the luxuriant vegetation was bathed in coloured light ; the mighty mountains cut sharply against the brilliant sky ; and the pale, pure beams of the new moon meeting the faded glories of the greater luminary, and creating for a transient instant that soft and primrose-coloured twilight peculiar to tropical

climates,—all conspired to enhance the pang which laboured at the hearts of the exiles. About eighty of Boyer's officers attended him to the vessel; and owing to the rumour which had been industriously circulated of a contemplated explosion of the arsenal, the streets and avenues through which they passed, were silent and deserted. A violent paroxysm of grief had deluged the eyes of Madame Bazelaïs with a fresh burst of tears, when a footstep was heard rapidly approaching the party. In an instant she dashed the moisture from her cheeks, and with a flushed brow and haughty deportment, passed the intruder with the mien and step of an empress. "My father has already suffered enough at their hands;" she said, a moment afterwards to her supporter; "they shall not have the triumph, through my weakness, of insulting him with their pity!"

When he had gained the deck of the *Scylla*, Boyer turned with a calm brow, and great self-possession, towards the officers by whom he was surrounded, and who were one and all in tears. "Gentlemen," he said with emphasis, "console yourselves. Your grief comes too late. Had you given me swords instead of tears, we should not have been here to-day." From the lips of Boyer the remark was, perhaps, all circumstances considered, a bitter epigram upon himself; but its effect was startling. When he had taken leave of his countrymen, the few European gentlemen who had accompanied him to the vessel advanced in their turn to pay their parting compliments; and the diplomatic friend to whom we are indebted for these particulars, called up the only smile that was seen upon that melancholy occasion, to the lip of the ex-President himself, by drawing his attention to the fact, that he was at that moment leaning upon the arm of the man whose father received the Emperor Napoleon on the deck of the *Bellerophon*. It was the one soothing feature in his fate,—and as such he evidently considered it. Ten minutes subsequently the boat put off from the *Scylla*, bearing back to the shore the last adherents of departed power; and the final link was broken between Boyer and his country.

Immediately upon its being ascertained that the ex-President had embarked, the citizens of Port-au-Prince armed themselves, and took up their head-quarters at the *Intendance*, (Lieutenancy,) whence they detached patrolling parties over the city, replying to every *Qui vive?* by the words, *Patriots!* or, *Popular Army!* A few strong musters were formed in different quarters of the town, particularly in the square of Valière, for the better protection of the inhabitants; but, with the exception of a score of muskets, fired as signals of rejoicing, all remained perfectly tranquil. The general commanding the district demanded, the following morn-

ing, when he visited the *Intendance*, by what order the citizens had thus acted in concert without the sanction of the authorities? and was answered, that as they recognised no chief during the vacancy of the Presidentship, save the provisional secretary of state, so they had accordingly addressed themselves to him, and having informed him of their spontaneous rising, requested arms and ammunition for those who were unprovided,—many among them having lost all their effects during the recent conflagration. General St. Victor Poële replied in his turn with some bitterness to this explanation; and even menaced the citizens with an armed force, should they refuse to disperse. He also held out a threat of turning a piece of artillery against them; but his violence was unheeded, and the self-constituted troops persisted in retaining their position. It was ultimately arranged that they should assist the regular force in guarding the private treasury, while a troop of artillery, with two guns, under the command of St. Victor Poële, remained on duty at the public treasury throughout the night. On Tuesday all was quiet in the city; and the provisional state-secretary, in conjunction with General Denis, armed and rationed the citizens, who were enrolled with the military for the preservation of the general safety. On the 17th, the English schooner *Pickle*, Captain Montresor, arrived in the harbour; and on the following day she sailed for Port Royal, Jamaica, having on board Generals Inginac and Victor. The former addressed an eloquent letter to his fellow-citizens, written with all the diplomatic address for which he was celebrated; giving a brief, but clear, *resumé* of his services; and justifying his conduct throughout the late revolution on the plea of duty to the legally constituted authorities of the Republic, and his own reluctance to shed blood. His companion in exile, Victor, had long rendered himself generally obnoxious from his blind and ready obedience to the arbitrary will and measures of the ex-President, and he consequently left no regrets behind him.

And now let us pause a moment, and, on the authority of M. Schoelcher, the most recent historian of Hayti, examine into the state of its capital at the close of Boyer's administration. Speaking of Port-au-Prince in the spring of 1842, he says:—

"The streets are full of infection; the open spaces incumbered with corruptible matter; the kennels always covered with pestilential damp. . . . Is the chief of the Republic himself subservient to the demon of disorder? In going to the country house which he possesses, about two leagues from the city, he has been obliged, for more than eighteen months, to alight from his calash at the Red Bridge, and to mount on horseback, because the state of the bridge will not permit him to cross it in a carriage! One of the two wings of

the iron gate of his habitation fell six months ago, and it has not been raised.

"Idleness leaves every thing to destruction, but it does not put a hand to the work. The result of carelessness cannot, however, be seen there. The effects of an infernal thought must be recognised. Let us not doubt, all will soon help to prove it, *those who rule this people are not fools who know not how to guide them ; they are perverse individuals, who, on the contrary, exert an execrable address in corrupting them !!!*

"The Haytiens have almost sunk into apathy ; they do not even perceive the decay of their cities, the misery of their household hearths. They scarcely suspect that they are in want of every thing. I have seen senators lodged in straw huts, scholars and deputies walking abroad out at the elbows ! Every one, in short, suffers under the influence of a species of general atony, which, from material things, has passed into an intimate relation with spiritual ones. But it is material that Hayti should know that the man who arrives from civilized countries is struck, as he lands in ancient Saint-Domingo, with a profound sadness at the aspect of this relaxation of all the social fibres,—at this political and manual inertness, which covers the island with an ignominious veil. The Republic is a body upon which dissolution gains daily. \* \* \* \* But if the people, who had sufficient courage and address to conquer their liberty against the most intrepid and intelligent soldiers in the world, have not entered brilliantly into life, it is because it has been empoisoned ; it is that the man placed at their head has voluntarily suffered the materials to deteriorate, with which the most noble edifice might have been erected that humanity could look to find upon the Haytian soil." \*

No wonder that such a state of things should awaken generous spirits to revolt ; and when, as in the case of Hérard Dumesle, private injury was superadded to public wrong, the impulse may well be believed to have been too powerful for resistance. M. Schoelcher's further view of the then existing governmental abuses in Hayti is almost Russian in its detail.

"We repeat that the government of General Boyer gives few fatal blows,—nor could it well do so, for resistance is at an end ; the deleterious influence of his system has already produced such mortal effects, that he now reigns only over a race of mutes. Every one fears, not to die, but to compromise himself or his friends ; each sees a spy in his associate, an informer in his brother, and bends his brow in silence. Thinking men comprehend that this system tends to annihilation ; they detest it, but no one dares manifest his opinion. Each fears the other ; they have no single political virtue ; and civil daring—here, as elsewhere, the most rare of all courage—is almost unknown." †

\* Colonies Etrangères et Hayti, tome II. p. 185.

† Ibid. tome II. pp. 178.

Thus much in justification of the patriot leaders, to whom we will now return. The revolution was accomplished ; and assuredly it was reserved to the Haytians, so long undervalued and decried, to offer to all Europe the spectacle of a great moral transformation, unsullied by bloodshed, undisfigured by convulsion, unpolluted by rapine, or violence, or wrong. It was a noble and an extraordinary *tableau*—that of an armed nation, overthrowing arbitrary power, declaring the fall of tyranny, and, even while it prostrated old and worthless institutions, erecting about the lives and properties of the stranger and the defenceless the efficient bulwark of order and justice. Boyer vacated the capital on the 13th of March ; and on the 22nd, the popular army, 12,000 strong, marched into Port-au-Prince (thenceforward Port Républicain) amid the acclamations of the inhabitants. So prompt and admirable were the measures taken by the “ Committee of Safety,” that the persons and property of both natives and foreigners were alike secure from insult and depredation. The patriot army, true to themselves, pursued, even amid their triumph, the same temperate and judicious line of conduct which had distinguished them throughout the struggle ; and not a single act of violence or rapine sullied the brightness of their success. On the morning of the 26th, General Rivière Hérard, accompanied by his colleague, General Lazarre, reviewed the troops of the southern and northern districts and of Port Républicain, amounting to about 20,000 men, in the Champ de Mars, outside the city. The *coup d’œil* was beautiful, and the enthusiasm of the Haytians was at its climax. The victorious general harangued the different regiments with considerable energy, explaining to them in clear and concise terms the objects of the revolution ; such as the limitation of the Presidency to a period of four years—that of military service to a term of seven ; and the payment of the troops monthly, as well as all the other government functionaries. These announcements were received with tumultuous welcome ; and it was evident to all who were spectators of the scene, that the cries of “ Long live General Hérard ! ”—“ Long live the Sovereign People ! ” by which they were answered, were worthy of all dependence. To the national guard of the capital, the general was most emphatic ; and he announced that its services would still be required until the institutions decided on by the Constitutional Assembly should be organized.

“ The installation of the Provisional Government,” says the *Manifeste* of the 2d of April, “ is fixed, it is asserted, for the 3rd of the present month. The executive chief, Rivière Hérard, will confer the dictatorship which the people had confided to him, and of which he had made

such great and noble use, to the four citizens whose names follow :—Voltaire, Ségreter, Guerrier, and Imbert. The people regret that this transfer of the dictatorship has been decreed by the manifesto. They would have preferred seeing at the head of the Revolution, until the formation of the Constitutional Assembly, the citizen who has conducted it with such extraordinary intelligence; and who has led all citizens, by the goodness of his heart, to yield their adhesion, whatever might heretofore have been their opinions and their sentiments.

“The cool and unruffled courage, the disinterestedness, the devotion to the public good, which General Rivière Hérard has displayed during his dictatorship, give him great claims on the gratitude of the nation. History will place him near Pétion; for the identity of character, of principles, and of genius, between the founder of the Republic, Alexander Pétion, and the re-vindicator of the rights and liberties of the people, General Rivière Hérard, is striking and wholly incontestable.”

Despite the pompous periods of the *Manifeste*, we do not hesitate to say that we hope, and that we believe we are justified in hoping, better things of the present hero of Hayti. We look,—speculating, as we have every right to do, upon the past,—for more *moral* as well as mental energy. It is easy, in order to draw a forcible contrast, to deify one dead lion, in order to throw the ass's skin over another; and to extol the virtues of Pétion, that they may enhance the vices of Boyer; but there can be no doubt on any reflective mind that the Haytians have themselves attached a *prestige* to the name of the former, whence more than half its halo is derived; whereas the extraordinary and complicated effects of the brave, and comprehensive, and estimable qualities of Rivière Hérard, are their best commentary.

On the 1st of the month, the anniversary of Pétion was splendidly celebrated; and on the 4th, the Provisional Government was duly installed. During the proceedings, the act of Boyer's deposition was read, without exciting one symptom of regret. The members of the Provisional Government were then marshalled to their places. The decree by which they were elected was pronounced; and General R. Hérard in a long and eloquent speech enumerated the evils of Boyer's administration, and explained the motives which had influenced his own conduct throughout the late contest. After having extolled the public devotion and personal bravery of his colleague, General Lizarre, and the heroism of the inhabitants of Jérémie, he declared that he was then and there ready to resign all the authority which had been conferred upon him, and to return to his home as a private citizen. “It is in your hands,” said he in conclusion, addressing the members of the Provisional Government: “that I deposit the sovereignty of the people which has been confided



to me. All the reproaches, all the stigmas, that rested upon the Haytian nation are effaced ; she is at this moment proud and honourable ; you will realize all the hopes that she now forms from your administration." Loud acclamations followed this address ; and, at its close, the representative, Hérard Dumesle, solemnly announced to the people that the Provisional Government (of which General R. Hérard was unanimously elected the fifth member, in virtue of the decree by which it was constituted) was formed. A salute of 101 guns was then fired ; while the rolling of the drums, the braying of the trumpets, and the acclamations of the multitude, excited the enthusiasm of the populace to the highest pitch. A solemn *Te Deum* was ultimately chanted in the church with great pomp, and thus terminated the ceremonies of the day.

The first object to which the new government turned their attention, after having secured the safety of the citizens, was their external commerce, and the reduction of the import duties on articles of necessary consumption, which they lowered to one half their previous standard, throughout the whole extent of the Republic ; they also hastened to convoke primary and electoral meetings, in order that the people might exercise their sovereign privilege in all its power, by voting for such individuals as they should see fit to entrust with legislative and political authority.

On the 17th of April they issued a public address to this effect ; as well as one, by which they announced their intention of placing General Charles Hérard at the head of the army, and despatching him to the northern and eastern districts, to establish in those quarters the authority of the Provisional Government, and to quell, by arms or otherwise, any remnant of disaffection to the new order of things : and to these they, on the same day, added a decree, opening the ports of St. Marc, Port-de-Paix, Acquin, Miragoâne, and l'Anse d'Hainault ; and a second, inviting naval and commercial relations between Hayti, Jamaica, and the other islands of the Archipelago, whose governments were in communication with themselves, which had been forbidden under the late administration. On the 1st of May they published a list of the individuals who had accompanied Boyer in his flight, and regulated the disposition of such property as they had left behind them,—declaring that whatever estates they had possessed under his government, which had been derived from the national domains, should be provisionally sequestered. That all real and inherited estates, either acquired under the administration of Pétion, or legitimately purchased, should be transferred to their relatives in trust. That all animals not employed in agricultural pursuits, and all portable property,

should be in like manner delivered over to the relatives in trust. That all other real and perishable property of the said individuals should be advertised and sold by public auction—such as sugar-manufactories, for three years ; coffee, cotton, and other habitations, for two years ; and distilleries, manufactories, and country-houses, for one year. That the product of all farms, and the rent of all estates, should be deposited in the public “treasury,” until an ultimate decision. That all reclamations on the part of the absent individuals as to their rights should, on such opposition to this decree, be judged in opposition to the public administration, by competent authorities. And finally, That the decree should in no wise prejudice the statements and reclamations of those who, having emigrated with the ex-President, should hereafter return to their country.

On the 7th of June, the corporation of Port Républicain gave an inauguratory dinner to the municipal committee, which commenced its operations on the following day, by resolving on the organization of a police corps, to be divided into sections, liberally paid, uniformly clothed, and placed under the command of two commissaries.

According to a statement contained in the *Manifeste* of the 11th, Boyer had endeavoured, while in Jamaica, to enlist in his cause a number of Columbians, who had been compelled by political persecution to emigrate, and who had established themselves at Kingston. Several general officers and other individuals of rank were represented to be among them. The reply which he is stated to have received from these patriots is worthy of record. “We are,” they said, “self-exiled, through having taken up arms against the tyrants of our country ; it is for defending our liberty that we are to-day drinking the bitterness of persecution. Never—no, never—will we lend our arms and our support to tyranny against the Haytian Republic, which has just cast off so gloriously the yoke by which it was oppressed.” It was also hinted by the same Journal, that this was not the only effort which had been made by the ex-President to effect his restoration to power ; although it would seem that the sober sense of Boyer should have told him, that whatever party spirit might still exist in Hayti, his own cause was for ever lost. The ambition or cupidity of individuals might still alienate a portion of the people from the government of Hérard, but the internal dissensions thence derivable held out no gleam of promise that they would revert to their old thrall.

In the middle of July, symptoms of disaffection broke out in the environs of Jérémie, and an armed force marched into the town : it was not known to what this *emeute* was owing ;

which was speedily quelled by the energy of General Lazzarre, the commandant,\* who, having succeeded in obtaining a hearing of the rebels, ultimately induced them to return to their duty, as citizens and patriots. Eight of the ringleaders were arrested, four of whom were tried and condemned to death ; after which their followers dispersed ; and armed patrols having been distributed through the adjacent country, quiet and safety were restored. On the 31st of the same month a more formidable revolt took place in the South, which compelled active measures on the part of the government. The national guard of Cayes, of Torbeck, of Cavaillon, and of Port-Salut, with the 12th regiment, and one field-piece, were arrayed against the malcontents. On the 1st of August a troop of cavalry attacked their mounted force, which they dispersed, but not until they had killed two men, and wounded several. The appearance of the advancing troops caused the rebels to raise their camp, and to retreat to *Ravine-Seche*, whither they were pursued ; and on the 3rd, an engagement took place upon the heights above the Leblanc estate, where they were utterly routed and put to flight ; after losing a great number of men, both killed and wounded, as well as prisoners. Ultimately, the final demonstration of disaffection towards the new government was made at Fort Alexandre, above Port-au-Prince, of which a certain Colonel Dalzon and a few other malcontents took possession, in September last ; but whence they were soon dislodged by General Hérard, who no sooner ascertained the fact, than he left the Government-house, attended by his staff and a battalion of the 5th regiment,—upon which the more enterprising than gallant colonel attempted to escape, but was shot dead by one of his own men. It was midnight when General Hérard was apprised of the revolt, and a quarter of an hour afterwards all was quiet, and order re-established.

This was the last expiring throes of civil discord. Throughout his tour of the South, the Liberator Hérard had been received with enthusiasm and devotion : and well had he earned his welcome ; for it is cheering to remark that, even amid their great and natural anxiety to ameliorate, extend, and consolidate their commercial relations, and to encourage the interests of agriculture, the new government did not confine their attention wholly to these points, important as they were—but immediately commenced upon religious and educational reforms, which cannot fail to create a great moral reaction throughout the country. A Protestant church has been already built by public subscription, to

\* The same brave man who, with Rivière Hérard, defeated the government general, Cazeau ; and who, together, have been justly denominated “ the two pillars of the State.”

which the ministers are appointed, and where the services are to be performed in both the English and French languages. A decree has also been passed for the establishment of six free normal schools, at the expense of the municipality; to be succeeded hereafter by others, as the progress of national education may require; the sexes to be in every case separated, and the system to be Lancastrian, with one day in each week appropriated to the instruction of adults; and measures have moreover been taken to prevent that flagrant desecration of the Sabbath which formed so prominent a feature of Boyer's administration.

On the 9th of January, 1844, the Haytians consummated their political liberation by promoting to the presidential chair General Charles Rivière Hérard, the leader of the Revolution; who was elected with great demonstrations of rejoicing by the almost unanimous votes of his fellow-citizens. The watchwords of the nation should henceforth be "Unity, Order, and Progression." They have won their liberty nobly, and have now only to prove themselves worthy of it. Another intestine struggle *must* prove their ruin; and we would fain believe that they have been taught this fact by the experience of the past. Hayti has, however, still one great difficulty against which to struggle, and we cannot close our article without a brief allusion to the subject. Her stumbling-block is the indemnity to France; which, crippled as she is by recent internal faction, and the depreciated value of her home produce, is a burthen greatly overtaking her strength. We cannot resist the hope that France will take this matter into consideration—for France can afford to be generous—and not suffer herself to be cozened into a want of justice by the quill-hardy sarcasms of a venal press.\* All idea of re-conquering Hayti must long have abandoned her. The recent freight of the *Aube* must have satisfied the vapouring politician of *La Presse* that the "two negroes," Rivière Hérard and his brother, did not condescend to shelter themselves under the false plea that "Boyer had carried off the chest;" but that, under every disadvantage and every difficulty, they satisfied the claim that was made upon them.

And now we must be permitted succinctly to investigate this claim. Hayti, after years of slavery and suffering, succeeded, at the price of a vast sacrifice of life, in liberating herself from French domination—she substituted blood for tears, and weapons for chains. She fought bravely and successfully; and the vete-

\* We cannot permit ourselves to do more than allude to a hyper-absurd pamphlet, published last year, and written by a M. Etienne Mouttet, one of the editors of the *Courrier d'Outremer*; whose political judgment will be as well understood by his prophecy of O'Connell's forcing Repeal from the British Government, as by his speculation that Hayti should be again reduced to slavery by that of France.

ran troops of the empire were compelled to yield before her energy. What, however, had they left to their conquerors? A land devastated by warfare, and exhausted by pillage and conflagration; a demoralised population; towns in ruin; and famine in perspective. She had no navy with which to defend her insulated shores; no army with which to protect her non-belligerent inhabitants, save the weakened and toil-worn remnant of that which had already shed its best blood in her defence. She was prostrate and almost powerless. Even the European merchants who had ventured to remain in the island, amid the anarchy and confusion, were not spared by the French generals before their retreat; for when the tiger Rochambeau levied upon the city of Cayes a forced loan of 800,000fr., he laid a tax of 33,000fr. each upon eight of these neutral inhabitants; and when one of the number (Fédon, a countryman of his own) declared his inability to meet the demand, he was shot in front of the palace! The French had commenced their campaign in Hayti by drowning 1,200 of the natives. They had found their country fertile and flourishing, and they left it a desart. They intruded themselves unasked, at first a mere band of freebooters; and they departed only when compelled to evacuate the territory by the resolute heroism of its sons. The boasted phalanx of Egypt was overthrown, and Hayti was free.

Upon these circumstances France based her claim. Many of her merchants holding property in the island were denuded of their possessions by the course of events. She had assisted one faction in opposing the other. She had so long had her foot upon the soil, that she considered it a legal tenure, as she had on previous occasions made might prove law; and thus, after many ineffectual attempts at a more satisfactory arrangement, she consented to waive her claims upon the country which had just flung off her yoke, upon condition that the ports should be opened to her merchantmen at reduced duties; and that the French division of the island should pay over to her own treasury, by five equal instalments, the sum of 150,000,000fr. as indemnification money to the old colonists!\* But we cannot do better than let M. Schoelcher speak for us upon this subject:—

\* This was subsequently reduced by the last treaty, of February, 1838, to 60,000,000fr., payable in 30 years, in annual instalments of an average of 2,000,000fr.; and which has duly been paid up to the present day. The Haytians rejected all overtures of reduced duties in favour of France, and refused to accept their proposition to hold military possession of the Môle St. Nicholas; two points which should be duly appreciated by the British Government—the amount of the imports from England embracing about five-eighths of the whole trade of the country. The Haytians might, in a moment of weakness, pressed as they were by dissensions from within, and the demands of the French from without, with a French squadron in their roads, have yielded to these importunities, and thus rid themselves of the indemnity altogether; but they felt that their principles forbade the measure.

“ An indemnity ! But for what, after all ? When the French were obliged to quit the island, it was utterly destroyed by war ; the estates were laid waste, the houses pulled down, the sugar-presses destroyed, the public buildings sacked, and the finest edifices reduced to heaps of ruin. The spades had been turned into exterminating hatchets ; the sugar-plantations had become fields of bones ! In this laborious gestation, whence was born the Haytian people, all was overthrown ; and wherever balls and bullets had failed, the rage of the people had finished the destruction of the last monuments of their past disgrace : there remained in fact nothing but the soil ; and had the re-conquest of Hayti been possible, the colonists could have recovered nothing *but* the soil ! The victorious slaves, in dividing among themselves these red and smoking ruins, appropriated what they had gained ; and Dessalines, proclaiming the act of independence, might justly say, ‘ All property which may have hitherto belonged to a white Frenchman, is incontestably and by right confiscated to the profit of the state.’ Did not Jehovah command the Hebrews, fleeing from the land of slavery, to carry away with them the golden vases of their masters ? ” \*

It is not yet too late for France to consider this : and, we repeat, that she can afford to do it. She can afford at once to be generous and just. With an exhausted treasury, and a depreciated produce, the Haytians are in no position to meet so gigantic a demand ; nor is it seemly that one of the greatest nations of the earth should so crush the noble and persevering energies of a brave people. Let her be, as she assuredly ought to be, relieved from this monstrous external pressure ; and the future of Hayti is, we trust, assured. France has affected incredulity on this point, because the leading members of the late revolution are “ negroes.” Nature, however, is stronger than prejudice, and will assert herself despite the doubts of egotism. Who can deny that Hayti is now under the control of her legitimate rulers ? The pages of her history during the domination of the whites are stained with anarchy and murder ; the records of her existence under the sway of her late administration present a succession of tyranny and wrong. Let America, therefore, if she see fit, withhold her social respect for the new order of things—her internal slavery demands thus much of her political consistency ; let France continue her course of verbal philanthropy and moral coercion ; but let England be true to the cause in which she has exhausted alike blood and treasure, and do due honour to the brave men who have vindicated the claims of their country to consideration and support.

In the 19th century, the question of *colour* is a reproach !

\* Colonies Etrangères et Hayti, tome II. pp. 168-9.

- ART. IX.—1. *Second Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Banks of Issue, with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* 1841.
2. *The Country Banks and the Currency; an Examination of the Evidence on Banks of Issue given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1841.* By G. M. Bell. Longman & Co.
3. *Letters to the Right Honourable Francis Thornhill Baring, on the Institution of a Safe and Profitable Paper Currency.* By John Welsford Cowell, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Richardson.
4. *The Currency and the Country.* By John Gillibrand Hubbard, Esq. Longman.

As the Charter of the Bank of England is liable to expire upon twelve months' notice, if given within six months after the 1st of August next, the present appears a proper season for calling the attention of our readers to the subject of the currency.

We have before us two Reports from the Committee on Banks of Issue, laid before the House of Commons in the years 1840 and 1841. The Committee report the evidence, and abstain from giving any opinion upon the great questions involved in the inquiry. They, however, recommended the passing of the Act 4 & 5 Vict. c. 50, requiring a monthly registry of the circulation of the Bank of England, and of the other banks of issue, with the amount of bullion, to be published in the "Royal Gazette." It may therefore be expected, that, in a course of years, a sufficient number of facts will be recorded to enable future generations to form "well-grounded opinions" on this important subject.

In the mean time we will make use of the information we already possess. We will take the monthly returns of the circulation for the period that is past, that is, from September, 1833, to the end of 1843, and endeavour, by observing their various revolutions, to discover if they are governed by any fixed causes or principles—to ascertain if those principles are uniform in their operation; and if we should discover that the revolutions of the currency are regulated by any uniform principles, we shall call those principles, The Laws of the Currency.

We shall begin with that portion of the currency which

consists of notes issued by the Bank of England. On looking over the monthly circulation of the Bank of England, given in the Table, No. 34, in the Appendix to the Report of 1840, we observe, that the circulation of the months in which the public dividends are paid, is higher than in the subsequent months. Thus, the average circulation of January is higher than that of February or March. The circulation of April is higher than that of May or June. The circulation of July is higher than that of August or September. And the circulation of October is higher than that of November or December. This, then, we may consider as one law of the circulation of the Bank of England—that it ebbs and flows four times in the year, in consequence of the payment of the quarterly dividends. This law does not apply to any other bank, as all the Government dividends are paid by the Bank of England.

Again, the purchase and sale of Government stock and Exchequer bills by the Bank of England, affects the amount of her circulation. If the Bank purchase Government stock or Exchequer bills, she pays for them in her own notes, and thus increases her circulation. If, on the other hand, she sell Government stock or Exchequer bills, she receives payment in her own notes, and thus her circulation is diminished. Another law, then, and one peculiar to the Bank of England, is, that her circulation is affected by the purchases and sales of Government securities.

As the payment of the public dividends puts into circulation the notes of the Bank, the receipt of the public revenue will of course withdraw her notes from circulation. A large amount of the public revenue is paid at the latter part of the year, and this probably is the main cause why the amount of the Bank of England circulation is always the lowest in the month of December. Although the circulation ebbs and flows four times in the year, yet the December\* point is always the lowest point throughout the year; and this is the case in every year, although the Bank of England is always open in December for short loans, the granting of which increases her circulation; this, then, is another law of the circulation.

If the Bank purchase bullion with her notes, that will of course increase her circulation; if she sell bullion, that will diminish her circulation: and as the Bank is always open for the purchase of bullion at a fixed price, and as gold may at

\* There was an exception to this law in December, 1843, in consequence of the calling in of the light sovereigns.



all times be withdrawn from her in payment of her notes, her circulation is subject to considerable fluctuation from this cause. There is not, however, any uniform correspondence between the amount of her circulation and the amount of her bullion; for when she pays the public dividends, she increases her notes, but diminishes her bullion; and when she receives the public revenue, as in December, her circulation is diminished, but the bullion is increased. These contrary fluctuations are occasioned by that portion of our currency which is under £5 consisting of the precious metals; but they do not impugn the law which states that the purchase of gold increases, and the sale of gold diminishes, the amount of her circulation.

We have thus traced those peculiar laws which regulate the monthly revolutions of the circulation of the Bank of England. We shall now proceed to its annual revolutions.

Any of the causes of the monthly fluctuations of the circulation of the Bank of England, if called into operation more in one year than in another, may become causes of annual fluctuations. But the most uniform and permanent cause of annual fluctuation appears to be made by the purchases and sales of bullion. The word "Bullion," in the Bank Returns, means gold and silver, whether coined or uncoined, and whether lying at the head office or at the branches. When the foreign exchanges are in favour of this country, bullion is imported and sold to the Bank of England; and when the exchanges are unfavourable, gold is exported, and the exporters obtain the gold from the Bank of England, either by purchase or by demanding payment of her notes. In most cases, however, the circulation does not fluctuate so much as the bullion. For when notes are issued against a large importation of bullion, money becomes abundant and cannot be employed, and hence it is lodged by bankers and others in the Bank of England, on deposit. But so long as the Bank keeps her securities of the same amount, the increase of the bullion will always be about equal to the increase of the circulation and the deposits added together. And on the other hand, when an adverse exchange draws bullion from the Bank, the deposits decrease as well as the circulation; and the decrease in both together will be equal to the amount of gold withdrawn, that is, supposing the securities to remain the same. In confirmation of this, we will state the average amount of the circulation, the deposits, the securities, and the bullion, for the last four years:—

Years.	Circulation.	Deposits.	Securities.	Bullion.
	£	£	£	£
1840 . . .	16,823,770	7,261,461	22,809,000	4,162,615
1841 . . .	16,803,923	7,455,000	22,591,301	4,568,153
1842 . . .	18,150,000	8,733,000	22,215,692	7,512,846
1843 . . .	19,517,500	11,055,787	21,997,714	11,553,285

By "Securities" is meant Government stock, Exchequer bills, loans, discounted bills, or anything else on which the Bank may have advanced money. It is a principle of management by the Bank to keep the total amount of their securities equal, or nearly so; and so long as this rule is acted upon, the tendency of exportations or importations of bullion to produce the variations we have described, must be considered as one of the laws of the circulation.

The circulation of London consists wholly of the notes of one bank. Beyond ten miles from London, and within sixty-five miles, the only banks of issue are private banks, each consisting of not more than six partners. Beyond this district we find private banks and joint-stock banks, and also thirteen branches of the Bank of England, whose united circulation is above half the amount of that of all the private and joint-stock banks put together. The larger portion of the country circulation of the Bank of England is given to the public through the ministrations of a class of joint-stock banks, who do not issue their notes, but who have consented upon certain terms to issue those of the Bank of England. We have no separate returns of the country notes in circulation within the distance of sixty-five miles. The circulation of all the private banks, whether within or beyond that distance, are published in one amount, and the notes of all the joint-stock banks are published in a separate amount.

It will readily occur to every reader, that the laws which regulate the circulation of these country banks must be different from those which regulate the London circulation of the Bank of England. They do not pay the public dividends; they cannot issue their notes in purchasing bullion, or Government stock, or Exchequer bills, as all these operations take place in London, where their notes do not circulate. They are also subject to certain restrictive laws to which the notes of the Bank of England are not subject. Their notes are not only legally payable on demand, but payment is constantly demanded; while no one demands payment of a Bank of England note, unless he has occasion to export the gold. There is also a system of

exchanges between country bankers, by which all notes that are paid into any of the banks are immediately brought back for payment to the bank that issued them. It is the practice, too, throughout the country, to allow interest on deposits; and thus all notes not required for the actual wants of the community are promptly withdrawn from circulation, and lodged with a bank upon interest.

On inspecting the monthly returns of the country circulation for the last ten years, we find that the highest amount is in the month of April; thence it descends, and arrives at the lowest point by the end of August, which is the lowest point in the year. It gradually increases to November; a slight reaction takes place in December; but it then advances, until it reaches the highest point in April. The general law is, that the country circulation always makes one circuit in the year—being at its lowest point in August, and advancing to December, and continuing to advance to its highest point to the month of April, and then again descending to its lowest point in August.

The laws which regulate the circulation of the country banks are derived from the state of trade in the respective districts in which the banks are established. As these banks are chiefly located in agricultural districts, the operations of agriculture have a very considerable influence in their regulation. Hence the advance in the spring, and the advance again after August, in consequence of the harvest. It is clear that the laws must be uniform in their operation, because the fluctuations of circulation in each year are uniform, and constantly recur with the return of the season. The slight reaction in December is probably occasioned by the collection of the public revenues and of landlords rents in the country districts, and the general dulness of trade in that month.

It may also be observed, that the issues of the joint-stock banks, and of the private banks, are subject to the same laws. The issues of both class of banks rise together and fall together, and they have maintained nearly the same *relative* amount during the last seven years.

The laws which regulate the annual fluctuations of the country circulation, that is, which determine the variations in the amounts of the country circulation, not within the year, but taking corresponding periods of different years, are also dependent on the state of trade in those years. If there be an increase of trade without an increase of prices, more notes will be required to circulate the increased quantity of commodities. If there be an increase of commodities, and also an advance of

prices, a still larger amount of notes would be required. There are also other circumstances that may permanently affect the amount of the country circulation.

During the last five years there has been a gradual reduction in the annual amount of the country circulation, as appears from the following Table, which shows the average amount in each year, from 1839 to 1843, both inclusive.

1839	.	.	.	.	.	£11,715,527
1840	.	.	.	.	.	10,457,057
1841	.	.	.	.	.	9,671,643
1842	.	.	.	.	.	8,249,052
1843	.	.	.	.	.	7,667,916

We attribute this extensive reduction in the country circulation to the following causes :—First, The great dulness of trade which has taken place in every part of the country. Secondly, The fall in the price of corn in connection with bad harvests. Thirdly, The introduction of the penny postage, and the system of registered letters. The uniform penny post was commenced on the 10th of January, 1840, and the registry of letters on the 6th of January, 1841. In consequence of these arrangements, every banker sends off every night, either to London or elsewhere, for payment, all the notes of other banks he may have received during the day, excepting those issued in the same town. This must have occasioned a large reduction in the amounts returned as notes in circulation. The amount in the hands of the public is the same, but the amount in the hands of other bankers is considerably reduced. Fourthly, The practice of keeping banking accounts has extended very much of late years. Instead of carrying notes in their pockets as formerly, people now lodge the notes with their banker, and make their payments by giving cheques on the bank. The facilities of travelling by railways and other means have also tended to diminish the amount of notes in circulation, and to cause them to be returned more rapidly for payment to the bankers. Fifthly, The circulation of the private bankers has been reduced by failures, and by merges into joint-stock banks; and on the other hand, several joint-stock banks have withdrawn their own notes, and made arrangements for issuing the notes of the Bank of England.

We shall now briefly advert to the laws of the currency as they operate in Scotland and Ireland.

In Scotland the lowest point of the circulation is in March, and the highest in November. The advance, however, between these two points is not uniform—for the highest of the intervening months is May, after which there is a slight re-action ;

but it increases again until November, and falls off in December. The reason of the great increase in May and November is, that these are the seasons for making payments. The interest due on mortgages is then settled, annuities are then paid, the country people usually take the interest on their deposit receipts, and the servants receive their wages. There are frequently large sums transferred by way of mortgage. It is the custom of Scotland to settle all transactions, large as well as small, by bank notes—not by cheques on bankers, as in London. It is remarkable that these monthly variations occur uniformly every year, while the amount of the circulation in the corresponding months of different years undergoes comparatively very little change.

From what we have already said of the laws of the currency, those of our readers who are acquainted with Ireland will be able to judge beforehand of the revolutions of her circulation. Being purely an agricultural country, the lowest points will of course be in August or September, immediately before the harvest, and the commencement of the cattle and bacon trade. Then it rises rapidly till it reaches its highest point in January, and then gradually declines. As an agricultural country we should naturally expect that during the season of increase the circulation would expand most in the rural districts; and so we find that the circulation of the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin, expands very moderately—that of her branches which are located chiefly in large towns expands more—while the circulation of the joint-stock banks which are located in the agricultural districts receives the largest increase. Again, the purchases and sales of agricultural produce are known to be in small amounts; and hence the notes of the smallest denomination receive the largest relative increase. The annual changes of the Irish circulation are governed chiefly by the produce of the harvest, and the prices of agricultural products. These are the laws of the circulation of Ireland.

Our readers are aware that £1 notes still circulate in Ireland and in Scotland, and hence the note circulation indicates almost the total amount of the currency. In England we have no notes under £5, and hence we have been compelled to confine our observations to the note circulation. It is our opinion that the gold and silver circulation undergoes, in England, the same fluctuation, and at nearly the same periods, as the note circulation; but we are unable to furnish any decided proof that this is the case.

There is one circumstance, which, were it not established by the irresistible evidence of facts, would be hotly disputed.

It is, that the increase of banks does not increase the total circulation. Indeed, unless so far as banks tend to increase the domestic trade of a country, their multiplication tends to diminish the total circulation. For every banker draws from circulation the notes of other banks—and all banks allowing interest, the little private hoards of notes in the hands of individuals become lodged in the banks. And, again, by granting letters of credit on each other, the banks enable parties who travel from town to town to make purchases without carrying notes in their pockets.

In thus discussing the laws of the currency we have abstained from adducing the authorities upon which our deductions are founded, as long rows of figures are usually repulsive to general readers. But we refer those who may wish to verify our statements to the Appendixes attached to the two Reports of the Committee on Banks of Issue, and especially to the Tables and Calculations laid before the Committee by Mr. J. W. Gilbart, the General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank, and also to the excellent Summary of the Evidence, published by Mr. G. M. Bell.

Having thus discussed the laws of the currency in England, Scotland and Ireland, we shall now proceed to the practical application of the knowledge we have thus acquired.

An acquaintance with the laws of the currency will enable us to refute some of the theories that have been advanced respecting the currency—to repel the accusations that have been brought against the country banks—and to judge of the plans proposed for its regulation.

First, an acquaintance with the laws of the currency will teach us to expect the monthly fluctuations as naturally as we expect the recurrence of the seasons; and we shall estimate at their due value those theories which would prove that the country is on the road to ruin or to prosperity, because the amount of the circulation is higher or lower than in the preceding month. Nor shall we ever expect that two currencies, governed by different laws, will correspond in their fluctuations. It would be absurd, for instance, to expect that the country circulation should correspond with those quarterly variations in the circulation of the Bank of England occasioned by the payment of the public dividends. And again, with regard to the annual variations. The amount of the country circulation is governed very much by the price of corn—that of the Bank of England by the amount of her bullion. How absurd to expect that these should at all times correspond! Nor shall we suppose that this want of conformity occurs merely from having different banks. Even had we but one bank of issue for the

whole nation, a constant conformity between the London and provincial circulation could never be maintained. An importation of gold would expand the London circulation, and an exportation of gold would contract the London circulation. But the country circulation could never expand and contract in immediate conformity, and in certain seasons of the year would show a progress in an opposite direction.

Secondly, An acquaintance with the laws of the currency will enable us to repel the accusations which are sometimes advanced against the country bankers. One of these charges is, that, from a spirit of competition, the country bankers issue their notes to excess. To this Mr. G. M. Bell, himself a country banker, makes the following reply :—

“ The issues of the country banker are dependent upon the demands of trade. He is quite passive as regards the circulation ; he cannot issue more notes than are required by the wants of the people. The natural demands of the people for money to supply their ordinary dealings, is the controlling principle of the country circulation. This demand will be more or less at different seasons of the year, in correspondence with the state of trade, and the requirements of particular districts.”\*

Another charge against the country bankers is, that by making imprudent advances they have encouraged speculation. Mr. Hubbard observes : †—

“ The desire to lend that which costs them nothing is naturally so strong, that they readily accept a lower interest than other banks would who had notes for which they have given value ; but more than this—their desire to extend their circulation causes them to overlook the insufficiency of the security offered to them ;—tempted by the facility of borrowing, the adventurer launches into ill-considered speculations—he soon needs assistance—he must be supported—the bank becomes too deeply interested to let him fall—but the embarrassment becomes evident, and the ruin of both the adventurer and the bank involves multitudes of innocent sufferers.”

We have no fault to find with this picture, except with regard to the motives which are ascribed to the banker. Every practical banker knows that he cannot extend his circulation beyond what the wants of his district require ; and though his notes may cost him nothing at the time he issues them, he will have to provide funds to meet them on their return. The laws of the currency will insure the speedy return of all country notes not required by the wants of the community ;

\* *The Country Banks and the Currency*, p. 128.

† *The Currency and the Country*, p. 84.

and then the banker's advances, even if at first made in notes, become an advance of capital. We have found by those banks of issue that have failed through making imprudent loans to traders, that the amount of their circulation bore so small a proportion to the amount of their advances, as to show that the desire of maintaining a circulation could have been no adequate inducement for the advances. The main profits in such cases are usually derived from the rate of interest and the high commissions which are charged,—and hence these large advances are generally made by non-issuing banks. Mr. Hubbard calls on “the Manchester manufacturers and Birmingham blacksmiths,” to “ask themselves how far their distress is the consequence of over production, stimulated by the fostering aid of *issuing* banks?” The places selected prove that Mr. Hubbard is not speaking from personal knowledge. At Manchester there is no *issuing* bank, except the branch of the Bank of England, and a branch of the National Provincial Bank—and at Birmingham all the joint-stock banks (excepting also a branch of the same bank) issue only Bank of England notes; and the notes of the issuing private banks form but a small proportion of the circulation.

Another charge against the country bankers is, that, by their excessive issues, they have raised the prices of commodities. No such charge, indeed, can be advanced by Mr. Hubbard, as he contends that no amount of issue has any tendency to raise prices. On this subject we will express our own opinions in the following quotation from Mr. Gilbert's “History and Principles of Banking:”—

“It cannot be denied, that if any bank have the privilege of issuing notes not convertible into gold—that is, not payable in gold upon demand—the notes may be issued to such an amount as to cause a considerable advance in prices. It is now generally believed that the issues of the Bank of England during the operation of the Restriction Act, did produce this effect. It may also be admitted, that in a country where there is one chief bank possessing an immense capital and unbounded confidence, the notes of such a bank, even if payable in gold, may be issued to such an extent as to cause an advance of prices, until an unfavourable course of the exchange shall cause payment of the notes to be demanded in gold; for gold will not be demanded until the course of the exchange is so unfavourable as to cause the exportation of gold to be attended with profit. Hence the issues of the Bank of England, being at present under no other restraint than liability to pay in gold on demand, may for a time cause an advance in prices.

“In cases where the increased issue of notes is caused by the increased quantity of commodities brought to market, the additional



amount of notes put into circulation does not cause any advance of prices. In all agricultural districts there is a great demand for notes about the season of harvest, to pay for the produce then brought to market. In the South of Ireland the amount of notes in circulation is much greater in the winter, when corn and bacon are being exported, than in the summer months. Almost every trade and every kind of manufacture is carried on with more activity at some periods of the year than at others, and during the active seasons, when money is in demand, more notes are in circulation. These notes are at such periods drawn out of the banks, either as repayments of money lodged, or by discount of the bills drawn against the exported commodities."—(p. 152.)

We concur with Mr. Hubbard that the *immediate* regulator of price is the proportion between supply and demand; and we think, that whenever notes are issued otherwise than to meet the demands of trade, they have a tendency to increase demand. A facility of obtaining money induces people to go into new undertakings, and hence there is a new demand for certain commodities; and when money is scarce the sellers become more numerous than the buyers—supply is increased relative to demand—and hence prices fall. While, however, we consider it to be a law of our currency that notes not issued for the purposes of trade have a tendency to raise prices, we are ready to admit that such tendency may be directed, retarded, or even counteracted, for a time, by the prudence of commercial men. Mr. Hubbard has selected several periods in which an increase in the amount of the currency did not produce a general increase of prices. But all his instances are taken from within a short period. Now, in 1836, our merchants suffered so severely from a contraction of the currency, that they have ever since been cautious against the ensnaring effects of a full currency. The abundance of money in 1838 did not lead to commercial speculation, but it led to investments in American securities. It is evident that abundance of money will not cause an advance in the price of any commodity, unless it is employed to purchase that particular commodity; and it will affect the prices of different commodities according to the quantity of money that is brought to bear on each individual market. At the same time it is undeniably true, that whatever gives additional facilities to speculation, has a tendency to promote speculation. The issues of country banks furnish no such facilities, and hence they neither promote speculations nor advance prices.

"Country paper cannot circulate in London, and cannot therefore, by its abundance or its scarcity, produce any effect on the prices of commodities there, or on the prices of public securities; and being at

all times instantly convertible into Bank of England notes, it cannot by its quantity produce any effect on prices in the country."\*

But a main charge against the country bankers has been that their issues affect the foreign exchanges; and to such an extent, that they have counteracted the effects of the Bank of England to arrest a drain for bullion. To do this the country issues must either raise the prices of commodities or lower the rate of interest. But it is evident that notes issued only to meet the demands of trade, and which are returned when no longer required, can produce neither of these effects. The country banker cannot buy gold or Exchequer bills, nor Government stock, with his own notes; nor can they be employed to pay foreigners for goods that are imported. And as to the rate of interest, the country bankers, unlike the London bankers, allow interest upon deposits, which tends to keep up the rate of interest. In country districts it is the trade which regulates the currency, not the currency which regulates the trade. In London, that portion of the currency which is not issued in supplying the wants of trade, but in the purchase of bullion, has a tendency, by lowering the rate of interest, and furnishing inducements to speculation, to lead to larger importations of foreign goods, and investments in foreign securities, and hence to turn the exchanges. It is in consequence of not observing the distinct laws by which these two kinds of currency are governed, that much confusion has arisen, and much undeserved censure has been cast upon the country bankers. During the unfavourable exchanges of 1839, the whole blame of the pressure was charged upon the private and joint-stock banks of issue. We suppose that the present accusers of the country banks have rather copied the denunciation of former years, than exercised their own powers of observation; for the following has been the average annual amount of the circulation of the Bank of England, and the private and joint-stock banks, for the last four years:—

Years.	Bank of England.	Private Banks.	Joint-Stock Banks.
	£	£	£
1840 . . .	16,838,508	6,527,902	3,965,908
1841 . . .	16,877,164	6,097,894	3,501,424
1842 . . .	18,593,231	5,256,317	2,992,735
1843 . . .	19,574,923	4,680,628	2,987,288

\* See "A Defence of Joint-Stock Banks and Country Issues," a very able work by Mr. Bailey, of Sheffield. (Ridgway.)

If, then, an increase of circulation is a proof of a want of prudence, that charge does not apply to the country bankers, for their circulation has greatly declined. The fact is, however, that the same laws do not apply to both cases; and, therefore, the mere want of correspondence between the London and country circulation is in itself no proof of any neglect of prudence on either side.

Thus we find that the laws of the currency refute the theory that the country circulation can be increased and diminished by the mere caprice of the country bankers—that it exercises an influence upon the prices of commodities, and regulates the foreign exchanges. They repel the accusation that the country bankers, by their spirit of competition, have issued an excessive amount of their notes, and counteracted the efforts of the Bank of England to regulate the exchanges. They show, that as far as regards the country circulation of England and Wales, of Scotland and of Ireland, no regulation is required;—that the circulation must fluctuate according to the demands of trade and agriculture; and that any law to increase or diminish these fluctuations, so as to make them conform to any other standard, would necessarily be injurious.

The regular fluctuation in the same periods of each succeeding year is a sufficient proof that these fluctuations are regulated by the seasons, and not by the influence of the bankers. Neither caprice, nor avarice, nor ignorance, could produce such uniform effects; while the difference in the *annual* averages of the circulation is accounted for from circumstances wholly beyond the control of the banks. The proportion which is maintained from year to year between the circulation of the private and the joint-stock banks, shows that the reckless spirit of competition charged upon both has no foundation with reference to either; while the gradual decline of the issues of both from year to year is a proof that neither have the power to extend their issues beyond the limits fixed by those laws which regulate the circulation of the country.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we will make a few observations upon issues of joint-stock banks. By the Return ending Jan. 6, 1844, their notes amounted to £3,234,999. As every shareholder in these companies is answerable to the full extent of his property, this portion of our currency must be considered as having the attribute of safety—and as many of the shareholders are often persons of great respectability and influence in the districts in which the notes circulate, the notes are received with unbounded confidence. A contraction

of the currency, therefore, such as occurred in the year 1825, from a panic, or dread of ultimate loss, is perfectly impossible. Whenever a joint-stock bank has become unfortunate, the directors have always taken measures for the *immediate* payment of their notes. The relative extent to which the private and the joint-stock banks transact the business of the country is not to be ascertained from the amounts of their respective circulations; for most of the latter class of banks which are located in large towns are not banks of issue. The branches of the Bank of England supply these banks with notes in discount of their bills, at 1 per cent. less than the rate charged to other parties. This is a voluntary agreement, and may be discontinued at the option of either party, at the end of the year. We have no wish to prohibit such agreements, though some of the terms appear to us to be open to objection. Each bank has a *maximum* and a *minimum* amount of discounts; the latter it must always maintain, even though it may not require the money for the use of its customers. Hence, in seasons when money is cheap and abundant, the joint-stock bank, rather than break off the agreement, takes money which it does not want; and to save the loss of the interest, it lends it again to speculators, and other indifferent parties—and hence makes advances, and sometimes incurs losses that would otherwise be avoided. The cotton speculations at Liverpool have been ascribed to the large advances made by the banks. The branch banks thus put into circulation notes which are not required by the demands of trade, and this produces effects similar to those which are produced by the issues of the Parent Establishment in the purchase of bullion.

Thirdly, another advantage arising from an acquaintance with the laws of the currency is, that we are able to form a better judgment of those plans that are proposed for the regulation of the currency. Two such plans are given in the works before us by Mr. Cowell and Mr. Hubbard. These writers are both connected with the Bank of England, and, no doubt, might give to the public much useful information respecting that establishment. But they seem more disposed to write about other banks, respecting which it may fairly be supposed, without any reflection, that they have much less information.

But, before entering upon the examination of either of these plans for regulating the currency, the question is pressed upon us, whether any plan is necessary. The only evil in our country circulation is the weakness of the parties by whom some of the notes are issued. Whenever Mr. Hubbard draws a picture of the evils of the country circulation, he always winds up with

the breaking of the banks—as though the breaking of a bank was the necessary effect of its power of issuing notes. And what has produced these weak banks?—what but injudicious legislation? It was enacted in 1708, that no bank of *more* than six partners should be allowed to issue notes. Had that prohibition been applied to all banks of not more than six partners, there would have been some wisdom in the enactment. This unwise law called into existence a great number of small banks, and, of course, many of them have failed. And, after unwise legislation has thus produced incalculable evil, this evil is adduced as a reason for farther legislation. A practical man of business would suppose that the simplest way of removing the effects would be to remove the cause. History teaches us that where the legislature does not interfere, the community will establish for themselves large and safe banks, and comparatively few in number. Such has been the case in Scotland. But the end of legislation has always been to establish a large number of small banks. Such has been the case in England, Ireland, and America. In America, no persons can establish a bank, without having first obtained a charter from the legislature. In every State a vast number of charters have been obtained; hence there is a vast number of banks, and, as their number has increased, their individual strength has diminished. In Ireland, the evil of numerous weak banks was so great, that it cured itself: they nearly all failed; and, with the exception of one bank in Dublin, there is not a private bank of issue in all Ireland. In 1824 the legislature retraced its steps, and permitted Joint-Stock Banks of Issue to be established beyond fifty Irish miles from Dublin; and hence the currency is in a sound state. In 1826 the same wise course was adopted in England with regard to a greater distance than sixty-five miles from London; and consequently the currency, beyond that distance, has greatly improved. It is true, many private banks still exist, but their number is annually diminishing; and those that remain, from having to compete with larger banking companies, are compelled to avoid every practice that might damage their credit. It is only within the distance of sixty-five miles round London that small banks of issue are protected against the wholesome competition with larger establishments. Let this protection be removed, and the country circulation would gradually progress to a sound state, and so rapidly as to render further legislation wholly unnecessary.

An acquaintance with the laws of the currency as exemplified in history and experience, would, therefore, lead us to expect that the fewer Acts of Parliament we have for its regulation

the better; and, instead of asking for new Acts of Parliament, we ought rather to ask for the repeal of those that are now in operation. All that the legislature has to do in the matter is merely to place large banking companies on the same footing as small banking companies, with regard to proceedings in courts of law—to give to both the same privileges, or rather the same *rights*—and then let the public choose the banks they like best.

It would be well if those writers who come forward with their plans for regulating the currency, would first inquire whether the currency required any regulation—whether the evils which strike them so forcibly, instead of showing the need of regulation, do not prove the existence already of too much regulation—and whether the theories they advocate are not at variance with those laws by which the currency, when uncontrolled by legislative interference, is always found to be governed.

These laws incontestably demonstrate, that even if regulation be necessary, no one system can be adapted to all the various currencies which exist in the United Kingdom. We have shown that the circulation of the Bank of England has four revolutions in a year, being at its highest point in those months in which the public dividends are paid. The country circulation revolves once in a year, being at its highest point in April, and its lowest in August. The circulation of Scotland revolves once in a year, being at its lowest point in March, and its highest in November. The circulation of Ireland revolves also once in a year, being at its lowest point in September, and its highest in January. These changes are not capricious or accidental, but are determined by the recurrence of the seasons and the state of trade in their respective districts. How, then, is it possible to apply one uniform rule to these various currencies? The idea of doing so was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the “*Letters of Malachi Malagrowther*.” He compares it to the conduct of an old gentleman, who, having derived benefit from the use of Anderson’s pills, always insisted, after dinner, that every one of his guests should take a “*leetle Anderson*.”

It is evident that no plan could be suitable that shall involve the maintenance of the same amount of circulation from year to year, and at all times of the year. Nor can any plan be efficient that shall require all the currencies in the United Kingdom to rise and fall at the same time, in the same proportion, and by rules wholly unconnected with the state of trade at the season these operations are taking place. The plans

that have been proposed for making the amount of notes in circulation to vary exactly in accordance with the amount of gold in the Bank of England, are at variance with both these principles. For when the foreign exchanges are in a quiescent state, the amount of notes would remain the same; and whenever the exchanges were favourable or unfavourable, the same degree of expansion or contraction would, on the plans proposed, be universally applied. On this subject we quote Mr. Bosanquet:—

“ There are great and rapid alterations in the quantity of circulation required from year to year, arising out of the state of trade and credit, and the vast monetary operations which this country is often suddenly called upon to perform. There are periodical variations in the quantity of local circulation in the course of the same year. In London, the provision for the dividends, and subsequent payments, are the main causes of such fluctuations. In the country circulation of England, Scotland, and Ireland, there appear to be regular ebbs and flows in the quantity required for local purposes. A leading principle in the currency is, that it is the medium of exchange, and as such should possess the power of expansion and contraction in accordance with the demands of the community for the purposes of exchange. The system which would cause the paper circulation to vary precisely as the amount of the circulation would have varied, had it been exclusively metallic, is incompatible with this principle. Such a system is vicious in its mode of action, inasmuch as it would force issues when contraction should take place, and withdraws them at the moment when most required.”\*

Before proceeding to the examination of the works before us, we may state, as a novelty in banking literature, that most works on banking are now published by writers who are practically engaged in carrying on its operations. Among Bank Directors we have Mr. Palmer, Mr. Norman, and Mr. Hubbard; London Bankers, Mr. Loyd, Mr. Bosanquet, and Mr. Drummond; Country Bankers, Mr. Leatham and Mr. Wright; Directors of Joint-Stock Banks, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Salomons; Managers, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Bell; and Agent to a Branch of the Bank of England, Mr. Cowell. Nor let it be supposed, that the works of these writers have terminated merely in a conflict of opinions—a mere discussion of theories. They have, as we conceive, produced most beneficial practical results. They have awakened public attention to the subject. They have disseminated much information. They have stimulated the mental energies of other men, and have

\* “ *Metallic Paper and Credit Currency, and the Means of regulating their Quantity and Value,*” by J. W. Bosanquet, Esq., pp. 49—62.

guided the opinions of the public press. During the last year and a half, there has been a glut of money in London. In former years, this would have driven the nation into a frenzy of speculation; and why has it not in the present instance? Is it not because our merchants better understand the laws by which the circulation of the Bank of England is governed, and that they are cautioned and admonished continually by the City articles of the daily press? The number of practical banking authors marks the intellectual character of the age. Our men of business are not now wholly absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. To be able to influence the opinions and feelings of other minds is now regarded as an object of ambition even by a banker.

We now proceed to the examination of the plan proposed by Mr. Cowell. It is as follows:—

“1. That Commissioners be appointed by Act of Parliament to sit every day, from eleven o'clock A.M. to two o'clock P.M., with orders to give paper certificates of deposits of gold returnable on demand.

“2. That every day at two P.M., they expend two-thirds of all the gold they shall have received during the day, in the purchase of as much of the public debts as it will command,—thus restoring to the ‘*markets of the world*’ two-thirds of whatsoever gold they may have taken, and reserving one-third in their coffers.

“3. That every day, from the hours of eleven to two, they return to such persons as may present certificates all the gold which the certificates so presented shall evidence is due.

“4. That on any day in the course of which they shall have returned more gold than they have received, they sell at two o'clock as much of the public debt held by them as will establish the exact relation of one to three between their reserve of gold and their certificates outstanding at that hour.”

Mr. Cowell has adopted the theory, that the amount of notes in circulation should vary according to the stock of bullion; and he is entitled to considerable praise for having attempted to reduce this theory to practice. The practical operation of a principle is the only test of its soundness. Were some other writers to follow Mr. Cowell's example, they would soon cure the public, and possibly themselves, of all dependence on their theories. According to Mr. Cowell's plan, supposing the Commissioners had commenced operations with an issue of thirty millions of notes (certificates), and held ten millions of gold, then an importation of three millions of gold would increase the paper circulation three millions and the gold circulation two millions—making a total increase of five millions; but if, on the other hand, three millions of gold were withdrawn



from the Commissioners, then the gold would be reduced to seven millions, and the paper circulation, by a sale of government securities, to twenty-one millions. These extensive fluctuations in the amount of the currency are to be insured with all the certainty of a Babbage machine. Mr. Cowell contemplates that these fluctuations in the currency will produce corresponding fluctuations in the prices of commodities,—as he states that “the value of the property of every member of the community would be daily affected by the greater or less outstanding amount of certificates.” He has further insured great fluctuation in the prices of the Government securities; for the Commissioners will always be buyers in a favourable course of the foreign exchanges, and sellers when the exchanges are unfavourable. On these occasions the natural tendency of circumstances to produce a rise or fall in the funds would receive a further stimulus from the operations of the Commissioners.

A description of this plan seems a sufficient condemnation. To say that the currency would be made to fluctuate in the same way as it would fluctuate in case it were wholly metallic, is pure assumption. No one has yet shown us how a purely metallic circulation would fluctuate, or whether it be at all practicable, in the present condition of this country; but, admitting the theory to be true, Mr. Cowell's plan does not accord with the theory.

Mr. Cowell held out to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom his Letter is addressed, the prospect of adding the very convenient sum of £800,000 per annum to the public revenue; but Mr. Cowell has omitted all calculation of the losses which the Commissioners may sustain by buying stock when the exchanges are favourable, and money consequently abundant—and selling it again when the exchanges have become unfavourable, and money consequently scarce: he has also left out of view the additional sum which the Bank of England would expect for managing the public business, after having been deprived of the profits of the circulation: he has omitted, too, the loss to the revenue from the abolition of bankers' licenses and the stamp duty on the notes: and he has not informed us, that whenever an unfavourable course of the exchanges shall diminish the currency and depress prices, there will be a great falling off in the receipts at the Exchequer. When all these circumstances are taken into account, and when moreover it is considered that a necessary addition to the plan is, that the payment of the public dividends are to depend upon the issue of a new kind of Government security,

to be *taken at a discount*, it must surely be admitted, that however favourably the plan may be viewed by a finance minister out of place, it is not likely to be regarded by any one who sits on the lofty eminence of office, with any other feelings than those of surprise at the boldness of the conception.

The principle with which Mr. Cowell sets out, and on which he bases his system, seems scarcely worthy of a serious consideration in connection with this subject. Whether a desire for gold ought to be classed among the natural appetites of man, is an inquiry which seems better adapted to amuse the leisure hours of a Master of Arts, than to guide the counsels of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We now proceed to Mr. Hubbard's pamphlet, the main object of which is to prove the propriety of establishing one bank of issue. We must do Mr. Hubbard the justice to acknowledge that he is the most practical writer we have seen on his side of the question: the talent and candour he has manifested, entitle his reasonings to a rather extended examination. At the present time this subject is peculiarly important to our agricultural interest. Landlords and others are urging the farmers to lay out more capital on their lands, in order to be better able to compete with foreigners. Whence are the farmers to get this additional capital? Under ordinary circumstances they might possibly borrow it of their bankers; but should the bankers be called upon to pay off their circulation, so far from being in a condition to grant further loans to the farmer, they will probably call in those which are outstanding.

Mr. Hubbard's plan is this:—All the notes now issued by various banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland shall be exterminated. A new bank shall be formed, which shall issue thirty-five millions of notes against securities, and as many more as they please in exchange for coin or bullion, and all the notes shall be payable in gold on demand. The bank shall do no other business than give notes for gold, and gold for notes. By this means the fluctuations in the amount of notes in circulation would correspond with the fluctuations in the stock of gold,—and this Mr. Hubbard calls “the metallic system.”

The following are Mr. Hubbard's reasons in favour of one national bank of issue:—

1. “By one bank only can the circulation be governed on the metallic principle.

2. “It is far easier to insure the validity of a single bank than of several.

3. "The profit of a paper circulation, as it belongs to the nation, so it can most advantageously be realized through the medium of a single issuing body."

Mr. Hubbard objects against the country circulation, that there is "a positive *increase* in the country circulation from one year to another, when during the same period the bullion and circulation have respectively *decreased*."

This objection is exceedingly ill-timed, as during the last four years the progress has been just reversed. But waiving this, we would ask Mr. Hubbard, if the one bank of issue would establish this conformity between the fluctuations of the London and the country circulation, which he thinks so desirable? Even with one bank of issue, would not an export of gold contract the London circulation first? and would not considerable time elapse before the country circulation would be contracted in proportion? Nay, would it not be quite possible for a country bank to sell stock and Exchequer bills in London, and take the notes with him into the country for the use of his customers, and thus increase the country circulation even when the London circulation was undergoing a process of contraction? We would also ask, if the metallic principle be so sound as represented, why might not a bank at Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or Bristol, be conducted on that principle, as well as one in London. We would also inquire, what is there at present to prevent the directors of the Bank of England adopting the metallic principle? and whether in that case the contractions of the Bank of England would not ultimately produce the same contractions of the country circulations which it is contended would arise from the establishment of one bank of issue? And, moreover, we would ask, whether the operations of the Bank of England, when she has approached the metallic principle, have been productive of unmingled good? Is it not owing to the partial adoption of this system that money was so abundant in the year 1838, that millions were invested in American securities, and that money is now so abundant that no interest can be obtained for its use? Was it not this system that produced the disasters of 1836 and 1839? and must not the reaction of the present abundance of money produce similar results? So far as the system has been tried, it is found to be a bad system; and if it were otherwise, the establishment of one bank of issue is not essential to its operation.

As our Government has not yet learned the odious doctrine of repudiation, (and "first let an earthquake swallow Ma-

cedonia,") we are ready to admit that Government security is superior to private security; and, therefore, we concur with Mr. Hubbard's second reason, if by the word "validity" he means *ultimate safety*; but if he means by "validity," *payment on demand*, we feel compelled to demur to his arguments. As these notes would be payable in gold only in London, they would, in Ireland, Scotland, and all the country parts of England, be for all practical purposes an inconvertible paper currency. Should an unfavourable exchange, or a domestic demand for gold, reduce the notes in circulation below £35,000,000, the Bank must stop. Again, being Government notes, they must share the fortunes of the Government. A foreign war or a domestic rebellion might induce or compel the Government to stop payment,—and what then would become of the "validity" of its notes? They would, doubtless, form part of the national debt, like the "Consols;"—like Consols, too, they would fluctuate in value,—and both would probably be paid off at the same time.

While we condemn the one bank of issue, we concur with Mr. Hubbard, that it is the duty of the legislature "to protect the community, and especially its helpless members, from the injurious circulation of bad paper money." The legislature was unmindful of this duty when it enacted, in 1708, that no bank consisting of more than six partners should have the power of issuing notes. And it is unmindful of this duty still, in regard to the circle within a distance of sixty-five miles from London and fifty Irish\* miles from Dublin. Mr. Hubbard has in several parts of his pamphlet pointed out the evils arising from private banking. The following language is very just and forcible: but it is totally inapplicable to joint-stock banks:—

"In some parts of England the banker of the district will be found to be a large manufacturer; he pays his workmen and tradespeople with his own notes—that is to say, he pays them with his promises. Nothing can be more unsound, more unjustifiable, than such a system. Supposing that his manufactory becomes a losing concern, and himself a bankrupt, even when no currency but gold is used, the stoppage of a large concern must occasion distress fearful enough; but how infinitely more fearful when the same establishment has provided not only employment but currency for a whole neighbourhood, when it has been at once the source and depository of the earnings of the people? In such a case, not only is the citizen debarred the expectation of gaining by to-morrow's labour to-morrow's bread for his family and himself; but his earnings in the past, his savings, the fruit, per-

\* Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English miles.

haps, of years of toil, are torn from him in a moment and for ever. The unthrifty and the prudent are each down to the same depth of destitution—they are alike penniless and helpless.”—(p. 88.)

Mr. Hubbard's third argument is, that the profit of a paper circulation belongs to the nation, and this profit can be most advantageously realized by the establishment of a sole bank of issue. Upon a practical question abstract reasoning is out of place. We will not discuss the question of national right; but at once admit that, should Her Most Gracious Majesty, by and with the advice of her Lords spiritual and temporal, and her faithful Commons in Parliament assembled, determine to take upon herself the sole power of issuing notes against securities and gold, and exchanging notes for gold, she has a perfectly constitutional right so to do. But we very much question whether this would be the plan the best adapted for bringing a large sum into the royal treasury. At present every country banker must pay the Government £30 a year for his license, and he must have a new license for every place at which he issues notes not exceeding four. He also compounds for the stamp duty on the whole of his circulation, at the rate of seven shillings per cent. per annum. The Bank of England compounds for her stamp duties on the same terms—and pays £120,000 per annum for her exclusive privileges. If Mr. Goulburn should wish to increase the revenue from this quarter, he would doubtless adopt a more direct mode than that of establishing a sole bank of issue—he would simply increase the tax;—and possibly he will remember, at the next renewal of the charter, that, in the opinion of at least one of her Directors, the Bank of England does not give an adequate portion of her profits to the service of the state.

It may be hoped, however, that Mr. Goulburn will act more liberally. If the privileges granted to the Bank are for the public good, she ought to have them without purchase; and if they are not for the public good, she ought not to be allowed to purchase them at any price. As the Government have now a surplus revenue, they are free from the temptation to sell “the exclusive privileges of banking”\* for a sum of money, or to assume to themselves a new privilege merely to increase the receipts into the Exchequer.

\* At the last renewal of the Bank Charter, the Act declared, that “in consideration of the privileges of *exclusive banking* given by this Act,” the Bank should receive £120,000 per annum less for managing the public debt. The *only* exclusive privilege granted was that of issuing notes in London, and within sixty-five miles. Yet it has been contended that the issuing of notes is no part of the business of banking. We apprehend, that were any litigation to take place upon this clause, the learned judges would be of a different opinion.

It is to the advantage of every government that the banking interest of the country should be wealthy and influential. There was a period, within the memory of the present generation, when the urgent wants of the nation were supplied mainly through the wealth and influence of the banking interest and their connections. Were it not for the loans they so liberally advanced to the Government, the prowess of our army and navy might have been in vain. Those days are now happily passed away,—but they may return. The bankers have always an interest in supporting constitutional government—in resisting public commotion—in preserving the rights of property—in upholding the supremacy of the law—and in maintaining the righteous administration of public justice. Though generally exempt from party bias, and unambitious of public stations, they possess a firm and quiet principle of patriotism, upon which their country, in seasons of danger, may rely with confidence. Nothing could be more unjust or more unwise than to strain the doctrine of abstract rights in order to have a pretext for imposing increased taxes on this respectable class of society. Nor must it be supposed that all the profits of the circulation go into the pockets of the bankers.

“It is commonly supposed,” says Mr. Bailey, “that it is the banker alone who derives the advantage” (of issuing notes); “and hence it has been contended that a national bank should be established, in order to direct the profit into the state treasury. But it must be manifest on reflection, that where there is a competition of banks of issue, and where no exclusive privileges exist, the advantage will accrue to the parties who have to avail themselves of the assistance of the banks, and through them to the community at large; just as by any improvement in the making of silks and coltons, when it is open to every manufacturer who chooses to adopt it, the wearers of those articles are ultimately benefited, and a general increase of employment created. If it were not for this command of capital conferred by the power of issuing notes, the banking business of the country could not be transacted at so low a rate, nor the advantages of banks extended to so many persons.”\*

In noticing the objections to a single bank of issue, Mr. Hubbard makes the following quotations from the evidence of Mr. Gilbart:—

“1. I think it is one of the inconveniences of a metallic currency, and would, in fact, be one of the inconveniences of a sole bank of issue, that at one part of the year we should have too much money, and at another part too little, because, as money would not fluctuate in amount, and the demands of trade would fluctuate, the amount of

\* *Defence of Joint-Stock Banks and Country Issues*, p. 92.

money would not be proportioned throughout the year to the demands of trade. . . . After supposing that the surplus of one district went to supply the wants of another, still there would be a very great inequality in the amount of money as compared with the demands of trade. . . . And if you had one bank of issue, as you could not contract the circulation, you would have a surplus circulation, which would have the effect of lowering the rate of interest, and promoting circulation.

"2. After the measure had once been carried into effect, the charges which the country bankers would be compelled to make upon that accommodation which they would still have the power of affording, must be considerably increased. . . . If the country bankers had to bring the money from a distance, and lend it to their customers, they must get a greater interest from their customers than they could get by employing it in London or elsewhere; and hence they must make, either in the form of interest or commission, heavier charges than they made before.

"3. The smaller banks would not pay their expenses without the profit of their circulation; and although their withdrawal would be attended with considerable loss and inconvenience to the inhabitants of their district, they would not be continued if their circulation was withdrawn."

In replying to the first objections, Mr. Hubbard states:—"The objection here made by Mr. Gilbart is simply this—that the banks of the United Kingdom would be exposed to the inconvenience of holding between them a reserve larger by £3,000,000 or £4,000,000, at one period than at another." But "I have no apprehension that the desire of employing these reserves will, as Mr. Gilbart predicts, lower the rate of interest, and induce speculation." And what, we ask, is it, but the abundance of money, which lowers the rate of interest and induces speculation? Does not the Bank of England charge a lower rate of interest when money is abundant? Mr. Hubbard himself has, at p. 56, given us a Table, wherein he shows the correspondence between abundance of money and the rates of interest at different periods; and at p. 68, he explains the mode of its operation thus: "The superfluous currency returns to the bankers in increased deposits—the abundance of unemployed capital lowers the rate of interest to a minimum; and this state of things lasts until either a return of higher prices or a more active trade calls the dormant currency into service, or until it is absorbed by investments in foreign stocks or foreign goods." After such language as this, with what consistency can Mr. Hubbard contend that an acknowledged surplus of money, to the extent of £3,000,000 or £4,000,000, would have no tendency to produce a low rate of interest and speculative investments?

In noticing the second objection, Mr. Hubbard says:—“The substance of the objection adduced by Mr. Gilbart against a single bank of issue, constitutes, in my judgment, one of the weightiest arguments for the discontinuance of private issuing banks; for it is this—that the private issuer will lend his own notes at a lower rate than he would lend the notes of a sole bank of issue; that is, *he lends his credit cheaper than he would lend his capital*. Here is the rock on which so many banks have split.” After thus admitting the fact, and tracing through several pages its disastrous consequences, our author turns round and disputes the very fact which formed one of his “weightiest arguments.” After bewailing the shipwreck which this “rock” has occasioned, he questions if any such rock exists. “I should have supposed,” he states, “that Mr. Gilbart would have charged as high a rate of discount as the market value of money justified, without sharing with his customers the profit on his issues.”—“Mr. Gilbart complains that country bankers must get a greater interest from their customers, if they have to bring the money from a distance! Supposing the banker to be even in Ireland, and the circulation to be in Bank of England notes, as both payments *to* the banker and payments *by* the banker must be in the same medium, I do not see why the rate of interest must be higher. A loan of magnitude might require a special transmission of notes from London; but even then, the expense of the transfer could amount to only a curiously fine fraction, when resolved into an additional charge in the rate of interest.” In reply to these observations, we would remind Mr. Hubbard of the regulations of the bank of which he is a Director. He must surely be aware that the Bank of England, at all her branches, discounts bills for those banks that confine their issues to Bank of England notes, at 1 per cent. less than the usual rate. Is not this lending their credit cheaper than their capital? With regard to the charge for the transmission of money, if a person take from the Bank of England a letter of credit on Dublin, he will have to pay  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. commission, which, if charged to a customer in the form of discount, is equivalent to an addition of 1 per cent. interest on a three months’ bill. It seems, therefore, reasonable to believe, notwithstanding the doubts Mr. Hubbard has expressed on the subject, that in case of the establishment of one bank of issue, the bankers would charge a higher rate of interest upon an advance of notes, which they must first obtain by selling securities, than they now do for “notes which cost them nothing;” and that, in those seasons which would require a further importation of notes from London into the district, the expense of such transmission would, either in the



form of interest or commission, be charged to the customers. And as a case in point, we would ask Mr. Hubbard, whether, supposing the Bank of England were deprived of her circulation by the Government,—whether she would continue to transact the public business on the same terms as at present.

In reply to the third objection, Mr. Hubbard says,—

“I think this apprehension is unfounded. In this country, wherever an opening exists for the profitable exercise of industry or employment of capital, industry and capital will be found to answer the demand; and be the district ever so remote, and its traffic ever so insignificant, it will be no more likely to suffer from the wants of a banker, than from the wants of a brewer or a coal merchant. Even now, in many country towns, the banker, brewer, and coal merchant are found united in the same individual; and were this triple trader deprived of the power of coining, he would still continue his business of banking, still receive deposits, still lend those deposits and his own capital to his customers.”

In this extract Mr. Hubbard has specified the evils that would be produced by a sole bank of issue. From the diminution of profits, banking could not in many places be carried on as a separate employment, but would be associated with some other trade. There is no doubt that wherever a banker was wanted, a banker of some sort would be found. But wherever the profits, after the loss of the circulation, were not sufficient to support a separate establishment, the branches of respectable banks would be withdrawn, and the banking carried on would fall into the hands of greedy or insolvent tradesmen. It is true that “even now” this system exists in some places; but it is rapidly dying away through the establishment of branches of joint-stock banks. The establishment of one bank of issue would give new life to the system, and produce all those evils which Mr. Hubbard justly states to arise from the union of banking with the trade of a brewer, a coal merchant, or a manufacturer.

To prove that such would be the case, we need only state two facts, which Mr. Hubbard will not dispute. The first is, that banks carry on business for the sake of profit; and the second, that the loss of the circulation will diminish their profits. In commercial towns this loss of profit may be made up by increased charges for interest and commission. But in agricultural districts, where the loss could not be compensated in this way, the branch bank would be withdrawn, and the pernicious kind of union banks to which we have referred would be substituted in their stead. To show that a branch bank may be withdrawn through the want of the profits of a

circulation, we would ask Mr. Hubbard, if the Bank of England would have withdrawn her branch at Exeter, if it had obtained a large circulation?

Mr. Hubbard then quotes Mr. Kennedy's evidence with regard to interest on deposits:—"If you take from us the profit that our currency yields, we must make our profit from some other source: we must increase the charges to the community, *and allow less interest, or probably no interest at all*; and our system must be utterly changed." This is the testimony of a practical banker of great experience and high standing in Scotland; and how does Mr. Hubbard answer him? Simply with a sneer. "I should have supposed that Mr. Kennedy would have regulated his allowance of interest on deposits according to the return he could obtain by their investment." It is clear that Mr. Hubbard is not sufficiently acquainted with country banking, to understand how the power of issuing notes should enable the Scotch bankers to allow a higher rate of interest on deposits. We will explain it. A Scotch banker can employ the whole of his deposits, as he is not compelled, as in London, to keep on hand any amount of gold or Bank of England notes to meet the daily demand—these reserves being always kept in his own notes; the operations on the deposit accounts draw out the banker's notes, and thus keep up his circulation, which is a source of profit. When the season requires an expansion of the circulation, and his deposits are withdrawn, he is not put to the expense of getting money from London, nor of sending it back when no longer required. From these and other causes, the banks of Scotland have always been able to allow a higher and more steady rate of interest than is allowed in the London money market. The Select Committee of the House of Lords reported, in 1826, that the deposit system of Scotland "had produced the best effects upon the people of Scotland,\* and particularly upon the middling and poorer classes of society;" and all the witnesses who were examined by that Committee stated what Mr. Kennedy has now confirmed—that the power of circulating notes is essential to the existence of the deposit system, as well as to the system of cash credits. Yet in opposition to this mass of evidence, Mr. Hubbard wishes his readers to believe that—"In truth, it is not the *people* of Scotland who are interested in the matter. . . . The entire system of banking might be continued precisely as it is now, if every note in circulation originated in the Bank of England."

\* For a summary of the evidence given before the Committee in favour of the deposit and cash credit systems, see "Gilbart's Practical Treatise on Banking." (Longman.)

From what we have written, our readers will perceive that the provincial banks of England, the banks of Ireland, and those of Scotland, issue their notes in compliance with the demands of trade, and in no other way. The Bank of England also issues a portion of its circulation to meet the demands of trade, that is, by loans on discounts. But it issues another portion of its circulation in the purchases of bullion and of Government securities. That portion issued to meet the demands of trade, will be returned as soon as the loans or bills shall have become due. But that portion issued against the purchases of bullion or Government securities, will not be returned until an unfavourable course of the exchanges shall cause a demand for gold to be exported to foreign countries. Hence it is that the amount of Bank of England notes in circulation from year to year will depend mainly upon the state of the foreign exchanges; and hence it is, our circulation, so far as the Bank of England is concerned, ebbs and flows according to the stock of gold which she may hold in her vaults.

We have had, for above a year and a half, what is called a full currency; we are of course in a state of high apparent prosperity. So we were in 1824, 1835, and in 1838; but what followed?—the distresses of 1825, of 1836, and of 1839. A prosperity based upon the state of the currency is sure to fall to the ground, as soon as the tide shall turn: the good sense of the mercantile community has hitherto induced them to abstain in a great degree from speculative undertakings; and thus they have counteracted the pernicious tendency of our monetary system. But this cannot last. In the year 1838 (which the year 1843 has much resembled), the surplus currency found vent in American securities, and millions of the national wealth have been lost. It is probable that something similar, and perhaps something worse, will relieve us from the present currency plethora. It is from no wish to undervalue the excellent measures which the present Government have introduced, that we warn them against the evils which may arise from the fluctuations of the currency. Unless our system of management be speedily placed upon a sound basis, as surely as the future shall resemble the past, (and when it shall cease to do so history will be of no use to us,) so surely will a reaction take place, and produce effects similar to those that occurred in the years 1836 and 1839.

We are no advocates for useless change; we look at the practical effects of our system, and wish not to destroy the system, but to cure its defects. We can perceive nothing that requires improvement in the currency of Scotland, Ireland, or the provinces of England, except the admission of larger

banking companies into the circle within sixty-five miles from London and fifty Irish miles from Dublin, and placing all banks upon an equal footing with regard to the law of partnership;\* nor do we perceive any change to be desirable in the constitution or government of the Bank of England; but we think the Directors should be required to adopt some principle of management that would save the country from the great fluctuations which take place in the amount of her issues: the consequences of which are severely felt by every class of the community.

The monster evil is the increase of the notes in circulation whenever gold is imported. It seems necessary, therefore, in order to cure the evil, either that the Bank should cease to purchase gold whenever she has enough for her own purposes, or, that if she purchase, she shall not increase the circulation, but shall reduce her securities. The latter course would be the least departure from established usage, but it would involve a loss to the Bank. If the Directors reduce their securities as the gold increases, they lose the interest on those securities, and then the dividend of 7 per cent. may be placed in jeopardy. In this case, the interest of the Bank Proprietors is clearly opposed to the interest of the public. We think the Directors should be compelled to adopt that course which the public interest may require, but it should be done at the public expense. No private company ought to be asked to sacrifice their interest for the public good. Let it be once understood that the public will pay the expense occasioned by any change of system, and the Bank Directors can feel no objection to the change;—this principle once admitted, it would be easy to find a remedy. Let it be a condition of the renewal of the Charter, that after the stock of bullion shall have reached £8,000,000, no further increase shall take place in the amount of notes in circulation, by means of purchases of bullion, until the stock of gold shall exceed £12,000,000. This interval of £4,000,000 would be a sort of break in the sliding scale of the currency, and would save the country, in a great measure, from the evils arising from a low rate of interest—the spirit of spe-

\* We are glad to find that the President of the Board of Trade has taken up the subject of the law of partnership, as it affects large companies; and although banking companies are excluded from the inquiries of his Committee, yet no doubt they would share in the benefit of any new enactment. To show the necessity for this, we need only state, that banking companies in London having more than six partners, are not permitted to accept bills drawn at a shorter period than six months after date, while banking companies not having more than six partners, may accept bills drawn at any term. There are also questions about the liability of shareholders, the registration of proprietors, the best mode of suing and being sued, stamp duties on deeds of transfers, liens on shares, and other matters, that demand the prompt attention of the legislature.

ulation, and the foreign investments, which always terminate in a reaction that produces great and universal distress. Interest upon £4,000,000, at 3 per cent. per annum, would be £120,000 per annum. To compensate the Bank for adopting this system, let the £120,000 per annum exacted by Lord Althorpe for the last renewal of the Charter be no longer demanded. Were this principle of management to be now adopted, the consequence would be, that the rate of interest would advance—speculation would be crushed—foreign investments would be prevented—and, after having had all the advantages of the flowing in of the currency, we should prevent those evils that would arise from its reaction.

We will not contend that this is the only, or even the best, way of diminishing the evil. We know that the matter is in better hands than ours, and we are willing to wait until we see the measures which Her Majesty's Government may propose. If Her Majesty's Ministers can find a remedy, then will they have another claim, and one of no ordinary weight, on the gratitude of their country; but if they tell us that these evils are the necessary effect of our position, and that they have no remedy to propose, then shall we be compelled mournfully to acknowledge, that to bring to a triumphant termination two Asiatic wars,—to define the boundary in America, and thus eradicate the seeds of future hostilities,—to extend by new tariffs our commerce with every part of the globe,—to cement our colonial empire by lowering the scale of duties, and transferring, by means of loans, the capital of the Mother Country, to promote the improvement of the colonies,—to invigorate the national finances, so as to have a surplus revenue, thus securing the payment of the dividends to the public creditor, and placing the country in an attitude of strength towards hostile nations,—to call forth, by acts of private munificence, the voluntary efforts of the people in behalf of religious education—to do all this is an easier task than to regulate the Currency.

[In the views exhibited in the foregoing pages, we wish it to be clearly understood, that we are fully sensible of the immense value of the Bank, as a time-honoured institution, and one in which foreign States repose implicit confidence. An illustration has been furnished of the above observation, in the loan recently contracted with the Bank of France, by means of which, when the Bank of England scarcely possessed bullion enough to meet existing demands, a large amount of gold was obtained from that quarter. We think the benefit of the great National Bank, in such cases, of inestimable value, since it can scarcely be expected that smaller banks could obtain the like confidence; and therefore, while we would give the joint-stock banks every facility for conducting their operations, in doing which, we should consult not their interest only, but that of the public, we would still preserve the Bank of England intact in all but dangerous and destructive monopoly to the present extended and varied relations of the commercial world.—*EDITOR.*]

## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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ART. X.—*Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land.*  
By Stephen Olin, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University.  
New York. 1843.

WE shall proceed to lay before our readers a brief detail of the work at the head of this article. Although embracing a path pretty well trodden, it yet contains some novel illustrations of ancient matters, and occasionally a stray anecdote which we do not remember to have encountered elsewhere. The author of the work, it appears, is a Wesleyan. His assumption, and that of his sect, of honours due to the Catholic Church alone, will not, however, indispose us to treat his book with other feelings than those of fairness and impartiality. John Wesley, a schismatic from the church, and assuredly but a presbyter in it, could have no right to ordain other presbyters; and in our view had ceased, as a schismatic, to have any virtue of a clerical character in him. The Wesleyans will show their right to the priesthood at the Greek Kalends, but not before. Our author left the Piræus on the 19th day of December, 1839, on board the *Lycurgus*, for Alexandria. He had recruited his health in Greece, by exercise, so as to enable him to undertake so long a route, although previously greatly debilitated in constitution. He reached Syra in 11 hours, and after some delay arrived at Alexandria on the 25th of December. The principal object on which his eye rested in the harbour was the Turkish fleet, betrayed to his vassal, Mahomet Ali, by that consummate scoundrel, the Ottoman admiral. The Egyptian fleet was moored outside of the Turkish. The two fleets formed as a whole not less than 60 vessels of war. Twenty were ships of the line, including several of 140 and 120 guns, and about as many were large frigates. It is not very clearly stated by Mr. Olin, but he intends to say that the 20 frigates are independent of 20 larger vessels, and the same number of smaller craft. Saving Mahomet Ali's noble structure, the very life of Alexandrian commerce, the Canal of Mahmoudieh, the descriptions of ancient and modern time of this interesting Saracenic city vary but little. Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle have been so often described, that we shall spare our readers the many-told tale. Mahomet Ali has also been described by persons whose opportunity of access were so superior to those enjoyed by Mr. Olin, who only saw the pacha from a distance, and was not admitted to an audience, that little more could be learnt by

the insertion of his comments than is commonly known. Our traveller started for Atfeh by the canal of Mahmoudieh, which owes its name to Sultan Mahmoud, though the work of his rebellious vassal. During this part of the voyage our traveller enjoyed the company of Mr. Larking, the British consul at Alexandria; and that gentleman's statement of the exactions made by Mahomet Ali from the wretched Fellahs, perfectly confirms the numerous previous reports circulated to the same effect by both English and French travellers. Mr. L. informed Mr. Olin that the pacha's army amounted to 180,000 men, and his revenue to four millions sterling. Mr. Waghorn puts each item a little higher. The following anecdote is eminently characteristic, and we are indebted to Mr. Larkin for it :—

“ About three years since, the pacha's health declined, and he resorted to the advice of his physicians. They recommended a suitable regimen, and, among other things, the greatest moderation in his pleasures. He soon afterwards resolved to reduce his harem, and to dispose of the supernumerary inmates of it among the officers of his court and army. In pursuance of this design he ordered all the unmarried men who were of sufficient merit and rank to receive this token of his favour, to assemble at an appointed hour in the garden of one of his palaces. They were advised of his gracious intentions, and properly arrayed for the mode of procedure which had been chosen as most favourable to a judicious selection of husbands for the fair brides. The old lady who had the care of the harem, from a position where she was concealed from view, examined the physiognomy and port of each of the assembled bachelors, and, without farther ceremony, wrote down the name of the lady whom she thought best suited to a man of such developments. The assembly was then dismissed, and each man, on going to his house, received his bride. This honour was not without its disadvantages; since if it should unaccountably happen that a man was not exactly suited in his new wife, he was deprived of the distinguishing privilege of other Mussulmen. He had taken her for better or for worse, as no prudent courtier would incur the displeasure of the pacha by divorcing a wife received under such circumstances. The pacha has now only three wives, who are elderly women, and have little influence over him. He seldom visits his harem; and, what seems unnatural enough, according to our mode of thinking, the old ladies, who enjoy the distinguished honour of having been retained by him when the rest were disposed of in the manner above described, use all their influence to induce him to replenish his harem with young women. He is not disposed to comply with their request, and often speaks of his improved health and comfort under the present arrangement. The women married to the courtiers were not his principal wives, but properly concubines; always inferior to those who enjoy the dignity of wife. These, among other prerogatives, have the management of the younger women of the harem. The mother of Ibrahim Pacha was retained. Mohammed Ali gave a liberal dower with each of the discarded women.”

Heavy indeed upon the voyage, in which Mr. Larkin was only a part passenger, after quitting Atfeh, are the charges made against Mr. Waghorn, for alleged imposition and exaction. We refer that gentleman to p. 48, vol. I. Our travellers, in Mr. Waghorn's boat, went up the Nile and reached Cairo. In this city Mr. Olin remained three weeks. Amid the sights of Cairo, the passage between the long walls, where the Mamelukes were butchered in *cold blood* by Mahomet Ali, of course is among the first. Mahomet Ali's only justification is an Oriental one,—that he knew that they intended to cut him off, and was therefore beforehand with them. This rests on the solitary assertion of the pacha, and no

Mameluke chief remains to tell the tale ; though it is said among the current legends of the place, that one of the beys performed the stupendous leap of clearing the closed gates by which they made their entry. If so, he must have done it over a pile of the slaughtered bodies of his countrymen ; but even this appears scarcely credible ; still an Arab, mounted by a Mameluke, could do things that would bring us back to the days of chivalry ; for neither horse nor rider lack the spirit that lends aid to that daring speed and wondrous energy that are so good at their desperate need. *The Mamelukes were butchered when on safe conduct—when the invited guests of the pacha.* Let the aged man get over that if he can,—'tis harder than the desperate leap of the daring bey ; harder is it for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a blood-enriched despot to get into the kingdom of Heaven. The following description of Cairo is striking, though not novel :—

“ From the city to the Nile, on the west, the rich alluvial plain is checkered with long avenues of evergreen oriental trees, and the outline is filled up with luxuriant fields of wheat and fruitful gardens, which furnish the teeming population of Cairo with a profusion of fine vegetables. Spacious villas, embowered among the verdant trees, and surrounded by high whitewashed walls ; the various contrivances for irrigation—canals, and gutters formed upon the top of long earthen mounds, or low walls of stone ; the huge, clumsy wheels, turned by buffalos, for drawing water ; and then the unwieldy camels, moving slowly along under their enormous loads ; the multitudes of donkeys and horses, with their swarthy, almost naked drivers ; and the gaudy, flowing dresses of their riders, swelling and waving in the incessant wind,—form altogether a scene unlike all that is seen in the western world, and full of interest and animation, though destitute of any very striking natural features, and certainly deficient in all that improves art and taste, contribute to the decoration of nature. Pass out of the city on the opposite side, and you are in the desert. No trees, no cultivated fields—not a shrub or a blade of grass is seen ; as far as the eye can reach, is a sea of sand. The hills and vallies, which were, perhaps, once verdant and cultivated, have been inundated from the desert, and doomed to irreclaimable sterility. There are no suburbs on this side of the town. The sand has extended its desolations to the gates.”

We regret that the tombs of the caliphs have not yet received more attention. On the 6th of January our traveller visited Heliopolis, the On of the Scriptures. Near this city, tradition says that Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, found refuge from Herod. Heliopolis was for many years the capital of Egypt, before the building of Memphis. The house in it in which Plato studied philosophy was extant in the time of Strabo. The remains at Heliopolis are confined to a single obelisk (?). Shapeless masses of ruins are around in all directions. On the 7th of January, Mr. Olin, in company with some of his fellow-travellers, proceeded to visit the pyramids, of which he gives a moderately well executed design. They entered the Pyramid of Cheops, and give the usual detail of dark chambers, groping through passages. The sphinx also engrossed no small portion of their attention. It is deeply to be regretted that the sand is fast covering the excavations by Caviglia. These were extremely curious and important, the works of months of labour, and were rewarded with valuable discoveries at every stage. Why were they not further prosecuted ?



The great pyramid is 732 feet square and 474 in height. The sphinx lies about 100 feet below the level of the base of the pyramids. To Mr. Olin's inquiries as to the state of religion in Egypt, very unsatisfactory replies were given. A respectable clergyman assured him that he had not met with one person who appeared to have any tolerable idea of salvation through Christ, or any hopeful marks of spirituality. In this censure he included Copt, Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic. The visible development of the devotion of the Moslem, who never intermits his prayers, but despite all let or hindrance, performs them, seems to have struck Mr. Olin deeply. Protestant devotion certainly among this people must seem cold, but is notwithstanding true and real. Mahomet Ali, among his other appropriations, has not been nice with respect to the mosques; he has seized on many of their lands for his own use. He is no favourite with the Muezzin and the Mollah. Were Mahomet Ali weighed in the balance of either religious or popular estimation, he would not be sovereign of Egypt for one year. The mutilations which the people inflict on themselves to avoid entering the army, are so dreadful, that the pacha, in mercy or mockery, has instituted a one-eyed corps. The taxation of the produce and the confiscation of the mosque property equally contribute to place him at the acme of unpopularity. Our travellers purposed to start for Upper Egypt on the 15th of January, but this intention was frustrated by the various artifices of the low population of Cairo, and a boat little better than Mr. Waghorn's was at last procured; and Selim, a servant whom they had received on his recommendation, who had been imprisoned for stealing, and was just out when recommended to them, was dismissed, and to Upper Egypt they proceeded forthwith. In stopping at various villages where the voluptuous dancing girls showed themselves, in one of his walks Mr. Olin met with a field of mustard of not less than 20 or 30 acres; it was in full bloom, and some of it 10 feet high. This will give our readers some illustration, though Mr. Olin offers none, of that passage in Scripture, which speaks of the mustard as greatest among *herbs*, *λαχανων*, and not among trees as many persons are too apt to interpret the passage. A plant, growing 10 feet high may justly receive this appellation. The pacha's destructive operations on the borders of the Nile, in blowing up, for their materials, the ancient tombs, were witnessed by our travellers in numerous directions. Thebes, after a tedious passage through the numerous small villages, at length rewarded our travellers by its sight. A view of Luxor embellishes this portion of the book. Luxor, Esneh, Ombos and Philæ have had far worthier describers than our author; but though we share with him in the doubt of their assigned antiquity, we are *fully* convinced that antiquarian research will read, and has already partially read, much of the ancient character that he seems to look on as hermetically sealed for ever. At Syene and Assouan, our travellers terminated their voyage up the Nile. The Syenite quarries, which supplied Egypt with its vast materials, appear yet inexhaustible; but the same cannot be said of the celebrated Pentelican, which are likely to

be completely destroyed to furnish a wasteful supply for the palace of King Otho. When our travellers commenced their return, the natural feelings of Home, and Piety, and Faith, are beautifully given by Mr. Olin. We can well remember experiencing very similar sentiments in not very dissimilar regions. Carnac seems to have elevated the powers of our traveller beyond their ordinary level. We give no indifferent specimen :—

“ Nothing in this great temple so filled me with admiration as the finished workmanship and perfect preservation of this sanctuary. No product, however small, of Grecian, Roman, or even Gothic architecture, which has fallen under my observation, has half so much freshness. The fine blocks of red granite possess a peculiar and resplendent lustre, which it is inconceivable they should long retain after their separation from the native mass. The polish is perfectly preserved. The chiselling is deep and clear : the sharpest angles and most delicate lineaments have not suffered the slightest disintegration ; and there are portions of the painting so fresh and vivid that nothing can be found to surpass it in the colouring of the Flemish or more modern schools. I lingered around this beautiful structure, reluctant to withdraw my eyes from the contemplation of so much elegance, and again and again I ventured to enjoy another view. I came to Egypt expecting to find nothing to admire in its ancient edifices but the massiveness of their material and the vastness of their dimensions. I have every where seen, in combination with these more imposing features of architecture, displays of noble conception, elegant taste, and exquisite skill. In none of these respects would the lovely specimen under consideration suffer by a comparison with the most admired productions of ancient or modern genius.

The whole length of this magnificent structure is 488 feet by 350 in width.

Belzoni's tomb is still great and beautiful ; Bruce's, also, which drew down on the enterprising traveller volumes of abuse,—both were visited by our travellers. The colossal statue of Rameses struck them, as it does all who visit Thebes, with feelings of amazement. We extract their description :—

“ It is of the syenite granite, and is probably the largest mass of stone ever wrought into human shape. It might have given the hint upon which Dinocrates conceived the grand idea of making a statue of Mount Athos. The pedestal upon which this fallen colossus once stood is twenty-nine feet long, seventeen wide, and nine in height. According to our measurement, the statue is twenty-three feet broad across the shoulders, and seven and a half thick, fifty-five in girth around the breast, and about thirteen feet from the shoulder to the elbow. It is five feet across the foot. Where not marred by the hammers of antiquarians and travellers, it has a perfect polish ; and there are hieroglyphics upon the back and shoulders, finely executed. The face, eyes, nose, and ears have been especially obnoxious to the zeal of the curious, and retain little of their original expression or form. A formal head-dress descends on both sides of the neck to the shoulders in broad flaps, marred likewise by the hammer. We followed the bad example of others, and, with infinite toil, broke off some fragments and bore them away as memorials. This statue weighs by estimation 887 tons.”

The reflections on Thebes, at page 272, are well worth deep consideration ; and some little learning, even from our unpretending traveller, breaks forth. Our travellers again reached Cairo on February 21st. A valuable chapter is here given on Mahomet Ali and his government ; but as we have to get on to Jerusalem, we must not stop in this place any longer. On March 2nd, 1840, our tra-

vellers left Cairo, to commence their journey through the desert to Jerusalem. The party at first consisted of Mr. Olin, Mr. and Mrs. Cooley, and Mr. Carrington, an English gentleman; and was ultimately increased by three Germans and an Englishman, at a few miles from Cairo. We pass the desert, its sands, morasses, Bedouins, until our travellers reach Suez, a spot likely to have local interests, shortly, of an extraordinary character, if this Isthmus as well as Panama is to be cut through. A long discussion on the point of transit by the Israelites over the Red Sea, when pursued by the Egyptians, follows. The suggestion of our author, that Moses was unacquainted with the cardinal points, in his description of the East wind, will not do; it only indicates gross ignorance of the high qualification of the Jewish chief, as well as a low sense of inspiration, not uncommon amid sectarian teachers. The wells of the desert, the waters of Mara, the everlasting fidelity of the descriptions of Moses, confirmed by every traveller, all point out the impossibility of this hypothesis. Sinai, Horeb, are long dwelt on by our author, but without any novelty of remark. Hor, Aaron's burial-place, and Mount Seir, follow. With an accurate description of the singular effect of Mount Hor, and its rich contrast of hues, the first volume closes. The noble ruins at Petra are well given in various points. Edom and Carmel are both slightly noticed by our author: the mosques of Hebron, the tombs of the patriarchs passed, the birthplace of our Lord, at Bethlehem, was next approached, with its churches built by the pious hand of the Empress Helena: the grotto of the Nativity, the spot of the sacrifice of the Innocents, all monastic traditions, were seen by them. From Bethlehem our travellers wend their way to Jerusalem itself. An accident confined Mr. Olin to his bed for some time after his arrival, and his fellow travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Cooley, left Jerusalem before his recovery. We shall pass our traveller's description, with whom we remain, of the Garden of Gethsemane, Mount Calvary, and the great and well known interesting places that occur to general notice; but we do both agree with our author in the beauty of the view of Jerusalem, from Mount Olivet, and also can recommend a very nice plate of the same to our readers: the *coup d'œil* is magnificent. The same may be said of the view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its splendid ruins and deep defiles. The apocryphal character of the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Saint James, Zechariah, we need not dwell on; but there yet remains to be found a Jewish antiquary who would fully investigate the numerous claims of this character; and if converted to Christianity, such a man, strong in the Ancient Scriptures, devotionally impressed with the *New*, might give an antiquarian and Christian digest such as has not yet been seen. Persons of small learning and poor acquirements in Oriental tongues and traditions, are ill calculated for such a quest. How singular does it seem that the Potter's Field, the grave of Judas, from its character, is easy of identification, but the sepulchre of Christ veiled from vision. Was it not to prevent the worship of the Tomb for Him entombed? From Jerusalem our

traveller proceeded to Jericho. The assemblage of pilgrims encamped upon its plain was indeed striking : we extract the passage.

"There was scarcely a people under heaven among whom Christianity is professed, without its representatives here. There were Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, from Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Malta, Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Great Britain, America, and I believe all, or nearly all other Christian lands. Cossacks were very numerous, and were distinguished for their equipages and personal bearing among a motley assemblage, which could hardly claim to be less than semi-barbarous. Greeks, chiefly from Syria and Asia Minor, constituted the most numerous class. Armenians were also very numerous, and they were by far the most respectable in their appearance of any portion of the company. Several of them were rich merchants from Constantinople and Smyrna. Here, as everywhere else, the Armenians are grave and decent in their deportment and general appearance, unostentatious, unobtrusive, and quiet. It is only in the performance of their religious ceremonies that they seem to be as frivolous and irreverent as the other Oriental Christians."

The Dead Sea was next visited by our author, who tested the extraordinary density of its sluggish waters, and gives the following singular description of them :—

"We did not fail to bathe, for the double purpose of enjoying so great a luxury, especially grateful in this heated atmosphere, and of testing, by our own experience, the truth of the strange and rather discordant statements which have been put forth with regard to its buoyancy. I had always read the reports of travellers upon this subject with incredulity, ranking them with other fictions and legends with which all descriptions of this marvellous sea are rife; but the experiment satisfied me that, upon this point at least, there is no exaggeration. The water is shallow near the shore, and I waded perhaps one hundred and fifty yards before reaching a depth of seven or eight feet. I swam out into much deeper water, which I found to bear me upon its surface without any effort of the legs or arms. These, indeed, I raised quite out of the water, and still continued to float like a mass of wood. When I stood erect, with my feet placed together, and my hands and arms brought close to the sides, my shoulders still rose above the surface. I made many attempts to sink, but without success, and found swimming an awkward business, as it was quite impossible to keep both the arms and legs in the water at the same time. Some gentlemen of the party, who were unable to swim, waded in cautiously at first, but found themselves suddenly endowed with the capacity of floating upon the briny element."

The specific gravity of the water is 12·11, and rain water only 10·00. Our traveller several times submerged his head in attempting to sink, and found that the hair had imbibed from the water a something little less adhesive than tar. He could with difficulty pass a comb through it, and only at the end of ten days or a fortnight got clear of the effects of a bath in the Dead Sea. The effects of the sea upon animal life are fabulous, as far as checking the flight of birds over the lake; but its desolate appearance and freedom from shells, save probably land ones, and fish,—our traveller found one only—but probably not indigenous,—brought by birds of prey from some adjacent river, possibly, confirm the general detail of its lonely destitution of animal and vegetable life. Passing to the monastery of Saba, and following the channel of the Cedron, our traveller returned to Jerusalem.

Mr. Olin then proceeds to investigate the claims of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre to be the identical localities of the awful scenes which

they commemorate. If much discredit is thrown on assigning these ancient localities to the events in question, and also on many others, it is unhappily owing to the debased state of monastic truth. Still, much may be underrated that is really deserving of credit, from the tissue of lies in which it is imbedded; and the Protestant inquirer may possibly, as Mr. Olin suggests, carry his inquiries too closely, and press for more proof than any ancient spot, however investigated, could yield. After a visit to Bethany and Bethphage, our traveller quitted Jerusalem for Beyrout. Mount Gerizim, and Ebal and Sichem, the spot of the Saviour's interview with the woman of Samaria, and Jacob's Well, yet extant, were next viewed. Maundrel gives the admeasurement of the well as three yards in diameter, 35 deep, five of which are full of water. It is cut in firm rock limestone. Our traveller found it *yet* containing water. The Samaritan synagogue was next visited, and a request made by them to the chief rabbi, to show them the celebrated Samaritan copy of the Law. To this he acceded conditionally, that they should uncover their feet, and leave a gratuity for the benefit of the synagogue. After some seeming attempt at imposing another MS. upon the travellers, the real one was produced, which, according to the assumed tradition and belief of these people, is in the handwriting of a grandson of Aaron, and is, they say, 3500 years old. There cannot be a doubt that it is of immense antiquity; the coins of the<sup>1</sup> Maccabees are in the same character.

The Samaritans in Nablous\* only amount to 130; their existence appears almost a miracle; the existence of their MS. may be considered equally providential. They maintain the Sabbath in greater strictness than the Jews, sacrifice sheep at the Passover, and celebrate the Jewish festivals in solemn procession to the summit of Gerizim. Passing in haste Tiberias, we come from the Holy Land to Tyre. Here 200 columns were counted, entire and mutilated, over the ancient site, by Mr. Olin; but the appearance of Sur is most desolate. Hence the travellers passed to Sidon, which is of far larger population than the desolated ancient naval queen. It has, however, made a nearer approach to its ancient character of Great Sidon in the time of Joshua, than its desolate rival. From hence they reached Beyrout. The homeward course of Mr. Olin is, of course, bereft of extraordinary interest, and we here take our leave of him, merely stating that he arrived safe at Boston. His book has many good points, and we have to thank him for agreeable narration and clear description. He rarely tires his reader; and so great a number of objects of interest as his book presents, is seldom encountered by us in two not very large though closely printed octavo volumes. His kind and benevolent feeling and Christian spirit will be felt by all; and certainly his book is quite clear from the pretension to more than the writer can achieve, which marks so many of his countrymen.

\* This name is an Arab corruption of Neapolis, the name given by the Romans to Sichar in the first century. *Naples*, anciently Parthenope, is another of the old Greek word.

ART. XI.—*Griselda. A Dramatic Poem.* Translated from the German of Halm, by Q. E. D. Smith & Elder. 1844.

A GENERAL acquaintance with the living languages has not kept pace with the rapid growth of literature, perhaps, in any part of Europe. In England, still less so than on the Continent, France only excepted. The love of locomotion, which Englishmen are supposed to possess in an extraordinary degree, has made it necessary for those who gratify it, to acquire at least such a smattering of French as will enable them to pay a postilion, or bargain for a pair of gloves; indeed, there is nothing more common than to hear it said, that French will carry a man all over the world. Such a notion, incorrect as it is, doubtless originated with, and is practically carried out by, Frenchmen, very few of whom comparatively give themselves the trouble of learning a foreign language. In some respects, however, it is true. The medium of communication in good society, all over Europe, is French; French is the language of diplomacy, and Mr. Canning failed in the attempt to substitute English for it. But a traveller, who is prevented by ignorance of their language from mixing with any other class, but the highest, in the countries he visits, loses the principal advantages of foreign travel, and can form no true estimate of the people among whom he is living. The travelled Englishman, consequently, returns home after a few weeks' sojourn in Germany or Italy, where he has perhaps learned the meaning of *trinkgeld* and *per carità*, as ignorant as he was before he set out, of the national customs, ideas, and feelings of strangers; and is very lucky if he has not acquired new prejudices, or strengthened old ones. Persons of this description can, of course, know nothing of foreign literature, in the original idiom; and hence it is that translators have become as necessary to those who would be *au courant* of modern literature, as critics are for the full appreciation of the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles.

With all this, the public does not patronize those who cater for their wants, as it ought. Numerous as translators have been, from the days of Dryden to our own, and possessing, as we would fain flatter ourselves, some merit—certainly numbering among them many great names—little fame and less profit is the general lot. We know very well that

“*Mediocribus esse poetis  
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ,*”

and that many of our poetical translators are blessed with but few and fitting sparks of the ethereal fire; yet those who are most competent to fulfil their task, and have succeeded the best, do not receive half the credit they are entitled to.

There are two classes of persons who read translations: one consists of those who are acquainted with the original, and can appreciate the difficulties of transferring it into a different language—who are sufficiently good judges of poetry *per se*, and will take the trouble of com-

paring it in its old and new dress; the other, of those who know nothing of the original, and therefore can only form an opinion of the translation, as if it were an original. The latter class is infinitely the more numerous, more severe in its criticisms, and not likely to make allowances for the various difficulties a translator has to contend with. If he is fortunate enough to meet with the approbation of this class, he must content himself with the praise of being a good rhymers, or at best, of being master of his own language. The labour of fathoming the obscurities of the original, of making clear what is often dark enough before—we speak principally of German poetry—the adaptation of the ideas and allusions of by-gone days to the understandings of modern readers, and the close, correct adhesion to the meaning of the author, where there is nothing, strictly speaking, synonymous, in thought or word in our own language—all this is necessarily lost on the majority; and, as we set out by saying, the successful translator therefore meets only with half his reward. To be popular with the million, a translator of poetry should select a subject which will be interesting in itself, from its matter and mode of treatment—from the resemblance in its train of thought and action to that of the minds of those who are to read it. The real merit of the original, the estimate formed of it in the country which produced it, and even the reputation of its author, will not suffice to make a translation palatable, unless the reader can fully enter into, and without difficulty go along with, the narration.

“ Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi, tum tua me infortunia tangunt,  
Telephe, vel Peleu.”

The majority of English readers cannot understand, and therefore have little interest in, a drama like *Faust*, where the characters are superhuman, and their agencies beyond common comprehension—where the attention is continually kept on the stretch to guess at dark allegories, investigate hidden meanings, and keep up any connected idea of much that seems incoherent and irrelative to the plot of the play. This is true of many of the translations of the present day, and they lose their attraction from that circumstance. People must be taught to read them—they require notes, which, to be explanatory, should often be more voluminous than the text; and then they feel, that when they fancied they were going to read a poem, they have a prosy treatise inflicted on them, which is not at all to their taste.

It is, therefore, no slight merit in the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, that it embraces all the requisites for being popular—the subject—mode of treatment—feeling—and simple language. Added to which, it is short, and the interest never flags; so that we will venture to say no one ever began it without finishing it before he put it down. Popular, indeed, the subject has been for centuries, for no simple story like that of *Griselda* has ever appeared in so many shapes and forms, so many different languages, and at such distant periods of time. One of the first books that is put into a child's hand is “*Patient Grissil*,” in her illus-

trated nursery dress—though few have any notion that she had any more real existence. Few, who put such a story-book into the hand of their child, are aware that if her history be not strictly true (which may even be), it has been treated of and immortalized in almost the same manner by three of the greatest men of letters of the fourteenth century—Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer;—that “Patient Grissil” is the subject of several of our old English ballads, some of them preserved in Bishop Percy’s “Reliques;” that she has been celebrated in the Fabliaux of France, and was first dramatized in that country—that she was in later times brought again into notice in prose and verse in Italy, and adapted to the stage in Germany—and that the Shakespeare Society reprinted the old English Comedy of 1599, about the same time that Halm re-produced her to a Vienna audience, whose agreeable little work the modest Q. E. D. has now translated for the benefit of English readers.

The first appearance of Griselda is in Boccaccio’s “Decameron,” of which it is the concluding tale, and seems to have been kept as a *bonne bouche* for that immortal society, who charmed away the horrors of pestilence and enlivened the monotony of their retirement by narrating stories, some true and some fictitious, which were no less delightful to them, than they have been and will be to their latest posterity. Petrarch, in one of his Latin letters, which are less known and less read than they deserve to be, and of which we are not aware that there exists any translation, has written the first *critique* on it to Boccaccio himself. After expressing the amusement and delight he had experienced in the cursory and hasty glance he had cast over the “Decameron,” and gently chiding him for the too free and licentious tone of some parts of it, which he is willing to attribute to its being the production of early youth, he dwells with singular pleasure on the history of “Patient Grissil.”

“The last story,” he says, “so unlike many of the preceding ones, pleased me so much, and I dwelt so long upon it amid the multiplicity of cares with which I was then oppressed, that I committed it to memory. Finding it such a favourite with all those to whom I repeated it, I bethought me that it would not be unacceptable to those who do not understand our language, especially as it seems to have been your own favourite, as you have placed it the last in the collection—it being the practice of skilful orators to keep the important points to produce the most striking effect on the audience at the end of their discourse. To show, therefore, my love for you, and my admiration of the story, I have produced it in a Latin dress—whether I have improved or spoiled it, it is for you to decide—the credit of it is all your own; and if anybody inquires whether it is truth or fiction, I shall reply in the words of Crispus, ‘Fides penes auctorem, meum scilicet Joannem sit.’”

As we said before, posterity has confirmed the judgment of Petrarch in that respect, widely as the contemporary estimate of literary merit often differs from that of later times. Petrarch and Boccaccio themselves are proofs how little we can judge of what is likely to make or mar our reputation. The former rested his hopes of fame on his Latin works, whose existence is unknown to the world in general, while his *Rime* have established him as the second of Italian Poets. The latter looked for glory from his poetry, whereas Europe has re-echoed his name as the author of the “Decameron.” Dante, too, originally wrote



the "*Inferno*" in Latin hexameters, and then translated it into its present shape;—a very small portion of it, however, remains, and the specimen is certainly conclusive as to his good taste in leaving the complete version in Italian *Terza Rima*.

It is matter of regret that all the labour of commentators and biographers has furnished us with but meagre information as to the private lives of these great men, to whom Italy is indebted for the revival of her literature. Having flourished before printing was in use, little more is known of them on good authority, than may be gleaned from their own writings. Much ingenuity has been displayed, and many volumes written, to establish plausible theories with respect to Petrarch in particular, and, as we think, much time thrown away in endeavouring to prove more than the truth. His Sonnets and his adoration of Laura have made him the divinity of all the love-sick maids, of all the disappointed suitors that have never told their love, or breathed it in vain, for nearly five centuries. Grave men of prose too, who never felt the poetry of love, have rivalled or copied each other in seeking to identify the anonymous Laura, till one system after another has been exploded by something new, but as unsubstantial as the last. Sometimes she is the ideal offspring of the poet's fancy—sometimes a blooming virgin—at another the mother of eleven mortal children, and the object of an illicit passion—while sometimes the enamoured dreamer, despite an attachment which ended but with her life, is represented as the victim of his conscientious scruples, and sacrificing his passion on the altar of his religion.\* We can feel, keenly enough, how cruel, how heart-breaking it is to be robbed of our favourite belief, and to have some fondly cherished idea, some time-hallowed illusion, swept away by a common-place matter of fact. We know that a lioness robbed of her whelps is not more frantic than such an enthusiast. Yet the love of truth compels us to face the danger, and declare our preference for the testimony of Petrarch himself, rather than the rhapsodies of his idolatrous admirers. We truly wish it were otherwise, and that some lost MS. of his own might come to light to contradict us; but we must judge from what exists, and not wait for so improbable a contingency. We really think that Petrarch himself has solved the mystery. In his life, which is prefixed to the Basle edition of his works, written by Squarzafigh to Contarenus, the famous senator of Venice, we find that Pope Benedict, out of regard for the man, and sympathy for his sufferings, offered to allow him to keep his clerical sinecures and give him some additional ones upon his marriage with Laura. "But Petrarch," says his biographer, "whose mind was bent on anything but matrimony, replied, that he ought not to sacrifice to marriage, love so strong as his; and that the rapture he daily felt for her, would soon evaporate upon possession." The biographer goes on to say, that Laura, who would willingly have married him, and had no such fears

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\* Petrarch is supposed by some to have been offered by the Pope a dispensation from his vow of celibacy in order to enable him to marry Laura, which he refused on the ground that the Pope himself could not give him absolution from his vow to God.

of her tender sentiments being extinguished by the holy water,\* finding she had a Platonic lover to deal with, married another. And thus, perhaps, as the Abbé de Sade fondly flattered himself, she might have been his great-grandmother. We grieve to say that we see no reason to doubt the truth of Squarzafich's statement; for although we never heard the Poet of Love, *par excellence*, described as a misogynist, there is evidence enough in his own letters to prove that he thought very ill of women in general, and particularly of the married state. In several of his Latin epistles, which are supposed to be dialogues between Pleasure and Reason, he speaks in the most disrespectful way of the fair sex, and uses the most unmeasured language in arguing with married men about their wives. Having expended his whole battery of abuse without convincing the husband, who concludes the discussion, by saying he has found a wife who is noble, chaste, good-tempered, humble, obedient, pious and faithful; he replies, "You are a wonderful fowler, you have found a white crow. But there is hardly any body who thinks he has found a black one." He alludes but very briefly in his own biography to his early love, whom he does not mention by name. "In my youth I struggled under an attachment the most violent—but only one, and that an honourable one; and I should have continued to struggle on, had not a cruel but useful death extinguished the fire which was already beginning to cool." He throws out the same insinuation, too, in one of his Sonnets. His apologists will say that in his *tirades* against matrimony we see the Catholic priest, not the man;—will any one be bold enough to attribute them to pique, because Laura had married another? Having, as we fear, a little shaken the faith in Petrarch's gallantry, we append in a foot note † the original passage which we have translated, in order that such of our readers as have the most bigoted confidence in his constancy may interpret "*jam tepescentem ignem*" in whatever sense they please.

Whether Petrarch thought Griselda "the white crow," and was therefore so struck with her history, we do not pretend to say; he has, however, in his Latin version of the matter, followed almost *verbatim* Boccaccio's text; and Chaucer, in his poetical edition of it, acknowledges that he heard it from Petrarch. We will not be bold enough to give an opinion as to Chaucer's visit to Italy, where so many learned commentators have been unable to arrive at any satisfactory decision. But whether these two great poets became acquainted in Italy is not very material: it is probable they might have met in England, which Petrarch visited in his travels; and at all events, Chaucer is his own authority for the source from whence he derived the story of Griselda:

" I wol you tell a tale which that I  
 Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk.  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat Poete,  
 Highte this clerk."

\* The Italian proverb says, "L'acqua benedetta smorza l'amore."

† Amore acerrimo, sed unico et honesto, in adolescentiâ laboravi, et diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescentem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis extinxisset.

It is not very probable that any copy of Petrarch's or Boccaccio's writings should have been current in England before the invention of printing; and we may imagine that Chaucer was one of the persons to whom Petrarch had related his friend's story—one among the many to whom he tells Boccaccio it had afforded much amusement. It appears, at least, to have made a great impression on them both; for they both tell it, from memory as it would seem, almost in the words of the original.

The German author, from whom the present translation is made, has changed the scene and characters in his drama; and though his plot is in most respects the same, the catastrophe is less satisfactory, and perhaps less true to nature, than Boccaccio's. In the Italian story a certain Marquis Saluzzo is pressed by his vassals to marry, and he selects for his wife the daughter of one of his poorest tenants—a choice which turned out the most fortunate he could have made. In process of time she has a daughter, and their marriage is in every way happy, till all of a sudden a whim seizes the Marquis of trying his wife's obedience, by making her give up her child, as she believes, to be put to death. Fondly as she is attached to it, she surrenders it without a murmur, merely entreating the executioner not to allow the birds and beasts of prey to feast on its tender limbs, unless her lord should insist on it. After four years, she has a son, who is disposed of in like manner. Finding his wife's affection as strong as ever, the Marquis is tempted to try her still further, and professes to have a dispensation from the Pope to divorce her; all which she bears with the same equanimity, and leaves his palace to return in rags to her father's hut. Shortly after, he announces that he is going to marry again, and sends for Griselda to come and put his house in order for the reception of his new bride, whom she is to serve in a menial capacity. With the same passive obedience she does the honours to her rival; and when the Marquis asks her opinion of his second choice, she answers, that she seems perfect in every respect, and she hopes she will make him happy. She entreats him only not to subject her to the same cruel treatment his first wife had to undergo; because, as she is younger, and has been more delicately brought up, she will not be so well able as herself to bear it. The Marquis, having now sufficiently tested her constancy, declares that the supposed bride is her own daughter—the young man who accompanies her, her son—and that she, and she only, is his wife. Her joy exceeds all bounds, her patience is rewarded, she is too docile and too happy to reproach her husband with his cruelty, and all ends as well as possible. Our German imitator has laid his scene at the court of King Arthur. The antitype of the Marquis Saluzzo is Percival, one of the Knights of the Round Table, and Griselda, a collier's daughter. Ginevra, Arthur's Queen, and her ladies, taunt the haughty Baron with having made a *mésalliance*, when, goaded by their mockery, he insults her Majesty on the throne, by telling her that if merit bore the palm, his wife would be England's Queen, and the Queen kneel before her. Upon this, Ginevra, who is piqued in her turn, offers to bring the matter to issue, and promises to kneel before her on con-

dition of her superiority being proved; if, however, *Griselda* does not stand the test proposed, *Percival* is to kneel before the Queen, as the penalty of failure. The test of her affection and obedience is the loss of her child, and then her own divorce and degradation, as in the original. The cruel project is immediately put into execution, and the whole concluded in twenty-four hours. *Griselda* at first refuses to submit, but ultimately yields from love to her husband, whose life she is told is to be the forfeit of her refusal. The wager is won by *Percival*, and *Ginevra* kneels before the collier's daughter; but when *Griselda* discovers that her feelings have been sacrificed to her husband's vanity—that she has suffered so much merely to gratify his pride—she refuses to return to his house, and separates from him for ever.

It is no part of our object to criticize the German drama, or we might wonder that a poet of no mean pretensions should have so far neglected his geography as to place *Pendennys Castle* in Wales, and make the *Trent* rise in the Welsh mountains. Our intention was to explain the story to our readers, with the assurance that it will more than answer their expectations from this hasty sketch. We must, however, before we conclude, compare the Italian and German version a little more closely. *Griselda* is in each a low-born person, chosen in both cases to be the wife of her feudal lord, who marries to gratify his vassals in hope of having an heir to his vast estates. In both cases she promises, before marriage, implicit obedience to her husband in all things. She is represented in both as almost a superhuman character—and both the husbands are as happy in domestic life, as it is possible to be. She is subjected in each case to pretty much the same trials: but in the one, it is merely to satisfy her husband's caprice, and test her obedience, for which there can be no excuse—(the gratification of his vassals, at the expense of her happiness, cannot be called one); in the other, unpardonable as it is, there is an object—not only that of humiliating the Queen, whom *Percival* detests, but also of raising *Griselda* to the highest pitch of moral grandeur—of proving her a paragon of womankind—the perfection of her sex—which might under other circumstances have gratified her own vanity as well as her husband's. But the Italian *Griselda* is a mere pattern of passive obedience—the slave of the feudal tyrant, whose word is law: however strong her feelings, her education has taught her that they belong to her master, and must be sacrificed, if he requires it. *Percival*, too, is a despotic Baron, but he does not *command* his wife's obedience; *his* *Griselda* only sacrifices herself and her child for her husband; *hers* is no passive acquiescence, but the self-devotion of the wife—no menial subjection, but uncalculating attachment—the free choice of an equal, not the servile resignation of a slave. On the other hand, the Italian *Griselda* has through a series of years been the victim of her lord's caprice; she must have lived in constant apprehension of having some fresh wound torn open—of having her dearest ties dissolved at the wanton instigation of her husband's super-

cilious dependents. *Our* Griselda is hardly put to the torture before her sufferings are ended. So far, then, she is less an object of commiseration. But the real difference consists in the motives for which they suffer. The one obeys a command, which she has promised to bow to, be it ever so cruel, and returns to her husband from the same impulse. The other would have resisted the authority of the man, but sacrifices herself and her child for the husband, because she loves him better than herself and child. She loves him better, because she believes his love for her is as strong as her own for him. She refuses to return to him, because she finds she has been deceived—because all her confidence is lost—because she feels that she shall be happier with her child in a hovel, than by the side of a husband who has forfeited her allegiance by his misconduct in a palace. She becomes for the first time in her life selfish; her heart is broken in losing her faith in her husband's affection. If she had had the magnanimity to forgive the treachery—forget it she could not—we will not say, she would not have been a more perfect character; whether she would have been a more natural one, we must leave it to our lady readers to decide.

Petrarch, and his close copyist Chaucer, have deduced from the story a moral which would not have been perhaps quite in character in Boccaccio, and could not well have been brought into a drama. But here again he shows the cloven foot; for he says, that he has not translated the story in order to make other women imitate Griselda's example of patience, which he does not believe any other woman capable of; but to inculcate the duty of every created being to submit without a murmur to the will of the Almighty, and to show the same unquestioning obedience to his commands, as Griselda did to those of her mortal master.

The subordinate characters in the drama are too insignificant to call for particular notice; but we must say a word in passing on our old friend Launcelot. His passionate love for Ginevra, the theme of Troubadours and Romauncers, here yields to his abhorrence of her cruelty in subjecting the unoffending Griselda to such an inhuman trial. Disgusted at her persisting in the ruthless ordeal, he refuses to wait for its termination, preferring a voluntary exile to witnessing the woman he adored degraded by such revolting barbarity.

In conclusion, we would most strongly recommend "*Griselda*" to our readers; assuring them that, in our opinion, they will not easily meet with anything so deserving of popularity, either from the purity of the style, the interest of the story, the fidelity of the translation, the easy flow of the rhythm, or the elegance of the language.

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- ART. XII.—1. "*Hundert und ein Sabbath*," von Herrmann Schiff.  
 2. "*Der Israelit des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*." Journal. Redakteur, Dr. Hess.  
 3. "*Jenny*," ein Roman von der Verfasserin des "*Clementin*."

IN this, our 19th century, when one money-seeking commercial interest has almost swallowed up all others, the Jew is beginning to be better understood. The general scramble for gold and gain has brought all other nations to the Jewish level; and now they all boast one common battle-cry and one common goal. Money is now the aim and end of the endless, but peaceful, strife around us; and it is only when this end is employed again as a means to some ulterior result, that the still characteristic divisions of thought and feeling are once more brought to light.

From the immense advantage of their peculiar monetary position, one restrictive law after another as to this nation falls to the ground; and when a new restrictive law, opposed to the spirit of the age, *does* make its appearance, it is received with general indignation and ironical disdain. Let us not be mistaken for mere "enlightened" parrots, who echo a liberal factious cry. No! We feel that a great barrier must ever remain betwixt believing Christians and Jews; whilst the latter, as of old, would crucify our Lord and Saviour, and deny their promised Immanuel. But it is not by cruel sternness, by unjust tyranny, that we may ever trust to win the Jewish nation to a knowledge of truth. Love is the Gospel's sword, not hate and carnal enmity; and thus is social emancipation the Israelite's due. In England this is already his; in Germany it is not so. Thus, then, the social barriers betwixt the Jew and the Christian are still, in Germany, perpetually assailed; the prejudices of the public are giving way one by one, and the governments cannot retain them when public opinion has abandoned them.

The Jews, too, have a thousand means of influencing public opinion; for, state service being altogether denied to them, they have all but possessed themselves of German literature. Numberless journals are edited by Jews; Jews have become the correspondents of all the principal publications of the day; Jews write novels, poems, criticisms, articles, histories; and, in fine, German literature has become a portion of the Jewish inheritance. But all of these writers employ their power and means of action with their usual unity of spirit, to work for the emancipation of their people; and it must be admitted that there is not a little left to work for.

Still does the Jews-tax exist in Austria, by which they are restricted to certain employments and to certain gains. Still are there Jewish streets and Jewish quarters in Prague, and many other great towns, beyond the domain of which no Jew may domicile himself. There are towns, too, in which no Jew can obtain a "*Heimaths-schein*;"

that is, an official paper certifying him to be an inhabitant of that place, without which a poor German may not travel at all: there are other towns again in which only a certain number of Jewish families may dwell, the number being most strictly adhered to. There are states in which the possession of the soil is denied them, and in which the laws allow the eldest son only to follow the calling of trade or commerce. However great may have been the wisdom of the law-givers who passed these laws, perhaps influenced by no personal hatred to the Jews, and after due consideration of what might most benefit the public zeal, still the Jew must be naturally anxious to oppose himself to all laws made against him directly as a Jew. He wishes equal rights with the Christian—neither greater nor less; and as he is now strong and wealthy, his wishes cannot be treated with such contempt as must have formerly necessarily greeted them.

Those who imagine that religion is the sole or even chief source of all these restrictions, are very greatly mistaken. We find these restrictions still existing, with the fears and prejudices from which they took their rise in countries where the upas tree of rationalism has long flourished. But the Jews have now become a power; and they are feared as rivals in the race for gold. Despite all restrictive provisions of the law, the Jews gain more largely than the Christians. The little Jewish boy, fourteen years old, perhaps son of the Jewish widow, loads his pack of wares on his shoulders,—wares which his mother has purchased for him with borrowed money,—and wanders forth, over hill, over dale, freezes, thirsts, and hungers, nay, all but starves; and yet, when the year has run its course, he comes again, pale and thin, it is true, but with a trebled capital, with part of which he pays his debts, whilst the other two-thirds support his mother and himself. Were all Jews permitted to trade, we should soon have a wealthy and a miserably poor population together, in all those countries where very many Jews are domiciled,—the former of which would be Israelites, and the latter the less active Christians. It must be remembered, however, that this remark would scarcely apply to England, for John Bull is active and stirring, and all but a match for Levi. The good, theoretical, lazy Germans, on the contrary, could never attempt, we should say, to run the race of competition with the active Jew.

In the public schools the Jewish boy is almost always found to learn faster than his comrades, for this wondrous nation is naturally ambitious, quick, and unphlegmatic; in fine, the Jewish mind always tends upwards and onwards. This is the consequence of the Jewish ancestral blood, which has preserved its nationality through all times and changes, and brings forth all the good and evil tendencies, which it did thousands of years ago,—the latter, owing to circumstances, more strongly developed than ever.

This restless, ever-striving, ever-mounting spirit of the Israelite, manifests itself also in all his literary efforts. But this same spirit now actuates the writings of all our best Christian authors of the nineteenth century, as it is impossible to attract any attention, to float at all in the

great book-ocean of literature, and find either publishers or readers, without this effort for the startling, the bustling, and the effective. Thus there is now little distinction in this respect, at least in Germany, betwixt the literary productions of Jew and Christian.

Cleverness and extensive knowledge are two of the prevailing characteristics of the Jewish mind ; to these must be added wit. Wit is the weapon of the oppressed ; and the Jew's wit is sharp, prompt, and goes directly to the point. The Jew is also cautious and observing, and looks round him with mistrusting eyes ; it is from these latter qualities that he is so often employed as a correspondent to literary journals. The Jewish editor is generally punctual in the settling of money accounts with the contributors to his publication, and so naturally finds valuable fellow workmen amongst the professors of all religions. In short, the Jew possesses, and he deserves, that important station in the literary world, which his own efforts have obtained for him.

It is not to be conceived that Jews, striving, upwards-tending, thinking Jews, educated in Christian schools, born and living amongst, and often most intimate with Christians, should adhere blindly to the religious prejudices of their forefathers. The obstinacy of their national pride, and a certain sense of honour, which forbids them to desert the banner of the oppressed, as well as a prejudice which still exists against the baptized Jew, are the chief causes which prevent very many of the Israelites from declaring themselves converts to the Christian religion. But the desire of standing by the Christian's side in the service of the state, and of attaining general equality with him, both in the estimation of society, and in their own intellectual developement, have occasioned the Jews to submit the Law of Moses to a severe critical examination, in order to sift it of all those peculiarities which were made the ground of reproach to them, and served as the excuse for their exclusion from an equality of civil rights with the Christian. Their great Lawgiver had himself laid down various regulations, which were then advisable for the maintenance of national prosperity, absolutely independent of those great religious truths which no time could affect or alter. If, therefore, the Jews wished to claim equal privileges with the Christians, in a foreign state, it was indispensably necessary for them so to modify their laws as to make them meet the standard of that state ; and this they could do, in their opinion, without any injury to the great religious truths taught by Moses. We fear, however, that the men who thus acted were, as we above hinted, Jews no longer ; but rather bare Deists, and rejecters of revelation. For if they really accepted the Old Testament as revelation, how could they thus tamper with it ? They there found themselves repeatedly assured that they should be scattered abroad amongst all nations ; but they also received an assurance that they should return again in triumph : and they could not possibly point to a single passage in Holy Writ which should authorize them to throw aside the Law of Moses, and confound themselves with the nations around them. Either the Redeemer has come, or he



has not come. If he has not come, the Law must be ever binding until his coming. A little consideration will therefore teach us that a man cannot be a Jew, and yet half a Christian : he cannot resign the special privileges of his nation which the Law conferred on him, without recognising those general privileges which the Gospel has given to all nations. Let us, however, for a moment look at this matter in a modern German point of view ; and we shall then see much that is good in this movement. German rationalism is, after all, a mere passing excess, although undoubtedly a most fearful one ; the reaction in favour of vital religion has already commenced. Tholuck, and many others have erected the standard of Faith, and the banner of Doubt is already wavering. When that great change shall take place in the minds of the German public, which is already on the approach, and which only requires the appearance of one great ruling Christian mind, with the genius of a Schiller, or a Goethe, to triumph almost immediately,—when that change shall take place, and the self-inflated Hegelian becomes an humble believer, the Israelites will follow the direction of the German national mind, and their very present rationalism will only form a road to conduct them to Christianity. At present, the Jew cannot assent to the doctrine of the Trinity, or to that of the God-nature of the Man Jesus ; and the silly explanations of German rationalists naturally only serve to inspire the thinking Jew with contempt for a religion which has such professors, and to make him cling more firmly than ever to his ancient prejudices against Christianity. The Jew could not, therefore, wish for an union of the Jewish with the Christian faith, for their differences seem to him irreconcilable. On the other hand, he was disgusted with the proceedings of his own noisy and most undignified synagogue, which laid itself in every way open to ridicule, and rather retarded than aided the intellectual developement of the Jewish national mind. This synagogue he wished to see, therefore, in a more civilized form, which might be in some degree analogous to that of Christian institutions of the same character.

This movement, then, the necessary consequence of that high state of intellectual civilization which Christianity could have alone brought into existence, now divides the Jews of Germany into two parties. The more modern party, or party of progress as they style themselves, count the young and the ardent, as well as many deep-thinking and sensible persons, amongst their numbers. Enthusiastic, and very talented men, several of whom have great powers of public speaking, are their leaders ; and thus the work of so-called reformation within the Jewish community, goes on upon the whole successfully.

The Journal, entitled “*Der Israelit des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*,” (“*The Israelite of the XIXth Century*,”) which has existed for several years, announced its determination to join the banner of Progress some few months ago. The editor of this journal is an extremely worthy man, who is highly respected by all parties—the Rabbi of the Weimarian Oberland, Dr. Hess. Formerly all the circumstances which took place throughout the world at all bearing upon Jews, were commu-

nicated in this paper : now it has set itself the difficult task of critically examining, and, if needful, rejecting all those minor and incidental portions of the Jewish Law which bore reference to the heathens, who at that period surrounded their nation, to the land in which their forefathers sojourned, and its climate, and other moving causes which may have since ceased to exist.

When these peculiar precepts are thus whether rightly or wrongly laid aside, very little or no difference will be found to remain betwixt the codes of morals inculcated by the Law and the Gospel. Both command love, both give hopes of eternity, both enjoin all virtues and duties upon us. The Jew, therefore, could scarcely be treated as an inferior being by the Christian, after his rejection of the special precepts above alluded to ; there would then at all events be nothing dangerous in his creed to the state in which he resided, and that state could therefore scarcely continue to treat him with the same suspicion.

There is another feeling, too, which exists in the breasts of the public generally, and which is of course of great service to the Jewish claims—the feeling of humanity, which lies, as the offspring of Christianity, in hearts where Christianity itself is unhappily all but denied. It is this humanity which erects poor-houses and hospitals, and turns prisons into palaces, and would, in fine, if possible, make all men happy. And thus, too, must it sympathize with the Jews, and wish to confer those benefits on them, which could alone, in their own opinion, give them happiness. At present, a violent conflict is carried on betwixt anti-Jewish prejudices, and these ever waxing feelings in their favour—and literature is the battle-field in which these foemen meet. The Jewish religion is examined and explained by both parties, and its peculiarities are brought before us both in historical and poetical forms. Pamphlets by clever, though sometimes unprincipled, men, treat the Jewish question, now from a philosophical, and now a political point of view. Thus has Bruno Bauer, the infamous follower of Strauss, sent forth a work on this subject, which has met with several replies. On the whole, the orthodox party amongst the Christians are nationally opposed to this movement ; and yet, as we have above remarked, it is only a homage to the triumphant spirit of Christianity, and will be found useful in the end. Every collision produces sparks, and those sparks must give some light. Let us trust, that this angry and long-continued conflict may lead to the light of truth in the end, and work out the designs of Providence.

A work which appeared two years ago, entitled “*The Jews in Austria, regarded from an Historical, Legal, and Political Point of View,*” has excited, and still continues to excite, much attention. It contains a mournful history of past persecutions and acts of shameless tyranny under which the Jews had groaned in Austria ; and it further paints their present situation, which appears to be a most unjustly painful one.

A quantity of books about Jews are written for children, which, being composed by the Israelitish party, are designed to convince them that all Jews must necessarily be noble and admirable persons. The

sermons and public speeches of different Jews are also printed from time to time; and these latter productions are distinguished by that Oriental power and fertility of language, which the colder nations of Europe would in vain strive to employ. Jewish hymn and song books also appear, which contain sometimes both solemn and beautiful productions. The Jews are collecting their legends, too, very busily. The work of Herrmann Schiffs, entitled "*Hundert und ein Sabbath*," ("The Hundred and one Sabbaths,") is extremely attractive. The day of rest appointed for the Sabbath is therein devoted to the examination of Jewish antiquities. The legends told are themselves animated by the most wonderful poetical power; the Orient in all its myriad-coloured glory has brought them forth. They are often grotesquely legendary, and recount the most absurd falsehoods; but this does not detract from their charm. All that the Talmud, Cabala, and Tradition, that endless mother, have reported of strange and of wonderful, all those wild stories which even in the early ages of mankind were only told as magic tales, are collected and recounted here. Thus we read of the Angels:—

"There is nothing in the world, not even a plant, which an angel is not set over to watch, and every separate thing is governed according to the will of its own angel. On this account it is forbidden to mix things which are not of analogous order with one another, because the highest stewardships of the angels are thereby thrown into confusion, each order of things having its own special governors.

"Some angels are made of wind, and others of fire, and each gives the other some portion of his own element whilst peace exists between them. Those which come down from heaven, are therefore formed of two elements; and the nearer they come to earth, the more do they take into their compositions of this world's air.

"An angel which goes on a message to earth may only stop there for seven days at a time; otherwise he will take too much of the earthly elements into him and be unable to fly up again."

But of the devils we are told:—

"God created them on the eve of the Sabbath, on Friday evening, just at the hour of twilight; but as the Sabbath commenced ere the work was completed, God left them imperfect, and they remained spirits without bodies.

"Four women are the mothers of the devils, and each of them has an innumerable host of spirits under her: they rule in four hemispheres, in due rotation; and the devils assemble at the mountain Nischju, near the mountain of darkness, from the time of the going down of the sun to midnight, and over all these spirits Solomon formerly had power.

"The Rabbi Aliceser had borne witness that the first man was so tall as to reach from earth to heaven, for we read in the 3rd chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, '*Ask now of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this thing is, &c.*' But after man had sinned, the Creator laid his hand upon him, so that he only remained several ells high. For we read in the Psalms, '*Thou hast beset me before and behind, and hast laid thine hand on me.*'"

Rabbi Baccara tells us, he was once on a ship and saw a bird which stood up to its ancle joints in water, whilst its head reached to the skies; he thought, therefore, that the water must be very shallow, and wanted to get out of the ship and bathe himself; but a voice came

which said, "Go not into the water, for seven years ago an axe fell in here, and it has not yet come to the bottom."

"The Rabbi Saffra was once in a ship, and saw a fish which put its head out of the water, on which was written: 'I, one of the smallest dwellers in the sea, am three hundred miles long, and shall swim to-day into the Leviathan's mouth, that he may make his meal of me.'

"This Leviathan God has created to be his plaything,—so the Psalms tell us,—and in the fourth hour of every day he plays with this creature; and Lilith is the wife of the Leviathan,—she who was too proud to submit to Adam, and acknowledge him as her lord."

Of this nature are the Jewish legends of olden times. In the collections which now appear they are no longer given as worthy of belief, as formerly was the case, but only treated as antiquated relics dug from the mines of fable, which do not even embody truths allegorically, but are solely the products of an unbounded imagination.

Germany's novel writers, too, both male and female, have seized on the Jews and their position in the social world as fitting subjects for romantic and harrowing works; and some clever and some silly productions of this nature have come under our notice. The most remarkable, perhaps, of these Israelitic tales is "Jenny," by the anonymous authoress of a novel which appeared last year, entitled "Clementin." Accidentally, as we presume, these two novels seem not to have been generally read or noticed in Germany,—which is certainly very singular, inasmuch as they have both great merit.

The Jewish question is treated from the so-called progressive point of view in this "Jenny," the motto of which is as follows:—"A race of which the Saviour, the Madonna, and the Apostles formed a part, which, after a persecution of two thousand years, is still faithful to the religion and the customs of its forefathers, which still brings forth great minds that widen the circle both of science and of art,—a race like this must have equality of birthright with every other race on earth."

The novel itself introduces the reader to a happy, rich, and respected Jewish family. The son is a medical man, clever, and honoured by all who know him; the daughter is in every respect a most superior person. She, the heroine, has been educated in a Christian school and loves her Christian teacher, a young enthusiastic "Theolog," or candidate for admission into holy orders. She is about to become a Christian, and then the clergyman's wife—*i. e.* Frau Pfarrerin. But it is for her lover's sake that she resolves to be baptized, not from her love for Christianity, which, from Jewish views or prejudices which have grown up with her, appears to her hard of belief, and therefore affords her no peace. Eventually she becomes convinced that she has, in point of fact, forsworn herself, when she announced herself to be a Christian, without feeling any living faith, and she is thus induced to confess her state of mind to her betrothed before their marriage takes place. The confession thus made to the ardent young Christian, separates the lovers for ever. Jenny's brother has made the acquaintance of a Christian girl in the course of his medical avocations, whom

he loves. She returns this love, and does not restrain her feelings, as the christening of the sister authorizes her to hope for a similar step on the part of the brother. But he will not abandon his suffering brethren; he is resolved to fight for those rights which are denied them; and thus he feels himself compelled, by the inward voice of duty, to abandon the loved one of his heart. His proposition, that she should unite her fate to his, each still retaining his or her own faith, in a country where his nation is not so despised, is rejected by her, from consideration for the feelings of her family, who would all be rendered unhappy by a step of such a nature on her part.

Some years afterwards, when Jenny has in a great degree recovered from the shock which her parting from her lover occasioned her, she makes the acquaintance of a certain Count Walter. His love for her conquers all prejudices, and he demands her hand, and becomes her affianced bridegroom. He feels himself, however, necessitated to reply by a challenge to a satirical remark on his marriage with a Jewess, and in the duel which ensues he falls. Jenny dies whilst bending over the corse of her betrothed.

All those circumstances which separate the Christian and the Jew are brought before us in this novel; all the opinions, pro and contra their social emancipation, whether emanating from Jewish or Christian prejudices, are introduced. Admirable samples are given us of the stereotyped national characters of this people. The father, Mayer, a "liberal" merchant, who is half man of business and half philosopher; his son, the already emancipated Jew, who despises wealth, and longs for glory; the mother, the resigned and faithful Jewish wife, just what she should be; Frau Steinheim, the ever-talking, ever finely dressed, supremely ridiculous Jewess; Steinheim, the boasting, self-contented, good-humoured, witty, oratorical Israelite; and Joseph, the cautious trader, who has only eyes for this world, and looks through all men.

In concluding our remarks, we would suggest the probable reason of a circumstance which may have attracted the attention of many,—viz. the general connubial felicity which attends almost all Jewish marriages. This is, in all probability, to be attributed to that very exclusion from a social footing of equality with their neighbours, of which the Jews complain so loudly. Thrown upon their own resources, they naturally strive at least to amuse one another. Would that all Christians did the like!

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ART. XIII.—*The Literature of Germany, Historically developed.* By Franz L. J. Thimm. London: D. Nutt, 158, Fleet Street. 1844.

A most valuable little book, which we strongly recommend to all students of the German language; even to those who are well acquainted with Germany's literary treasures, this little work will prove useful as a book of reference. The criticisms here given, in the course of notices

of at least 200 German authors, appear to be generally fair and sensible in their tone. The author is indeed rather too indiscriminate in his praise of Goethe, as he thinks that most absurd production, "*Stella*," a remarkably fine play. On the other hand, he greatly underrates the 2nd Part of "*Faust*," which according to him should never have been written, still his critical remarks are generally just; and, altogether, the work is a most useful guide to German literature. In conclusion, we would entreat the author not to spell Grün, Gruen, in the next edition, which will undoubtedly be soon called for; and so take our leave of him, thanking him in the name of all students of German, for this valuable contribution to their libraries.

ART. XIV.—1. *Minor Poems of Schiller.* By J. H. Merivale, Esq., F.S.A. Pickering.

2. *The Poems of Schiller.* Translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton Bulwer, Bart. Blackwood. 1844.

Of the first collection of Poems no inconsiderable portion has already appeared in this Review. We believe we may number among them the "*Elysium*," "*Der Kampf*," "*Das verschleierte Bild*," "*Die Götter Griechenlands*," "*Cassandra*," "*Der Antritt des neuen Jahrhunderts*," "*An die Freude*," "*Die Grösse der Welt*," "*Der Abend*," "*Die Theilung der Erde*," "*Das Mädchen aus der Fremde*," "*Das Ideal und das Leben*," "*Das Siegesfest*," and the "*An die Freunde*." On these poems we have bestowed great attention, and feel fully assured, that in point of fidelity to the original, and elegance of versification, they stand unrivalled by any existing translation. We have further glanced over the "*Resignation*," the "*Künstler*," and some others; and we have seen only fresh grounds to determine us in our previously formed estimate of Mr. Merivale's transcendent powers as a translator of a most difficult original, in some parts almost an unintelligible original. The difficulty of versifying "*Die Künstler*" must be essayed to be fully appreciated. We rejoice to find a poem which we despaired of ever seeing in an attractive English dress, perfectly exhibited; and anticipate great benefit to our own artists unacquainted with German, from reading such a poem containing the whole of Schiller's own deep and keen-felt sense of the beautiful ideal of the origin of art. We cannot forbear extracting two of these exquisite stanzas.

"The world by Industry's laborious hand  
Transform'd—the human heart to new sensations moved  
By impulses, in ardent conflict proved—  
Your circle of creation wide expand.  
Man, evermore progressive, thankful soars  
Aloft, upbearing Art on venturous wing;  
And from o'erflowing Nature's plenteous stores  
New worlds of beauty spring.  
The barrier-gates of science are unloosed.  
The spirit in your easy victories used  
Through a wide artificial universe

Of charms with early ripen'd joy to pierce,  
 At bounds more distant Nature's pillars places ;  
 And, now o'ertaking in her dusky flight,  
 Weighs her in human scales, metes her with measures  
 Herself had lent, and, in her hidden treasures  
 More perfect grown, bids all her countless graces  
 Pass in review before his sight.  
 In self-contented, youthful joy elate,  
 He lends the spheres his own pure harmony,  
 And, if he magnify the world's estate,  
 'Tis for its glorious symmetry.

In all that now around him breathes.  
 Proportion's friendly voice salutes his ear ;  
 Beauty her golden zone, herself, enwreathes,  
 Benignant with his life's career,  
 And ever blest Perfection hovers o'er,  
 Triumphant in your works, his path before.  
 Wherever Joy vociferous hastens,  
 Or silent Grief for refuge flies—  
 Where pensive Meditation fastens—  
 Where tear-drops fall from Misery's eyes—  
 Or even where thousand terrors shed affright—  
 A stream of harmony behind him glides,  
 The Goddess-Graces, sporting, glad his sight,  
 He spreads his arms to catch those lovely guides  
 In ever pure delight.  
 Soft as attraction's features, graceful bending ;  
 Soft as the visions that around him melt,  
 In tender outline with each other blending ;  
 His life's light breath escapes unfelt.  
 His spirit mingles with the boundless sea  
 Of all-encircling harmony,  
 That round his captive sense voluptuous flows ;  
 And Thought dissolving clings in still repose  
 To Cythera's ever-present Deity.  
 In lofty unison with Fate—  
 Amongst the Muses and the Graces blest  
 In ever tranquil rest—  
 The shaft that threatens his earthly state,  
 Wing'd from Necessity's mild bow, sedate  
 He meets with freely proffer'd breast."

Since writing the above, we have received two additional volumes of Mr. Merivale's Poems, containing the well known translations from the "Anthologia," the "Ricciardetto," the "Morgante Maggiore," Dante, "Petrarch," besides some original poetry of a very high character.

Elegance and fidelity are better combined by Mr. Merivale than we have yet seen them in any modern translator. We do not except Cary or Rose, highly as we think of both these gentlemen. Those unable to read the various sources from which Mr. Merivale has derived his inspiration, will gain the deepest insight into these authors from him attainable to those unacquainted with the original ; and to those in possession of French, German, Italian, and the Classic tongues, these volumes will exhibit models of style and beautiful illustration, of possibly many a passage, dark in its seeming even to their gifted sight.

On a comparison, the immense superiority of Mr. Merivale's over all existing translations is quite apparent, and we are perfectly surprised at the shameless injustice of any professed critic, who, to serve some petty purpose, should review Sir E. Lytton Bulwer's translation without noticing one infinitely its superior, which had been previously published. Sir E. L. Bulwer's "Diver" is fine; but far less true to the spirit of the original than that inserted by Mr. Merivale as the work of an anonymous contributor; and let any unprejudiced person compare "The Gods of Greece," "The Cassandra," "The Resignation," "The Artists," with Mr. Merivale's, and the immense superiority, not only in fidelity, but eloquence, power, and rhythm, is instantly apparent. The gushing glory of the "Hymn to Joy" might also be adduced; at intervals also we cannot tell whether Sir E. L. B. is writing poetry or prose. We subjoin in illustration of this remark, two stanzas from "The Cassandra," and by their side we have placed Mr. Merivale's:—

*Merivale.*

Polyxene, for blest I hold thee,  
Who in bright illusions dress'd,  
Think'st this night he shall enfold thee,  
He—of Greeks the first and best.  
See—with pride her bosom swelling—  
Transports she can scarce contain.  
Heavenly powers! yourselves excelling  
In the dream that fires her brain.

I too saw him, whom my beating  
Heart it's bosom-lord proclaim'd;  
Saw his beauteous face entreating,  
With the glow of love enflamed.  
Then methought with him how brightly  
Might my days domestic shine;  
But a Stygian vision nightly  
Stepp'd betwixt his arms and mine.

Why has Sir E. L. Bulwer changed also so extensively the metres, avowing as he does in his preface, that metrical rendering was to be his rule? The "Gods of Greece" has in consequence lost all its weight, while Merivale has adhered rigidly to his author.

*Merivale.*

There where now—*so sages have decided*,  
But a *soulless* globe of fire we see,  
Then his chariot wheels resplendent  
guided  
Helios in silent *majesty*.  
Oread bands free rov'd o'er yonder  
mountain,  
This green oak a Dryad made her home,  
Through the Naiad's urn from every  
fountain  
Leap'd the torrent's silver foam.

*Bulwer.*

Wrapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine  
The heart's inebriate rapture-springs;  
Longing with bridal arms to *twine*  
The bravest of the Grecian kings.  
High swells the joyous bosom, seeming  
Too narrow for its world of love.  
Nor envies in it's heaven of dreaming,  
The heaven of gods above.

I too might know the soft control  
Of one the longing heart could choose,  
With look which love illumines with soul,  
The look that supplicates and woos.  
And sweet with him where love presiding  
Prepares our heart to go—but dim,  
A Stygian shadow nightly gliding  
*Stalks between me and him.*

*Bulwer.*

Where lifeless—fix'd afar,  
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,  
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car  
In silent *glory* swept the fields of heaven.  
On yonder hill the Oread *was adored*,  
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home,  
And from her urn the gentle Naiad  
pour'd  
The wavelet's silver foam.

The advantages of literal reading are here also on the side of Merivale; the words in his version, which we have marked in *Italics*, are in the original, but not in Sir E. L. Bulwer's version; and the



words in *Italics*, in Sir E. L. Bulwer's, are not in the original, but are his own. The manifest advantages of Merivale in this verse are apparent in greater fidelity. *Seelenlos* is *soulless*, and not *lifeless*. *Glory* and *majesty* are quite distinct. "Glory" is implied in the epithet *golden*, but "majesty" "*Helios in stiller Majestat*," "*Helios in silent majesty*,"—implies a kingly presence, independent of the golden glory. The "*süllten*" is not *adored*—"free rov'd" is its best poetical rendering. It may be questionable whether Sir E. L. Bulwer may not claim an "ovation" for the "*wavelet's silver foam*," in the notions of some; but to us, "*the torrent's silver foam*" expresses better the dash of water from the urn. The Naiad also does not pour forth the stream—it is represented as springing from the urn—

"Sprang der Ströme Silberschaum."

And here we close our remarks, retaining a decided preference for the elder version, of which Sir E. L. Bulwer has not failed to avail himself, and feeling fully convinced that for once even *Maga* must yield to our Magus. We have, however, been agreeably disappointed in finding Sir E. L. Bulwer's version better than we had anticipated; and though full of lines that are not poetry, but very limping prose, it is not deficient in power, nor even, at periods, in literal exactitude; but we must again repeat, that no version has yet appeared equal to Merivale's in fidelity, elegance, power, and rhythm.

We wish to add, on the authority of Mr. Merivale's publisher, that the signature A attached to the translations of the *Kindesmörderin* and the *Hero und Leander*, in his volume, belongs to Dr. Anster; as also the spirited version of the opening scene of the drama of *Wilhelm Tell*.

ART. XV.—*Histoire Comparée des Littératures Espagnole et Française, Ouvrage qui a remporté le Prix proposé par L'Académie Française, au Concours Extraordinaire de 1842.* Paris. 1844.

THESE well written and interesting volumes have assumed their present shape under rather peculiar circumstances. Some two or three years ago the Academy of France (among other subjects marked out as fields for a generous competition,) proposed two questions, couched in the following terms:—1. "What influence had the literature of Spain upon French literature, at the beginning of the seventeenth century?" 2. "By what means did the latter, at different epochs, contrive to profit from intercourse with other nations, without losing anything of its original character?"

The honour of giving a complete answer to these difficult questions belongs to M. Adolphe de Puisbusque, the author of the *History* before us. His Essay was crowned with the first prize awarded by the Academy for this subject, in 1842; and the gratification derived from such a flattering mark of distinction from that celebrated body, was not a little enhanced by the circumstances under which it was conferred. At an extraordinary meeting of the Society, held in June,

1842, M. de Puisbusque's Essay was made the subject of a brilliant extempore panegyric, from M. Victor Hugo, and was criticised by M. Villemain, the Minister of Instruction, in the most favourable terms.

Encouraged by the testimonies borne to the merit of his Essay, M. de Puisbusque determined to expand and recast it, so that it might supply what was a desideratum in the literature of France. He resolved to attempt that for Spanish literature, which Madame de Stael and M. de Chateaubriand had already accomplished for German and English; and Ginguéné (of whom, by the way, Mr. Hallam entertains a more favourable opinion than he enjoys on the Continent) for the Italian.

How well qualified our author was for his task, the high eulogiums passed on him by M. Villemain, the Minister of Public Instruction, have already proved to the satisfaction of the literary world in Paris; and we presume that none who shall have read the "*Histoire Comparée*," will regret that Ginguéné did not live to complete his purpose of following up his work on Italian literature with a literary history of Spain.

It is not, in our opinion, a small recommendation to the volumes before us, that they contain copious translations and analyses of the earlier and less known Spanish authors. If by this method our author has sometimes subjected himself to the imputation of going too much into detail, he has on the other hand avoided the far more serious reproach of criticising authors of whose works his readers have no conception, and so placing them in the situation of an ignorant man reading certain celebrated histories which we could mention, which suppose the facts well known already, or leave them to be gathered elsewhere.

M. Villemain noticed in very eloquent terms the skill with which M. de Puisbusque has pursued, amidst a variety of intricate details, one principal object of his history. We may add that he has taught us generally, amid them all, and by means of them all, to discriminate the boundaries of genuine and spurious imitation; and, by a number of instructive examples, has at once encouraged the genuine imitator, and, at the same time, warned the plagiarist.

We shall close this imperfect notice (which yet we think will be sufficient to stimulate the curiosity of our readers) with a single quotation from our author. He is speaking of Louis of Grenada:—"Aucun prédicateur avant ce nouveau Chrysostome n'avoit ouvert le champ de la discussion,—aucun n'avoit osé ou daigné raisonner. La chaire evangelique armée et militante comme le saint office, inspirée par les plus terribles inquisiteurs, et les inspirant à son tour, ne demandait pas la foi, elle l'exigeait : le bâcher brûlait à ses pieds, et c'était à travers les flammes qu'elle jetait sa parole. Les images de pénitence, de macération, et de torture, que les pinceaux des Zurburan et des Velasques ont rendues avec une si effrayante vigueur, assombrissaient les plus graves instructions! Louis de Grenade versa sur l'enseignement religieux toute l'aménité de cette raison bienveillante que Louis de Léon étendit à l'enseignement philosophique : il préféra les formes onctueuses de la persuasion au ton hautain du commandement :

l'impenetrable profondeur des decrets célestes ne ut pas pour lui un sujet d'anathème contre l'aveuglement de l'homme, mais d'adoration pour la puissance de Dieu. Quel esprit égaré par le doute, quel cœur endurci dans l'incrédulité, ne se serait ému en le voyant humilier sa haute intelligence devant les desseins du Créateur, et tirer les lumières de sa foi de la bonté paternelle qui veille sur la créature ? ”

We think that this single passage will be quite sufficient to convince our readers, that, as a picturesque and eloquent writer at least, M. de Puisbusque has not been overrated. For a confirmation of this impression, and to verify the general truth of M. Villemain's high eulogiums, let them read his book !

### “WESTMINSTER REVIEW.”

THE “Westminster” has attempted a reply to our last; facts must form the test of its value. It begins with pleading the small space in which it perpetrated its blunders—*half a page*. Now we can readily believe that, in a lengthened article of deep research, some error may be committed, either in judgment or fact. But if a person contrives in *half a page* to make such numerous mistakes as in a lengthened article of several sheets would be unpardonable, we apprehend that the brevity of space in which the said mistakes occur is no extenuation of the offence—but rather an aggravation. So much for the *logic* of the “Westminster.”

We next tell the “Westminster” plainly that we have not “formally vindicated Mr. Gurney;” we have expressed no opinion on that gentleman's merits or demerits. We have shown that the “Westminster” knows nothing of German. *That* was the question with us. Our extracts enabled our readers to form their opinion of the translation, independent of our judgment, which we have deliberately abstained from enunciating. And we now demand of the “Westminster” why it is silent on so many points,—whether it is prepared to support the translation of *unerhört* as “unheard ?” Next, is it also prepared to assert *Frieden* to be a nominative case ? Without it does so, its reading is nonsense. To these and other points it has given no reply, for the best of reasons,—that there is none to be given. Let it fold up its German books, then, and abstain from criticism on what it can neither construe nor comprehend. So much for the *grammar* of the “Westminster.”

The most amusing instance of dulness—independent of ignorance such as we have exposed—that we have yet encountered, occurs in the following words on the extremely favourable criti-

cism of Mr. Gurney's translation in the "Leipsic Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung." "Perhaps a more unfavourable judgment on the merits or demerits of a translator was never pronounced by critic, than this of the Leipsic journalist." Why, the very quotation of p. 305 in the "Westminster," overthrows its own assertion. The critic, who positively all but preferred Mr. Gurney's translation to the original, is said to pronounce an unfavourable judgment on it. Surely the "Westminster's" wits are, like its editor's, in commission. The only fault that the German journalist finds, arises from the fact that Mr. Gurney has tried to make Göthe pious—a somewhat difficult undertaking, we admit: he has, however, attempted to carry out some of those principles of interpretation to which the great German repeatedly recurred in his conversations with various friends; and another translator, Mr. Birch, has in his preface attempted to give a similar spirit to his book. The key to the right understanding of any author is, we apprehend, best attained by the translator laying down a system on which he imagines his author proceeded. So much, then, for the *dulness* of the "Westminster."

We are next charged with asserting untruth, in affirming Mr. Hickson, the editor of that Review, to be a cordwainer in Smithfield. In reply to which we have only to state, that he *swore* to such being his qualification at the election for Lord John Russell. We have since heard that he is an *itinerant-preacher* besides—but this is only his *seventh day* calling, we presume.

So much for the *accuracy* and *facts* of the "Westminster." Will it be credited that out of this compound of Smithfield Radicalism, presumptuous sectarianism, and daring effrontery, for which we have only to refer to his attack on Mr. Charles Pearson, or rather on the City of London, which had not the slightest warranty in truth, fact or principle—that out of such a compound as this, that worthy Lord manufactured his famous commissions! Verily we are then thankful, since such were their *soles*, that the noble Lord and his coadjutors have ceased to be our *upper leathers*.

So much for our personal explanation to the editor of that Review—now for his co-offender, G. H. L. In his rashness, this party has rushed also upon Niebuhr. We shall leave him to the stout-hearted editors of that author, strong-limbed hunters, that have pulled down many a "stag of ten," and who will make nothing of such a "*gracilis cerva*," such a "tender deer," as he is, and they are now at his haunches.

The public are next informed that the "Foreign and Colonial" has been started as a rival to the "Foreign." It has been started

with no such low object ; it aspires to be second to no existing Review, and the " Foreign " is perfectly welcome to all eulogiums which its brother Liberal, the " Westminster," can give it. But one word on these eulogiums. " The Foreign Review, under its present management, is one of the most *ably conducted* of our Quarterly contemporaries." Exactly so ! Knowing nothing of German or foreign Literature itself, the " Westminster " cannot be expected to see this defect in others. But we will tell the " Westminster " one simple fact—that the last editor of the " Foreign " did not understand more than one language—a little smattering of French was his whole acquirement to conduct a Foreign Review ; that he discovered his inability, and resigned the editorship, but not before the public had a little *earlier* discovered the same, since a German scholar brought to us the last Number that he published, with, if we rightly remember, thirty mistakes in the German language in one article. In fact, the editor, feeling himself wholly unable to correct the German of his correspondent for the press, left it to the mercy of the printer. One Number only has appeared under the new management, and an admitted failure. Now under which of the two managements has it been " the *most ably conducted* of our Quarterly contemporaries ? " It can be only under the last, for that is the *present* management ; and the " Westminster " has the rashness to come to this grave conclusion on a single Number, and that a very bad one ;—so much for its discretion.

These are not the rivals that the " Foreign and Colonial " fears to encounter. We have distanced them already, and we shall soon be in at the death of the " Westminster," which is exhibiting dying throes, and can only get on by its pretty little pictures for children.

As to those distinguished persons who have contributed to this Review, and openly avowed their co-operation, though only Radical dulness can imagine that they write every article in it, or demand whether persons have composed articles of which the internal evidence in the articles themselves demonstrates the impossibility—as to them—and in particular to one of them, to whom allusion is made in the " Westminster," we have only to say that we still enjoy their full confidence and best wishes—that they have ministered to us, or rather the cause we advocate, most efficient support—that they feel that we are right in our sentiments with respect to high constitutional, social and religious principles—and that they retain for our welfare, at present, the same kindness and determined spirit of co-operation with which they aided our earlier exertions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

*Florence, Feb. 1844.*

THE recent literary doings of Italy are such as abundantly to justify the hopes expressed in one of the articles of our present Number, with respect to the awakening of the Italian mind from its long slumber. And the nature of the majority of the works on which we have to report, indicates, as the writer of the article referred to also asserts, that the current of literary taste and enterprise sets strongly in the direction of historical pursuits and studies.

The veteran Vieusseux, to whom Italian literature and Italian literary men are in so many ways deeply indebted, has just brought out the first part of the seventh volume of his "*Archivio Storico Italiano*." The object of this valuable and well projected work is to publish carefully edited and annotated "works and documents regarding the history of Italy, hitherto inedited, or which have become extremely rare." It, of course, excludes the works printed in Muratori's great collection. The enlightened and public spirited "*Direttore-Editore*" has collected around him a band of labourers in this fruitful field, numbering in its ranks a host of names eminent in this walk of literature. And the previous volumes of the series—the first five, that is, for though the present volume is the seventh, the sixth is in the press—have been put out in such a manner as to have obtained for the work the highest consideration throughout Italy.

The present volume, though it is styled "the first part of Tome the 7th," is by itself a sufficiently substantial volume of 586 pages. It contains the first half of the "*Annali Veneti*" of the "*Senatore Domenico Malipiero*." These annals reach from 1457 to 1500; and are now printed for the first time. They comprise a period of forty-three years only; but what a period!

"Few historical writers," says Signor Sagredo, the careful and intelligent editor of Malipiero's work, "in my opinion surpass these annals in the importance of their subject matter, in the sincerity of their revelations, in the good sense of the reflections, in maturity of judgment, sagacity of foresight, and abundance of documents."

We cannot pretend here to give our readers any account of the contents of this highly interesting volume, as the attempt would lead us into much greater length than is compatible with the nature of this short notice. It is hoped that the remainder of the work, to be contained in a second part of the seventh volume of the "*Archivio*," will ere long be before the public, as it is announced as in the press.

The sixth volume, also in the press, is to contain the "*History of Pisa*, by Raffaello Ronconi."

Two Venetian Chronicles, and a "History of the War between the Spaniards and Pope Paul the IVth," are stated to be also in preparation.

Signor Micali, whose learned and persevering investigations into Italian ante-Roman antiquities and history have acquired for him an European celebrity, has, after his long silence, just put forth another work on his favourite subject. His first labours in this field of research were published as long ago as 1810. Thirty-four years is a "monstrous cantle" out of the working portion of a man's life; and as, from Signor Micali's recent volume, it should seem that the largest part of this long period has been devoted by him to the subject which occupied the labours of his youthful years, it is probable that no writer of the present day will be found so competent a guide through the difficulties of that peculiarly intricate and dark subject of investigation. Signor Micali's first work, in four volumes 8vo., was entitled, "*L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani*;" and was accompanied by an atlas in folio, containing sixty-seven plates of outline engravings of Etruscan and other ante-Roman remains: this work went through several editions. In 1832, was published by him his "*Historia degli Antichi Popoli d'Italia*." This work was a recasting of the materials of the former one, modified and enriched by the result of farther researches and more extended studies. The number of plates was also increased to an hundred and twenty. The single volume of text, with its accompanying atlas of sixty plates, which has now just appeared, is entitled, "*Monumenti Inediti a Illustrazione della Storia degli Antichi Popoli d'Italia*," and is intended as a supplement and completion of the history of the original possessors of the soil of the Peninsula, illustrated from the remnants of their architecture and arts.

We have also to announce a history of the celebrated convent of Monte Cassino, in three volumes, 8vo., with plates by Don Luigi Tosti, "Cassinese." This is published at Naples; so that even this most "arriérée" of the kingdoms of Europe is at a respectful distance following the lead of her betters, though in the present instance her author is a monk, and his subject a convent. But the history of Monte Cassino, if truly told, would be by no means an unimportant or uninteresting one. But we fear that even if Don Luigi Tosti himself were inclined to reveal all those secrets of his prison-house, which might haply be discovered from its archives, the authorities at Naples would not permit him to do so. We have not, however, had an opportunity of ascertaining, from an examination of his work, how far our fears may be justified.

From Genoa we have the "*Storia Civile, Commerciale et Letteraria dei Genovesi*," from the earliest times to the year 1797, by Michele Giuseppe Canale. The author has divided his subject into six epochs, in accordance with the variations in the form of the republic's government. Following the lead of the French nation, who choose to have a king "*des Français*," and not "*de la France*"—and of Sismondi, who adopts a similar title for his history, Signor Canale calls his work

a "History of the Genovese." This fashion is significative of the present tendency of history to descend a little from her pedestal, and condescend to give some portion of her attention to the masses of beings who constitute nations, as well as to the authorities who rule them, and set them by the ears together. We hail the omen; and are glad to see the idea spreading, which leads to such a conception of the duties of history as is expressed in this new form of title.

The smaller Italian cities are also beginning to be sensible of a similar impulse, and to participate in the general movement. From little Urbino we have Signor Achille Marini's "Plan of a complete History of Montefeltro;" from Leghorn, parts 1 to 21 of Dr. Giuseppe Vivoli's Annals of that town; from Montepulciano, whose name English tourists will recognize from their recollection of its wines, we have the first and second volumes of Signor Ariodante Fabretti's "Biographies of the Umbrian Captains," a subject full of curious matter, and which promises, if well handled, an abundant harvest of amusement; and, lastly, from the press of San Severino, a townlet whose position our readers may, by close examination of their maps, see indicated by a very small dot about half way between Ancona and Spoleto, we have two publications, of small extent indeed, but serving to indicate the generality of interest which historical pursuits are beginning to excite throughout Italy. One of these pamphlets contains historical particulars of one of the ancient noble families of San Severino; and the other an archæological account of certain excavations which have recently been executed at Perugia.

Florence, however, maintains her place as *facile princeps* in the march of literature. Signor Zobi is busily engaged in completing his "Storia Civile di Toscana sotto la presente Dinastia," that is, from the death of Giovanne Gastone, the last of the Medici, to the year 1824. This history will be comprised in four volumes, of which the first will be published in June. Il Cavaliere Francesco Inghirami has also published another volume, the tenth of his "Storia della Toscana." This volume comprises the history of the Medicean epoch, from 1530 to 1737. Signor Giuseppe La Farina has reached the seventeenth number of his "Studies on the Thirteenth Century;" and Signor Filippo Moise, the fifty-seventh of his "History of Foreign Dominion in Italy, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to our own Days." It would have cost, alas! but a small addition to the historian's task to have made this a general history of Italy.

Signor Emanuele Ripetti is going on diligently with his important and laborious undertaking, the "Dizionario Geographico, Storico, Fisico della Toscana." The second part of the fifth volume, comprising from "San Quirico" to "Savignone," is just published. In the mean time Professor Goffredo Casalis is proceeding with his similar work on the Sardinian dominions. He has reached the forty-seventh number of his "Dizionario Geographico, Storico, Statistico, Commerciale degli Stati di S. M. il Re di Sardegna," which brings the work down to the article "Nizza." This work is published at Turin.



It may not perhaps be uninteresting to our readers to be informed of a recent event at Florence, which, though not strictly appertaining to literary matters, is in our opinion of no small social importance and significance. We allude to the opening of a new Casino on an entirely new principle. Our readers are probably aware that the Casino in an Italian town is a sort of club to which invariably the nobles are exclusively admissible, as the full title "*Casino dei Nobili*" indicates. This has hitherto been the invariable rule, nor has any similar union to which the plebeians might be admissible ever been permitted. This regulation has now been broken through in Florence. The magnificent palace, lately the property of the Borghese family, has been purchased by a society of shareholders; and a club with the old title of "*Casino*" has been formed, to which the plebeians are admissible, and to which, in fact, several of the leading traders of the town belong. Several English also are on the committee. It was opened with a grand ball a few nights ago, which the Grand Duke and all the ducal family honoured with their presence. Every thing has hitherto been done in the best possible style; and the new establishment contains, among its numerous conveniences, *handsome reading rooms, abundantly supplied with all the leading papers of Europe, of all shades of politics.* Those who are acquainted with Italy will know how to estimate the greatness and importance of this bold innovation. Most assuredly Tuscany is "going a-head," and proving from day to day that she is destined to take the lead in the regeneration of Italy.

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GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—Our publishers treat us in much the same manner as we generally treat our children, promising us all kinds of pretty gifts, but leaving us to guess their nature, till the time of the Leipsic fair arrives; as our children have to wait till Christmas Eve, to see the realization of their wishes. Foreigners are generally unable to understand home politics. This remark holds good in England, and in Germany also. Thus, the "*Foreign Quarterly*," in an article which it recently published on "*Ritter von Lang's Memoirs*," showed itself *inadequate* to its task, and was consequently unjust. A very angry book, exposing the former weakness of the Darmstadt government, is now lying before me; but I will not say much about it, inasmuch as I do not think foreigners likely to judge well of the merits of works, which affect special states of Germany, and contain constant references to things of which you know little or nothing; such as the peculiar bearing of our allodial and patrimonial laws, &c. Reviews of such works as these, are scarcely likely to lead to a better mutual understanding betwixt nations, or to make any very serious impression on the minds of foreign readers. They may amuse indeed, sometimes, because everything has a ludicrous side; but the painting of caricatures can only avail to give the most incorrect notions to the English reader, and hurt the German's

national pride. I will therefore leave this subject, and talk to you about a little book which has recently appeared, and created a great effect in its own peculiar line, as well as puzzled the brains of all its readers sadly. It is entitled, "*Maria Schweidler die Bernstein Hexe,*" (*The Witch of Bernstein*). Seldom, perhaps, has a work been written, which is more awfully impressive than this simple story. Its perusal leaves a strange awe in the soul, which may best be compared to the feeling which comes over us, in an old deserted mansion supposed to be haunted. We feel a strange fear, which can scarcely be called a fear, but rather an apprehension of the marvellous; and scarcely dare to gaze behind us, lest something unearthly should be there found cowering. This story lies during the period of the "Thirty Years' War," in the beginning of the 16th century, and is at once most remarkable in a psychological point of view, and highly interesting as a tale. It is most valuable, however, as an additional document in the annals of demonology, and it certainly seems to throw the most remarkable light on this subject. The editor of the work, Pfarrer (Vicar) Meinhold, who was formerly vicar of Cöserow, on the island Usedom, asserts that the manuscript of this book was found by him in the church at Melenthin, in Usedom, in the handwriting of the vicar, Abraham Schweidler, father of this Maria, of whom the story treats,—and that, in an incomplete or rather defective state, without beginning or ending.

The book is written in the style of the old chronicles; and no traces of modern interpolations or of changes in the phraseology employed can be discovered in it. The author, whoever he may be, avows that he has thrown real facts into a factitious form, and here and there brought dates nearer together; but the whole work bears an aspect of truth, that speaks much in favour of its authenticity; so that, on the whole, it is extremely difficult to make up one's mind, whether the narrative be real or imaginary. If entirely a work of fancy, then will Germany's literature have gained the accession of a most talented novelist, and the work will still be very interesting, though certainly not so much so as if founded on fact.

There is one circumstance which seems to favour this latter hypothesis, and which affords a proof at the same time, of our searching German pedantry, of which, however, we are rather proud than ashamed. The lithographed title-page of the work, which represents the heroine and her husband as depicted in the church at Mellen, bears the date of August the 30th, 1630. But it has been discovered that the costume in which they are habited (the armour, and the so-called "*misericord* (grace) dagger,") belongs to a much earlier date than the first half of the 17th century. On the other hand, the "*Augsburg Universal Gazette*" has assured us most solemnly, speaking on its own authority, that all the circumstances connected with the production and publication of the work are perfectly well known to it. Others again assure us, that the work was only published in consequence of the King of Prussia's having expressed a special desire to see

it; he having read some fragments of it, which appeared in Knapp's "Christoterpe," a German religious Annual.

I must now lead you from this supernatural region to a more well known territory,—to a novel, indeed, of Countess Hahn-Hahn's, which I have already alluded to in a former letter, and which has met with great success. Have we learnt from the French, or they from us, to carry stories of domestic life through several novels? I know not. But, suddenly, the thing is done simultaneously in France and Germany; in England, you had, I think, this kind of thing many years ago.\* George Sand, not content with all but numberless volumes of "Consuelo," has just favoured us with a sequel, entitled "Les Comtes de Rudolstadt." And this new novel of the Countess's is a sequel to her former "Sigismund Forster," being the narrative of the life and loves of his younger brother Cecil. Our authoress gives herself no little trouble, to interest us for her hero, whom she introduces to us, at the early age of ten years, following his fortunes most conscientiously up to his appointment of minister at Rome, which he has just become at the end of the book,—but she does not succeed in winning our suffrages for this Cecil. He is of plebeian, that is, not noble origin (*bürgerlicher Geburt*.) Ambition induces him to leave the sphere which circumstances had made his own, and throw himself heart and soul into the cause of diplomacy in which he distinguishes himself. There is nothing very interesting in this desire for distinction and social rank; besides, Cecil destroys the happiness, nay the life, of a young and very interesting girl, the daughter of the man who holds an office which immediately controls his own in the diplomatic world. This girl he attracts, using her, unintentionally it is true, as a stepping-stone to his wishes, but not loving her with true affection; and afterwards he grows cold towards her, and so they part. His second fancy is for the sister of Count Ignatius von Adlerkron, one of the principal characters in the former novel, who brings about its dénouement, he having killed Sigismund Forster, the hero of that work, in a duel. This very circumstance leads to the acquaintance of Cecil with the Countess Renata. This lady is first introduced to us as the wife of a sick and all but idiotic young man, who was married to her in her earliest youth. Beautifully depicted is the relation of Renata to this hapless husband, of whom she is, in truth, the nurse, and not the consort. Here Countess Hahn-Hahn has admirably painted those "aristocratic virtues,"—those noble qualities which are more naturally the property of the higher classes than of others, because of others they are rarely demanded; such, for instance, as the free sacrifice of a young, blooming existence to conjugal duty. Renata first feels love for an Hungarian noble, who loves her ardently; and that deep knowledge of the human heart, which characterizes all Countess Hahn-Hahn's writings, displays itself in her narration of this secret passion,—a passion that, springing

\* *Note of the Translator.*—And still have: witness Mrs. Trollope's "Widow Barnaby," "Adventures of Gilbert Gurney," with their double continuations, &c.

to life under the most peculiar circumstances, is yet so noble and so delicate, that it must command the interest of all. The Hungarian has made Renata's heart his own; she cannot conceal this from herself. Yet she does not waver one moment in her fidelity to the duties incumbent upon her: she remembers all that is due to the family of that unhappy one whose name she bears; to his tenants, who, without her aid, would be most cruelly oppressed; and, above all, to *him*, who needs her utmost care and attention; and she is faithful to the name of wife! So far the psychological development of character is at once correct and beautiful. Renata's will eventually induces him she loves to consent to a match which his family have long wished for, and unite himself to an Hungarian girl. Soon after this, Renata becomes a widow; and now relieved from the fearful weight which bent her spirit down, and feeling her freedom, by degrees that desire for happiness and enjoyment which is natural to all beings gains dominion over her, and at last she loves again. All this is admirably painted. Cecil adores the beautiful Countess, and sues for her hand. For a long time she rejects him; but his love is obstinate in its fidelity, and at last meets return. She becomes his affianced bride. Now, in the very moment in which, for the first time in her life, she feels truly happy, she receives a letter from the Hungarian. He is on his way to her. Death has freed him also from his bonds, and he comes to claim her as his. But ere he yet arrives, he learns the truth; and the issue of this discovery is his death. The anguish which Renata feels for the destruction of this existence, which she, alas! herself destroyed, renders an union with Cecil impossible to her. And thus they part, perchance to meet no more. This novel is one of the best written by our authoress; it is admirably diversified by a judicious employment of light and shade, and well adapted, I should think, for translation, inasmuch as it treats the peculiarities of German social life from a noble point of view, and, at the same time, depicts manners so clearly, as to be even intelligible to those English readers who must know little or nothing of German society. There are some peculiarities in the views of our authoress which might run counter to your opinions; but as reflections of the "German" spirit of the age, or day, they might, perhaps, be borne with even by an English reader.

A very amusing little book appeared lately, called "*Randzeichnungen*"—"Margin-drawings," by Advocate Detmold, in Hannover. Since 1837 this author had only published political or statistical works. Now, his humour, newly refreshed, starts like a giant from his slumbers, and shoots forth its arrows once again. A former little book of Detmold's, which much amused the better portion of the reading public, was entitled, "*Instructions how to become a Connoisseur within the Space of Two Hours.*" These "*Margin-drawings*" form a kind of sequel to that former publication. Art and artists are, indeed, the favourite theme of Detmold's disquisitions. The chief story told in this latter work is called "*A difficult Undertaking*;" and treats of the restoration of a plaster cast of the Medicean Venus, which has become

necessary, in a little town, that would fain be thought a big one. This extremely simple matter is treated with the most delightful humour, and good-natured but inexhaustible irony, and brought before us in all its details with a tact which is truly wonderful. The consultations of the notabilities of the town on this subject are given at full length. All the ever-doubting, much-talking, never-acting government Beamten (bureaucratic state officers,) all the æsthetic professors, bigoted priests, and other standard personages, which inhabit little towns now-a-days, are brought before us here; and a delightful family resemblance is given to them all, which is aided by a humorous measure taken by our author to avoid the imputation of personalities, and which consists in the conferring of the same generic appellation on all the individuals introduced, only distinguishing them from one another by prefixing a different letter of the alphabet to each character's name. Thus he has called all these persons Meyer, (as you might, Smith,) and then runs through the alphabet, with many variations of Meyer, Bemeyer, Cemyer, &c. &c. After this tale comes a legend "Of the Tomcat which eats little Mice," which legend is not so innocent as "A difficult Undertaking," and bears on the political events of the day.

Ci-devant Young Germany gets farther and farther away from politics every day: Mundt gives his literary lectures in Berlin, which are well attended; Hoffmann von Fallersleben has just published "German Songs, from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," which are true relics of that period, and have a peculiar charm; Julius Mosen has written a new tragedy, "Duke Bernhard the Great," which has been played with much success in Oldenburg. Upon the whole, however, dramatic literature seems in a bad way in the North of Germany. Recourse has even been had to novels, which are dramatized, and put upon the stage as in Paris, where "Les Mystères de Paris" are now attracting all playgoers. Frau von Birch-Pfeyfer, a clever woman, travels about in all directions, to superintend the bringing out of her two last plays, taken from Sternberg's "Diana" and Frau von Paalzow's "Thomas Thyrnau." I would rather attract you to Southern Germany to-day, and go with you at once to Vienna. And here I must premise, that the Austrian has a great advantage over us, inasmuch as tears and smiles are with him very near neighbours; and this gives a peculiar freshness of thought to all his productions, which ours are too often in want of. Besides this poetical advantage, the Viennese dramatists have a substantial one in their admirable theatre. No dramatic company in Germany can stand a comparison with that of the Burg; and thence are Austrian writers enabled to calculate dramatic effect better than we possibly can do.

Grillparzer (author of "The Ancestress," "Sappho," "The Dream a Life," &c. &c.) is still silent; though it is reported that his writing cabinet holds hidden treasures. The fragment of his drama "Libussa," which appeared three years ago at the Burg Theatre, in Vienna, for a charity, when it was received with enthusiastic applause, and which has since been published in an Album, still remains incomplete, and

stands like the magnificent range of columns of a half built temple. But though Grillparzer is silent, and an Hungarian poet, Karl Beck, says of him, "He sleeps, the clouds of night he rolls before him," Austria's young poets still feel the sunbeams of his genius through these clouds, and hope for the return of full sunshine—that sunshine which gave them poetic life. To him they turn as to a new Mecca. All that he feels, they feel in him; for they are all his children: and as children did they greet him lately on his 53rd birthday. In the Concordia (a society the members of which are poets, painters, and musicians) they flocked around him in delight, and laid their spirit's homage at his feet. With extracts from his own works they greeted and celebrated him, and Grillparzer was acknowledged as the noblest genius of his land. The State too appears to have recognised his merits, and has shown its appreciation of them most clearly, by allowing free egress to his works to the world without; never altering or modifying a single word in play or poem. Never have the wings of his genius been clipped. May he soon again employ them!

Halm, whom an absurd calumny has essayed to deprive of his poetic fame (he was said not to be the author of the tragedies published under his name)—Halm has recently given us a new tragedy, entitled, "Sampiero," intended to embody and illustrate the high principle of patriotism which sacrifices all things to itself. Unfortunately he has only produced a caricature. The patriotism of his hero Sampiero is not of a noble order; it seems almost madness, or rather an "idée fixe." The chief female character is somewhat overdrawn, and our interest in the hero is taken away in one of the first scenes, when Vanina tells him that his patriotism only sprang to life in a dungeon, and he therefore only acts for the sake of vengeance. This he himself all but confesses; as he owns that the mourning cries of his people first reached his heart within that dungeon, and so excited his ardent hatred of the tyranny which oppressed them. Solitude may bring much from the depths of the soul; but it seems more natural that the desire to save one's fellow-citizens from the tyrant who assails them, should spring from actual communion with the sufferers. This tragedy is the first of Halm's productions which has been written in prose; and of course, this circumstance is not favourable to it. In a species of vision the hero sees and describes Napoleon as the avenger of Corsica, who humbles all the states of Europe in return for Corsica's degradation. This is thought fantastic, and unnatural. Another fault of the piece is, that two individuals, Sampiero, and the noble Vanina, are made, as it were, the bearers of all the interests involved; and carry on with their love and hatred a species of endless duet throughout the play, whilst the fate of an entire nation is imagined to be at stake, and the conduct of the plot necessarily leads us through several countries. To employ a musical illustration, the other characters introduced, instead of being treated after the fashion of a fugue, as they should be, all combining in one complicated and harmonious whole, stand only like an obligato accompaniment with accidental runs and ornaments, by the

side of the leading thought of the piece, the which thought, of course, enacts the rôle of the chief voice. This is, unhappily, a fault which all of our modern dramatists are more or less liable to be charged with.

The foolish habit of letting some listener overhear the consultations for the most awful conspiracies, has been unpardonably indulged in here. A friend of Sampiero's standing in the midst of the council chamber, is allowed to listen quite undisturbedly to all the offers made for the betrayal of Genoa to her foes. Immediately after the first representation, the fate of the piece was decided. He who would compute the extent of the failure, however, by the number of representations of the piece, would go very much astray, as it is still given about twice in every week. Every Viennese must see the piece, at least, to convince himself whether "Halm's tragedy can be so bad after all." It was admirably performed. All the former works of this author have been published by Gerold in Vienna. This play will probably soon be added to the series.

Bauernfeld, the clever comedy writer, is the next on my list of notabilities for to-day. His last piece, first performed in June, 1842, is entitled, "*Industrie und Herz*," (Commerce and Inclination). It will be published almost immediately by Mausberger in Vienna. Bauernfeld treats of the most serious problems of social life, under the mask of brilliant dialogue and good stage effect, and he is therefore sure to please all *thinkers*. His last work, just alluded to, affords the most striking proof of this faculty.

Prince Fr. S——g.—In the *Annals*, (for instance, in the *Iris* for 1844) and in the "*Wiener Mode Zeitung*,"\* we often meet with little biographic sketches, "genre paintings," "episodes," by an author evidently conversant with the world and the human heart, which are written in a very piquante style, and painted with great accuracy and drastic power. They generally bear the following signature, "from the papers of a discarded foot soldier" ("aus den Papierene eines verabschiedeten Lanzenknechtes"); and no one doubts that these productions issue from the pen of the talented and original Prince S——g. We find him now by the soldiers' watch fire, now warring with the valiant Bedouin, now on the contrabandista's path, now on the lofty Alps chasing the chamois through mountain wildernesses; then again we see him as orator at the meeting of the Hungarian states, as student by the midnight lamp, as lover in his mistress's boudoir: a singular mixture of Don Juanism, with Ritter Toggenburg-fidelity! (Who knows not Schiller's ballad of that name?) Thus do we find him every where, and every where he seems in his due place. A romantic adventurer, not able to endure the ennui of every-day life, and therefore seeking ceaseless danger and conflict, and yet an aristocrat both by inclination and habit; an enthusiast too, and even a sentimentalist at times; and yet, despite all this, from sad experience,

\* The Viennese Journal of Fashions, despite its title, perhaps the first literary organ of Austria.—*Translator's Note.*

one who thinks most lightly of his fellow creature's worth; what a strange whole does this form! We cannot help thinking of a tender tiger, when we examine such a character. You will easily believe, from what I have told you, that all his sketches, taken from such very different scenes as they are, are equally graphic, vivid, and true.

Betty Paoli.—The last volume of poems of this first of German Poetesses is entitled, "*Nach dem Gewitter*," (After the Tempest). The poetry of her conceptions is exquisite; most sweet is the melody of her verse, and nothing remains to be wished but a wider range of poetic subjects. The music sad or joyous of the heart forms the somewhat monotonous, but most harmonious theme of all her lyric strains.

Freiherr von Feuchtersleben, a well known critic and æsthetic writer, has written poems explanatory of the very talented outlines of Moritz v. Schwind. The little book in which these appear is called "*The Outline Annual*," ("*Almanach der Radierungen*"). Smoking, drinking, and living, are brought before us in poetic, phantastically dithyrambic, and erotic pictures. The work is altogether very valuable.

Franz Stelzhammer, the Burns of Upper Austria, is a great poet in his own peculiar line, but he writes in a very restricted dialect, which is hard of understanding, even for the Austrians. I name him here principally because you may hear Austrians so often compare him with your own lowborn poet.

Anastasius Grün, (Count Auersperg) has seized the pen again lately, and written a poetic tale, which bears the strange title of "*Nibelungs\* in Frock Coats*" ("*Niebelungen in Frack*"). It introduces us, however, to perfectly modern views and feelings, despite this title, which it evidently only owes to the fact of the author's having employed the metre of the "*Niebelungenlied*." The subject or groundwork of the poem is the passion of a little German prince for music; and being at once absurd and solemn, tragical and funny, it may in sooth be called the poetry of whimsies. The chief idea illustrated is, that a simple but naturally noble mind may attain to its Maker, even by means of a "*hobby-horse*."

Lenau has published nothing since his "*Albigenses*," save new editions of his former works, and a few isolated short poems.

Before we leave the subject of Austrian poets for to-day, I must also mention the poems of Franz von Schober, published by Brockhaus in Leipsic. They are really very remarkable, original, and poetical, and deserve to be read. The feeling beauty of the thoughts expressed, and melody of the language employed in these songs, induced the celebrated composer, Schubert, to adapt a number of them to music. Classic in their forms and most original in their bearings are Schober's sonnets. In fine, he is a poet.

A few words more about some recent novels and I have done. "*From the Bohemian Forest*," (a range of mountains so called,) "*Aus dem Bohmer-Walde*," is the title of a "*Volksroman*," or tale

\* *Translator's note.*—Heroes of ancient Germany.



depicting the people's life, written by a young novelist called Ranke, who displays the most extraordinary talent in the description of our labouring classes' joys and sorrows, and has a poet's eye for the beauties of nature at the same time. Einhorn in Leipsic is his publisher.

A perhaps more poetically distinguished novelist is Adalbert Stifter, who appears, however, unable to remain within the boundaries of his true powers; he is still constantly attempting what lies beyond him. His descriptions of scenery are masterly in the extreme; he was formerly a landscape painter, and has only recently exchanged the gay colours of the pallet for the black ink which he now employs. And he does still paint indeed; his charming tale in the "Iris" for 1842 was thus an absolute apotheosis of forest scenery. He knows, too, how to give an indescribable charm to the narration of the most simple events, as for instance, in his tale "The Old Seal," to the parting of a father and son. The most commonplace circumstance becomes a talisman in his hands, that draws tears to our eyes; and despite all their beauty, his stories fill us with an indescribable feeling of sorrow: in fine they are fair flowers, engarlanded in wreaths of cypress branches. The more painful, therefore, are those passages which occasionally betray an undue straining beyond our author's natural powers. He has not yet written any long novel.

Well, now we are both pretty well tired out, are we not? I could talk to you of my dear Austrians for some little time yet: and I will do so on a future occasion; *i. e.* provided I am not prevented by all the Berlin "Geheimnissen," "Secrets,"\* the publication of which three or four authors have announced to us. Oh! may the mountain not bring forth a mouse!

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### FRANCE.

PARIS.—Since the commencement of the present year, a German periodical, entitled "Vorwärts," (forwards,) is published, edited by H. Börnstein. It is an inexpensive journal, not larger in size than the "Charivari," appears twice a week, and as its second title, "Paris Signals of Arts, Sciences, Theatres, Music, and Social Life," indicates, will exclude the politics of the day. To judge from the numbers we have seen, it will be edited in the spirit of the more moderate Reformers in Germany.

\* Our fair correspondent alludes to the works promised for the period of the Leipsic Fair, of which she spoke at the beginning of this letter. She has not even hinted *what* wonders we are to expect.

After a long interval, the 10th and last part of Burnouf's edition of the text of the "Vendidad," has been published. It is a lithographed facsimile of the MS. in the Royal Library of this, the principal work of Zoroaster which has reached our times, and forms a folio volume of about 550 pages. It is understood that the "Imprimerie Royale" has ordered Zend type to be cut, so that in future there will be no necessity for resorting to this expensive mode of lithography. An edition of 100 copies only of the above work was printed, and all have been disposed of.

One of the last numbers of the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Paris" contains the first two letters of Botta, relative to his discoveries near Nineveh, with drawings and copies of inscriptions on 21 large plates. Other letters, with similar illustrations, are expected. Upon the whole, this journal has greatly improved within the last few years, and has given valuable papers and documents which entitle it to a place in the library of every oriental scholar.

Stanislas Julien lately received a work from China, under very singular circumstances. Having completed his translation of "Lao-tso," he wished to translate also the works of the Chinese philosopher, Tshoangtso, for which purpose, however, it was necessary to possess the large Commentary, printed in the Imperial printing office at Peking. He applied to Mr. Thom, who, at that time, was with the English expedition on the east coast of China. The latter in vain tried to procure a copy of the work; but during the stay of the army near Nanking, he made the acquaintance of a learned Chinese, named Yen, the director of the provincial saltworks, to whom he mentioned his desire. The mandarin informed him that the only copy he had ever seen was in the Imperial Library, and consequently not for sale. Thom requested him to try and procure it at any price, which the Chinese promised, and brought him, after the lapse of a month, 230 small volumes, which he informed him was the Commentary he was in search of. Thom, however, was rather surprised at the price asked, viz. 320 ounces of silver; for not being able to purchase the copy, the mandarin had engaged 100 persons to transcribe the work; and added, that if the price appeared too high, he begged Mr. Thom to send it to the European, as a present from one savant to the other, and to request a copy of his works in return. Thom sent the work and reported the circumstances, and Julien immediately paid the money, and sent a copy of his works to the director of saltworks, whose behaviour gives us a more exalted idea of Chinese civilization than we have hitherto entertained.

A work entitled "Fragmens du Mahabarata," has just appeared; it contains translations, by Th. Pavie, of parts of the great Indian Epos, after the Calcutta edition. The contents are not a connected story, but single episodes from different parts of the work. Some time since there was a report that a society of Indianists, at Berlin, had formed itself to divide amongst its members the whole of the "Mahabarata" for translation. The execution of this plan was indeed worthy of the school of Bopp. The work contains 100,000 double verses, too serious an undertaking for a single translator.

The Austrian orientalist, Major Troyer, has just completed his English translation of the "Dabistan," in 3 vols. This is a history of religion, written two centuries ago, at Delhi, and gives many new data of sects of which little has been hitherto known. The translation of "Abulfeda's Geography," by Reinaud, is also near its publication. The first volume, accompanied with maps and commentaries, is printed. The text printed by the Asiatic Society has been the original from which this translation has been prepared.

A new edition was commenced a short time ago of the "Plutarque-Français," published by Langlois and Leclerc. Biographies of Bailly, Barnave,

Lafayette, Verginaud, Carnot, Hoche, Paul Louis Courier, and other celebrated Frenchmen lately deceased, have been added. The artistical part, too, has undergone considerable improvements; the greater number of portraits are, or will be, re-engraved; and Horace Vernet, Ingres Delacroix, Scheffer, Meissonier, and other celebrated artists have been engaged to assist in the undertaking. For the next livraison, Paulin-Paris is announced to have written the biography of Chlodwig, and M. Guizot that of St. Gregory of Tours.

Historical literature has been lately enriched by additions of consequence. Sismondi's "*Histoire des Français*" will be continued by a M. Amedée René to the first Revolution. Specimens which have been published in the "*Constitutionnel*," evince a great prejudice in favour of Voltaire, whose residence in Paris forms the subject of one of these fragments. Of another history of France, that by Michelet, a 6th volume has appeared; it treats of the period of Louis XI. and Charles le Téméraire. If we believe the "*Journal des Debats*," Michelet has not only excelled the author of "*Quentin Durward*" in historic truth and erudition, but equalled him in picturesque description of the manners of the times,—an advantage which his history has over Barante's "*Histoires des Ducs de Bourgogne*." A work of a more severe manner, and with less admixture of imaginative talents, is Martin's "*History of France*," of which the 10th and 11th volumes are published, embracing the period from 1559 to 1598, or the reigns of François II., Charles IX., and after the interregnum and civil war, the first years of Henri IV., as far as the Edict of Nantes. The literature of the time is in this work properly estimated in reference to political events, and Bodin, Montaigne, Stephan Pasquier, &c., are noticed at length.

An ecclesiastical history forms part of the "*Bibliothèque Catholique*," entitled "*Les Fastes de la France*;" but historic truth is too often sacrificed to the desire of edifying.

M. Lehuëron's "*Histoire des Institutions Larolingiennes*," forms, as it were, the continuation of his former work, "*Les Institutions Merovingiennes*."

Modern history has also its historiographers, but almost without exception of a republican character. Sarrans and Cahet have written an account of the Revolution of July with evident hatred of the reigning dynasty, and Blanc is the tribune of the people, whose insurrections in Lyons and Paris he has followed with great zeal.

Of Didot's "*Bibliotheca Græca*," two new volumes have just appeared: "*Euripides*," with a revised text and translation, by Fix; and the 2nd volume of "*Diodorus Siculus*," with the fragments of Angelo Maius, revised text by Dindorf, and a Latin translation by C. Müller.

A new volume has appeared of the large work on the "*Benedictines of St. Maur*," (*Histoire Littéraire de la France*), continued by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres. The first 12 volumes, published between 1733 and 1763, embrace the literary history of France to the middle of the 12th century. Then for 25 years nothing more was published, till in 1807 M. de Champagny made the continuation his care, and induced the Institute to elect a Committee of Editors to superintend the work. The volumes 13, 14, 15, which appeared in 1814, 1817, and 1820, completed the 12th century. The 16th and 4 following volumes are devoted to the state of science in the 13th century; and the last volume contains, besides accounts of a large number of troubadours, extensive notices of the works of the four principal French poets of that day,—Jean Bodel d'Arras, Adam de la Halle, Adenès, and Rutebeuf,—who each in their peculiar walk may be considered representatives of the different classes of poetry cultivated in their time. The Edi-

torial Committee has lately been entirely changed, and at present consists of Felix Lajart, J. V. Le Clerc, P. Paris, and Fautriol.

The Archæological Commission has just published a new volume of its instructions. It consists of the first of a series of volumes to be published under the title of "*Iconographie Chrétienne*," in which representations of sacred subjects, in pictures, sculpture, &c., are to be given, chronologically arranged, with explanation of the symbols, indications of the style, and other useful matter. The present forms a handsome 4to volume, illustrated with many hundred wood-cuts, and bears the strange title of "*Histoire de Dieu*." To form some idea of the extent to which this work may be carried, it is only necessary to give from the preface the catalogue of subjects to be treated. The Iconography of God, (now published)—the Angels—the Devil—the Seven Days of the Creation, so often represented in Churches—the Creation and Fall of Man—and the Archæological History of Death, and the Dances of Death ;—then are to follow the Agricultural Labours and Handicraft Arts—Virtues and Vices—the History of the Patriarchs, Judges, Prophets, and Kings of Judah—the History of the Life of Christ, and of the Virgin—of the Apostles, Martyrs, and the Saints. The work will conclude with representations from the Apocalypse.

HAVRE.—The municipal corporation have determined to open a subscription for erecting a monument to Casimir Delavigne, in one of the squares of this his native town.

#### GERMANY.

BERLIN.—Four Professors of the University, Hotho, Valke, and F. and A. Benary, all followers of Hegel, but moderate rather than extreme in their adherence to his school, announced their intention a short time since to commence with the new year a literary periodical ; but it appears that the necessary permission was not forthcoming, as no number has yet been published. Another periodical, also announced some months ago, has actually made its appearance, and promises to be kept up with spirit. It is devoted to historical science, and will be conducted by the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, A. Boeckh, Leopold Ranke, Pertz, and others, names that offer a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the papers.

In the Berlin Scientific Institution ("*Wissenschaftlicher Verein*") lately instituted by Raumer and others, Dr. Dehn has commenced the sessions with lectures on music ; and Dr. Alfred Reumont, attached to the foreign minister's office, will read a course of lectures on Italian literature.

In our University the interest taken in the philosophical opposition of Schelling and Paulus has been superseded by their law suit. The former has lost his case both here and at Darmstadt. Jacob Grimm has returned, and is lecturing. Huber, the professor of modern languages, called to this place from Marburg, has commenced lectures, but seemingly without meeting with much encouragement.

Cornelius does not appear to prosper in our town ; he has not yet painted a single fresco, and only one painting in oil, representing Christ in purgatory, that has displeased every one that has seen it. He is spending the winter in Italy. The cartoons of his fresco paintings in Munich he has presented to the king, who in return is building him a dwelling-house.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn is at present travelling in Egypt. She had left Vienna in August last, passed September at Constantinople, and travelled by way of Rhodes and Cyprus to Beyrout, and devoted a month to Palestine, the coast of Syria and Damascus. She arrived at Jerusalem, November 1, and after staying a short time changed her horse for a camel, and arrived at Cairo,

December 1. It is understood that she will spend two months in *Ægypt*, and return to Germany in May, to publish the results of her wanderings.

By order of the king there are to be two editions of the works of Frederick the Great, now preparing for publication by commission. One, a splendid edition in every sense of the word, will be reserved for the disposal of his Majesty, while a small edition in 8vo. will be sold to the public.

A letter lately received from Berlin announces the preparation by Arthur Müller of a collected edition of the works of Baron Gaudy. Among his remains will be found a new volume of poems, two volumes of novels, a collection of humorous essays, and the results of his second Italian journey. Müller is said to be well adapted to edit the works of his friends, being possessed of that industry and sound discrimination so necessary to an arranger of posthumous writings.

An edition also of Clemens Brentano's works is said to be preparing by his sister, Bettina von Arnim, the first volumes of which are to contain his correspondence. As faithfulness is not exactly Frau von Arnim's forte, it were to be wished that the editorship were placed in other hands—Grimm's, for example, who, as his friend of many years standing, appears peculiarly fitted for that work.

LEIPZIG.—Much attention has lately been paid, both in this country and also particularly in Württemberg, to the formation of societies for publishing popular and instructive works at a cheap price, and the establishment of lending libraries in every parish for the gratuitous use of the people.

In lyrical poetry the latest publications of note are Gedlitz' "*Waldfräulein*," and Anastasius Grün's "*Nibelungen im Track*." The political poets seem to be resting on their laurels, and they appear as a separate and distinct phenomenon in modern literary history. Marggraf has published a well selected anthology of this political poetry. Hoffmann von Fallersleben, after travelling about in the south of Germany, has lately brought forth a selection of political poetry of past centuries, and a volume of social songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Goeschen's house has commenced the publication of a new edition of Iffland's principal dramatic works, an undertaking that will no doubt be very successful, as Iffland is still one of the greatest favourites on the stage as well as in the library. The edition is got up in very creditable style, and at a very cheap price.

Among the new books just issued, and of which time does not allow us to form an opinion, two are creating great interest here—Venedey's book on Ireland, and Dahlmann's *History of the English Revolution*.

FRANKFORT.—The head librarian, Dr. Böhmer, has just returned from a long scientific journey through Austria, where he has collected materials in Austrian libraries and record collections for the second volume of his "*Fontes rerum Germanicarum*," a work which forms a second series of the great national undertaking of which Pertz published the first, entitled "*Monumenta rerum Germanicarum*." Dr. E. Rüppel is spending the winter in Sicily, where he witnessed the last grand eruption of Mount *Ætna*, of which we may expect a scientific account from his pen.

STUTTGART.—A history of philosophy, by Dr. Sigwart, just published by Cotta, deserves notice. As yet only one volume has appeared;—the author has divided his history into three periods; the first contains ancient philosophy to the Reformation, the second brings it down to Kant, and the third to the present day. The volume published embraces the first and part of the second period.

GÖTTINGEN.—This university is by degrees sinking down to a mere country university. The official lists published contain 648 students, not

being more than about one third the number that the Georgia Augusta once harboured.

Among the works lately published, the most remarkable are by Professor Ahrens, "*De Dialecto Dorica*," forming the second volume of his work on the dialects of the Greek language; Petri's *Essays on the Puseyism in the English Church*, and a work by Dr. Wappäus on the Republics of South America, in a geographical and statistical point of view. The first and last of these publications have been very highly spoken of.

#### ITALY.

ROME.—A distinguished Polish artist, Brzozowski, has completed his grand historical tableau, "*Visit of Otho III. to the Tomb of St. Adalbertus, at Gnesen*." It relates to an event which happened in 1025. The Emperor and the King of Poland, Boleslas the Valiant, are represented kneeling at the tomb of the Saint. They are surrounded by the Benedictine monks; and in the back-ground a group of Polish and German knights, with their equerries and pages, are given. The connoisseurs speak highly of the composition and the execution of this painting. It is destined for one of the churches in the Duchy of Posen.

MILAN.—Italian literary journals speak very highly of a translation of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, by the Chevalier Andrea Maffei. In the feuilleton of the "*Milan Gazette*," M. Menini himself, a scholar of eminence, has devoted three numbers to a critique on this third improved edition of the work, which he informs us is a perfect example of clear conception of the original, and a just and practical rendering in Italian.

NAPLES.—Signor Nicola Corcia, a talented savant, is engaged in publishing a comprehensive historical work, entitled "*Storia delle due Sicilie*." The plan is to divide the work into three parts; the first to contain the most ancient history to the fall of the Western Empire (476); the second to 1495; and the last to 1789. His merit will be the greater in proportion as he brings to light the more ancient history of this country, from the obscurity in which it has hitherto been enveloped. The Neapolitan historians, Cepecelatzo, Costanzo, Collenucci, Summonte, Giannone, Troyli, Grimaldi, De Meo, Canafa, Giannettasio, &c., have all only treated of single divisions of Neapolitan history, and we are forcibly reminded of Cicero's words, "*Abest enim historia literis nostris*." Signor Corcia's work, of which we have seen the first ten fasciculi, containing 332 pages, commences with a *Corografia*, and *Topografia Antica delle Due Sicile*. Countries, towns, and people of the remotest antiquity, he brings before the eye of his reader, as the scenes or agents in various great deeds and circumstances. The political history follows that of social, civil, and scientific cultivation. The most recent history (as is a matter of course, with the present political institutions of the country)—will also in this work be omitted. Signor Corcia is a philologist deeply read in the classic authors of antiquity, his researches bear the mark of diligent inquiry, and of sober and moderate criticism. Foreign philological, archæological, and historico-geographical literature is by no means unknown to him; Niebuhr, Ritter, Mannert, Bunsen, Gerhard, Chaupy, Michelet, Roual-Rochette, Dupins, Dutheil, Petit-Radel, Keppel-Craven, &c., are names often quoted: and the Neapolitan, and indeed the whole Italian literature, is singularly rich in materials. The parts that have already appeared treat of *Agro Palmense*, *Pretruzio*, and *Andriano*, of the *Regione Vestina*, *Sabina*, *Peligna*, of the territory of the *Marruccini*, of the *Prentani*, *Marsi*, and the *Aequi*; and the tenth part commences with the *Samnites*, whose history and country will probably be enlightened by recent discoveries and researches.

## POLAND.

Since the year 1831, in which about 8,000 Poles left their country and dispersed all over Western Europe, Polish Literature must needs be divided, in point of locality, into two sections,—the one *at home*, the other *abroad*. In the outset the latter was much more productive and brilliant than the former. Eminent men in science and literature had, almost to a man, taken an active part in the Revolution, and had been obliged to depart into exile after its unsuccessful termination. Being thus brought into a direct contact with western civilization, their thoughts unshackled, their hopes buoyed up by the applause of foreigners who gave them hospitality, listened most willingly to their poetical sorrows, and craved for information,—the exiles found in their literary pursuits not only a solace, but also the means of befriending the foreign nations, and doing their duty towards their own. Soon, however, a new generation arose in Poland,—and produced an extraordinary number of men of talent and industry. A praiseworthy emulation sprang up on all sides, and a season of admirable activity, both at home and abroad, was the result. While the Polish printing establishments at Leipsic, Paris, and Brussels were sending forth, almost daily, works of great merit and utility, Warsaw, Cracow, Wilna, Leopold, and Posen, strove hard not to be left behind in this race of literary competition. This, of course, could not last long; and, therefore, during the last year there has been a perceptible falling off in both regions. The exiles, either from depression so naturally increasing with the descending scale of misfortune, or from the loss of many illustrious writers, whom death has lately snatched from their circle, have within the last twelvemonth given signs of greater debility and exhaustion than their brethren at home. Still the following enumeration of Polish works which have appeared in 1843 will, to a foreign reader, exhibit no lack of talent and industry. We mention only such as are of recognised merit and permanent utility.

*Philosophy*.—From among a host of philosophical writers—for philosophy has become of late a favourite study of the Poles—two have attained an undisputed excellence. Trentoski has published, at Posen, his long-expected work on Education, “Chowanna,” in 4 volumes; and also a volume on the Relative Position of Philosophy and the Science of Government. Hoene-Wronski, whom Balzac has made the hero of his novel, “La Recherche de l’Absolu,” does not write himself, but his disciples are indefatigable in spreading his principles. Two works of that school have lately made their appearance in Paris: the first under the somewhat whimsical title, “Poland in Apotheosis and Apostacy, or on the Valuation and the Elimination of Nations;” the other “Hoene-Wronski,” and his participation in the development of knowledge.

*Political Economy*.—August Cieszkoski, whose French work, “Du Credit,” has procured him an European celebrity, continues publishing pamphlets on foreign statistics, finances, &c. His “Essay on Sir R. Peel’s Financial System and the English Poor Laws” deserves particular mention.

*History*.—The 10th and last volume of the “Annals of Lithuania,” by Narbut, has issued from the press of Wilna. Here also the following historical works have made their appearance:—The first volume of Michel Graboski’s “Sources of the Annals of Poland,” “Ukraine, Ancient and Modern,” by the same author; “Memoirs to the History of Poland,” by Lachowicz; an “Essay on Polish Archæology,” by Count T. (Tyszkiewicz). At Posen:—“The State of the Catholic Clergy and of that of other Creeds in Poland, in the Middle of the 18th Century,” by Hugo Kollontaj; “The Antiquities of Poland,” in alphabetical order; “The Ancient Monuments of

the Polish Nation, Medals, &c." by Wolanski. At Warsaw:—"Ancient Poland, its History, Geography, and Statistics," by Michel Balinski,—a serial publication. At Brussels:—"A new, revised, and augmented Edition of the History of Poland from 1795," by Lelevel. At Leipsic:—"The Stream of Polish Annals," by K. H. (Hoffman.)

*Literature and Criticism.*—At Cracow:—"The History of Polish Literature," by Michel Wiszniewski, volume the 5th; the whole work will consist of 10 vols. At Wilna:—"Literature and Criticism," by M. Graboski, volume the 4th; "Literary Correspondence," in 3 vols. by the same author; "The Complete Works of C. Brodzinski," 9 vols. At Warsaw:—"New Literary Studies," by Kraszeski, in 2 vols.; "Ancient Polish Writers," from unpublished manuscripts, or very rare prints, by Wojcicki, volume the 1st; the whole in 6 vols. At Leopold:—"Writings and Memoirs of Victor Dmochoski," an ex-sergeant in the army of Five Powers, edited by A. E. Kozmian.

*Poetry and Romance.*—At Wilna:—"Anafieses, Poems from Popular Traditions of Lithuania," by Kraszeski; "Legends," by Holowinski; "Lithuanian Sketches," by J. Chodzko; "Memoirs of an Elf," in 2 vols., by John of Dycalp (a pseudonym); "Ulana," a tale, by Kraszeski; "Tajkury," a novel, by Graboski; "A Dream in Podhorce," and "Two Evenings," by the Rev. S. Cholonieski. At Petersburg:—"Frenofagius and Frenolesty," a humorous tale, by Eleonore Schlynner. At Warsaw:—"The Play of Passions," by Niepowie. At Posen:—"Switezianka," a dramatic fantasia, by Siemienski. At Paris:—"Before the Dawn," a poem, by Gaszynski. At Brussels:—"Omens," a poem, by Dubiecki.

*Miscellaneous.*—At Wilna:—"The Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," by the Rev. Holowinski; "Universal Ornithology," by Tyzenhaus. At Paris:—"Lectures delivered by Professor Mickiewicz, in the Collège de France;" "On the Russian Schism," by the Rev. P. Semenenko; "The Course of Military Art," by J. Wysocki. At Posen:—"The History of the Medical Art in Poland," by Gonsioroski, 3 vols.

Prince Adam Czartoryski, who is the chief of the Polish nation, and in whom the future prospects of that unfortunate country seem to be centred, was a personal friend of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. In his splendid library the latter possessed a bust, in bronze, of the Prince, after the model of Bertolini's, sculptor at Florence; on the basis of which his Royal Highness caused the following lines to be engraved, written at his request by Rev. G. A. Browne, Vice-Chancellor, &c. &c. Cambridge.

"Prince—Statesman—Patriot—each honoured name  
To thee belongs, with never-dying Fame.  
Tho' Tyrants, jealous of thy bright career,  
To Exile doom'd the victim of their Fear;  
Tho' ruffian hands polluted Learning's seat,  
And stain'd with blood Pulawy's green Retreat;  
A day shall come—oh, quickly may it rise!  
And speed its rapid path 'mid yonder skies!  
When yet, once more, some brave and virtuous hand  
Shall plant anew the banner of his Land.  
Then, Czartoryski, shall thy Country see  
Another Casimir revive in Thee;  
Exulting Crowds shall hail thy bless'd return,  
And future ages consecrate thine urn."

The Duchess of Inverness has lately presented this bust of the Prince to Count Ladislas Zamoyiski, his nephew.

Czynski is about to publish his Biography of Copernicus, with many hi-



therto unknown interesting particulars of his life, which were recently discovered by him in the Mazarin Library at Paris. The book is to be embellished with the astronomer's portrait, his Observatory at Frauenburg, and the parallax instrument which he employed for his observations—all executed by Oleszczynski, a Polish engraver.

A medal of Copernicus was circulating at Paris—the work of Adam Salomons—representing that astronomer's bust.

The manuscript of Copernicus's work, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*," has recently been discovered by Count Skorzewski, on his tour through Bohemia, at Count Nostitz's library, and purchased by him for his rich archives of Historical Records at Czerniejew.

#### IMPROMPTU,

BY THE REV. DR. WORTHINGTON, TO COL. LACH SZYRMA,

*On the occasion of his reading a Paper on Copernicus to the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland.*

If earthly empire with thy people cease,  
In one thing, Szyrma, thou mayest yet find peace;  
The glorious thought, that in their glowing souls  
Lives empire ever 'mid thy deep-wronged Poles;  
And if to them the earth be now denied,  
Think on it, Szyrma, think with honest pride,  
That while the planets circle round the sun,  
The race of Polish glory is unrun.  
Enthroned with Newton in the starry spheres,  
Copernicus unfolds to listening ears  
The wondrous laws which Nature bared to him:  
And but for him to Newton e'en were dim.  
Thus Polish glory blends with God's own might,  
And lives in regions of eternal light.

#### PRUSSIA.

By the authorization of the King of Prussia, a splendid church is to be built at Fischhausen, a small borough near Pilau, to the memory of St. Adalbertus, who was the first apostle of Christianity in Prussia, and was killed at that place by the heathen Prussians, on the 23rd of April, 997. He had undertaken that mission at the persuasion of Boleslas the Valiant, King of Poland, who with a large sum of money redeemed the body of the martyr from the Prussians, and caused it to be buried at Gnesen (Gniezno), where his brother Radzyn, or Gaudentius, was created the first archbishop. The estimate of the cost required for the erection of the church at Fischhausen, is fixed at 20,000 thalers; which sum is to be raised by means of a collection at Protestant and Roman Catholic churches in Prussia, and the Grand Duchy of Posen. The interior of the edifice, when finished, is to be arranged in such a manner as to leave one side for the Catholic and the other for the Protestant worship.

At Cracow, St. Adalbertus had one of the most ancient churches consecrated to him. To him also the Poles are indebted for the oldest monument of their language, in a Hymn to the Virgin Mary, ("*Boga Rodzica*,") which their army used to sing when going to battle.

#### RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG.—M. de Chanikow, who in the years 1840 and 41 spent some time, by order of the Russian government, in Bukkara, has lately published a description of that country, which it is affirmed is the completest

work that has yet appeared on that subject. Added to the work, are a dictionary of the Bukkara language, a map of the country, and a great many illustrations.

## SLAVONIA.

Lately, Slavonia has entered in the history of Europe as a new element, and one of paramount interest, both in politics and literature. In Germany and France, within the last few years, we find chairs of the Slavonic established at the Universities, and eminent scholars called to lecture upon the history, the language and the literature of Slavonia. The press of both countries, as may be observed in booksellers' catalogues, is teeming with publications on those subjects—voluminous works are printed and separate periodicals devoted to them. There is nothing that concerns Slavonia, and the condition of her people in ancient and modern time, on which a most searching and solicitous attention is not bestowed. And this was a country, or rather a vast extent of lands without defined limits, which for many previous centuries had continued a *terra incognita*; and her race, with the exception of one or two nations belonging to it, hardly worth noticing, if not altogether despised. Why? This we could easily account for. The matter is one fraught with deep woe, but we have no room for it on the present occasion. Suffice it only to say, respecting that much engrossing subject, we agree with Schöning, whom we find first in Germany, at the end of the last century, expressing himself thus emphatically on it:—"Slavonia," says he, "is a country of vast extent. Since the fifth century of the Christian era until this day, the history of her people has been interwoven with the annals of both Asia and Europe; and in the actual state of political relations she constitutes by far the most interesting part of the history of Northern Europe. Next to the Arabs, who reigned over an extent of lands from Molucca to Lisbon, there exists no other nation upon record, whose language, domination and settlements extended over a larger surface on the globe. From Ragusa on the Adriatic to the Frozen Ocean, from Kamtschatka and Japan to the Oder, and even beyond that river, we everywhere meet the Slavonians, either in the character of rulers or of subjects."\*

At the present period, when ethnology has made a great progress, and most distant nations, and insignificant tribes of savages, are no longer unknown, it is almost unaccountable why so large a race as the Slavonian should have been so long neglected in Europe. An attempt at removing that ignorance in England has indeed been made by Dr. Pritchard, in his valuable "Researches on the Human Races," where an interesting chapter is devoted to the Slavonians; but his remarks are of too general a nature—and from the tenor of the book they could not be otherwise—not to have left much to desire in detail, which after all constitutes the most instructive and the most interesting portion of the subject. Out of those details we shall choose one in particular for our *Literary Notices*, viz. the state of Polish literature, within one or two late years.

In the study of Slavonia in general, or Panslavonia as it is termed by German writers—we wish *in limine* to guard our readers against an unfair, if not an insidious, attempt of the writers of the Russian party (for Russia is not without her agents, even in literature,) at identifying the Slavonic with the Russian, and the desires and the prospects of the Slavonians with those of Russia, who, beside the secret designs she had formed on them, is a complete stranger to them in literature.

\* Schöning's "Nordische Geschichte." Aug. by A. L. Schlotzer, 1771, p. 221.

What is called the literature of Russia,—one which is occasionally mentioned in English journals,—had descended from the literature of ancient Muscovy, conjointly with that empire's political power. It is in the Muscovite dialect; which so much differs from the language spoken by the people of White, Little, and Red Russias,—or speaking after a more modernized geographical terminology, in the Ukraine, Podolia, Volhynia, Eastern Lithuania, and Austrian Galicia, (all provinces of ancient Poland,)—that it can hardly be understood by them. A literature written, as might be said, in so *outlandish* a dialect, though it may possess its root in common, as it does, is anything but well calculated for being the literature of the above provinces. Its books may, by some despotic measures, be forced upon their seminaries and schools, (and Russia often does so,) but it can never become popular with the people at large. Besides, this literature of the Russian empire is of an entirely modern date, not exceeding the period of Peter the Great; who having introduced reforms in all other departments of that country, is also said to have given the first impulse to its literature. Having no antiquity in its favour, and not having grown up along with the people, it cannot have any strong hold upon their minds. What is still worse, it is, like the rest of the far-famed improvements in Russia, fashioned upon foreign models, chiefly French and German; so much so, that its specimens, with the exception of the idiom, are unconnected with the ancient Slavonic, and convey but a poor idea of the inventive powers of their writers. The Russo-Greek Church, also, was less favourable than even the Roman Catholic to the development of the mind among her followers. After her breaking off the spiritual link with the patriarchate of Constantinople, she became in the hands of her temporal heads, the Czars, a mere plaything of their fancy, and their worldly policy, rather than a means of moral improvement, and Christian philanthropy. In consequence, the Slavonians of Muscovy, adherents of that church, had for a long time no literature whatever. Even other Russias (Little, White, Red,) which belonged to Poland, and had for centuries formed an integral portion of that kingdom, were in a great measure retarded in improvement through the influence of the Greek Church. They possessed no learned or European polite literature; still, owing to the natural precocity of their spirit, there was among them no lack of the traditional one, viz. popular songs, legends, fables, and the like oral lore and traditions. As for their civilization, and the higher branches of knowledge, they derived them from the same source as Poland, until the dismemberment of that kingdom. Their higher cultivation, and their literature, was identical with the Polish; and Poland can reckon in her literature, ancient and modern, a number of eminent writers, natives of the “RUSSIAS;” whereas the Russian literature of the empire can hardly show one distinguished writer from those provinces; at least, none as ancient and celebrated as Zimorowicz and Klonowicz, Polish-Russians of the 16th century,—and none like Kniaznin, the poet, and Naruszewicz, the historian, of the last century. At the present moment, Polish literature possesses two popular poets, Bogdan Zaleski, an Ukranian, and Olizarowski, a Volhynian,—both in exile. In spite of the Czars calling themselves the “Autocrats of all the Russias,” not all the Russias are theirs, and still less their people. Authors cannot be conquered nor created by ukases; they must be formed, and the people must be first educated to produce them. The sway of the Czars over a great portion of the Russias is a usurped and physical one, and not moral. Such is it over Poland; and such and no other it would be, if they should succeed in extending it over the remainder of Slavonia.

For their literary celebrity nations do not depend so much upon their numbers, as upon a happy developement of their mental energies in particular

directions. Only a small number of the Slavonian race can boast of having had that enviable lot. The Southern, from their intercourse with the Byzantine Greeks in the middle ages, may have borrowed much from these in the arts, architecture, and even legislation,—the “*Prawda Raska*,” framed by the dukes of the Rurik dynasty, and Dushan’s “*Code of Laws*” for the Servians, were no contemptible specimens of the latter; but it was not long before the Russians were in their progress checked by the two centuries’ rule of the Tatars over them, and the Servians by the invasion of the Turks. From the general wreck nothing was, at that disastrous period, left to the Slavonians in the South and in the East than the comfort of Christianity, which St. Cyril and St. Methodius had introduced amidst them, and their ecclesiastical literature, to which they had also laid a foundation. As regards the secular character of their literature, it never outstepped the narrow boundary of tradition and popular songs, until at a very modern period. For a long time they had no printing establishments; and the first Slavonic books were printed in Poland.\* With respect to what is properly termed literature, as consisting of works of genius in poetry, history, philosophy, and other branches of science, upon the cultivation of which civilized nations so much pride themselves; and which, as it were, constitute a test for distinguishing them from barbarians, that literature was possessed by the Bohemians and the Poles alone. It is the Bohemian and the Polish literature that constitutes the chief glory of the civilization of Slavonia; coming up to the European standard by its superior character—possessing literary documents, not solely in Slavonic, but in Latin, the then common instrument for the exchange of ideas—it became the means of bringing Slavonia within the pale of European learning and intellectual development, and assimilating her with the rest of the civilized world. In this case, the relation of the Bohemians and the Poles to the rest of their Slavonian kindred—nation and tribes—was not unlike that of the Athenians, when in their palmy days, to the populations of ancient Greece, with their different dialects and their respective literatures.

In order of time, the Bohemian, with her sister literature of Moravia, preceded the Polish, and they are the most ancient; but the Polish literature is the most comprehensive, and from the many-sided culture it received, is widely branching out over vast fields of literature and science. In fact, the Bohemians and the Poles having, for centuries, had the benefit of a government of their own, were alone enabled to promote a national civilization among them, which other Slavonians, groaning under the yoke of foreigners, could not do. Unluckily for the Bohemians the cultivation of their nationality had received an early check on the part of Austria; Bohemia retired from the scene of action, and her influence was lost for Slavonia, until our days, when she had resumed it. The Poles were lately menaced with a similar disaster on the part of Russia and the German powers, but having given a fuller development to their nationality prior to that event, they firmly stood the hostile brunt. Through a free and uninterrupted cultivation of their nationality, during upwards of ten centuries, the Poles received, as it were, an impress upon their character which rendered it typical of the Slavonian race, and themselves the worthy representatives of that same race, in the family of European nations. Whatever the objects of that representation may be, whether opinions, manners, politics, literature, or learning, they, of

\* The Slavonic translation of “*David’s Psalms*” appeared at Cracow, in 1481. The “*Oktoechos of John Damascene*,” *ibidem*, in 1491. During the sixteenth century, books in the Slavonic alphabet began to be printed at Venice and Wilna; in the Czardom of Muscovy not until 1564, when a Dane, Hans, established the first printing office at Moscow.

all others, are most qualified for it. The very geographical position of their country, situated in the centre of all the Slavonian provinces, appears to have destined the Polish nation for that leading among their race. Since the dismemberment of Poland, Slavonia is without any nation to represent her in Europe. Russia has usurped that office in diplomacy with foreign cabinets; but it is only usurpation, without either sympathy on the part of the Slavonians or the people abroad. From her retarded civilization at home, she is least qualified for representing Slavonia, either in literature, science, or morals. Still less is she fit for that high mission by the character of her government, it being the combination of a fierce Varaguo-Tatar rule, military and cruel; while the national character of the Slavonians, as it was most justly described by the Byzantine writers, is pacific and mild. Russia looks to aggrandizement and conquests; the Slavonians were never aggressive, and their government has invariably been democratic, or mixed, as that exemplified in ancient Poland. The government of Russia, again, is the perfection of despotism, and therefore unnational and anti-Slavonic. It is useless for the Russians to boast that they are fellow-Slavonians; they possess no Slavonian government. In their character of subjects they have only exchanged their ancient Varaguian and Tatar masters, for their Czars and autocrats; the rule of the latter is but a continuance of the former, equally grinding, and for the age in which it is exercised, the more degrading to Russians. The government of autocrats is an anomaly in Europe—as great an anomaly as has been that of a Tamerlan and a Batou Khan, in former centuries. It is not with the persons of the autocrats that the fault lies, but with the system of autocracy itself. Government based upon its principle, amidst such an increase and complication of the affairs of the state, is an absurdity, and such must also be its workings and results. Yet to such a cruel and abject rule Russia wants to subject the remainder of the Slavonians, under Turkey, Austria, and Prussia. For that is her great aim: and the Russians, in their speech and in their writings, make no secret of it. Meanwhile, the ancient nationality of Slavonia, although subdued, is not dormant: by an inherent instinct of self-defence, at every step it opposes Russian autocracy's ambitious designs and intrigue. The Poles had long stood a bulwark against her; and but lately she received a check in Serbia. That spirit of opposition against her is in a great measure nurtured by ancient civilization, institutions, and reminiscences: hence her barbarous fury against them—and her proscriptive measures of the laws, religion, manners, language, literature, and everything which is national. Thus she is now doing in Poland, and thus she would act everywhere. It cannot therefore be uninteresting to contemplate in what manner, under such adverse circumstances, the Slavonic spirit works its way, and is triumphant in its noble aspirations. It appears unconquerable indeed! In order to spread more light on that subject, we shall commence our continuation of the present notice, in our next number, with a full summary the Literature of Bohemia, which may be said to be the eldest sister of Poland.

#### SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM.—The two sons of our Crown Prince having made sufficient progress to enable them, with advantage, to attend the lectures at the university, their august father has lately had an examination instituted, at which Geijer, the professor of history, Sellen, professor of Roman language and literature, and Malmsten, professor of mathematics, all of Upsala, assisted. It is understood that the young princes have come off with flying colours, and that they are likely to become ornaments to the University of Upsala, which they will visit under the guardianship of Count Henning Hamilton. The eldest, Charles, is 17; the younger, Gustavus, is 16 years old.

The well known Miss Bremer has lately exerted herself very much, both in public and private, in forwarding several benevolent institutions in Sweden, whose object is the reclaiming of persons who have lost their characters.

Swedish journals speak highly of a little work of Andrew, Fryxell's *Tales from Swedish History*, which has, in a short time, reached the fourth edition.

#### OBITUARY.

Dec. 27, died at Nancy, Mathieu de Dombasle, after a long and severe illness. His merits as an agriculturist will insure the originator of agricultural institutions in France a lasting memory. His school in Roville has an *European* reputation.

Dec. 12, at Lyons, Jean François Casimir Delavigne, member of the Institute, librarian of the Castle Fontainebleau, member of the Legion of Honor, and one of the most esteemed modern poets of France. His principal works are, "*Les Vêpres Siciliennes*," 1819; "*Le Paria, Tragéd.*" 1821; "*Messeniennes et Poésies diverses*," "*Messeniennes et Poésies nouvelles*," 1824; "*Théâtre*," 2 vols. 1825, &c. He was born at Havre, March 16, 1794. His mortal remains were removed to Paris, and on the 19th of December last buried there with great splendour, amid a numerous attendance of his friends and admirers. In praise of his literary productions, as well as personal character, eloquent speeches were pronounced at his grave; and one by Krystyn Ostrowski, a young Polish poet. The motive for his paying that tribute to the memory of the French poet, he stated, was the popularity of his writings in Poland, and in particular, "*La Varsoviennne*," a splendid warlike song, which, at the outbreak of the Polish insurrection in 1830, was composed by Delavigne, and which the Polish soldiers used to sing in their camps. We give here the poetic words with which the Pole addressed the manes of the departed.

"Casimir, thy name was always cherished, and revered in Poland. We loved thee, while we were yet children; for thou hast sung to us of glory, that sweet dream of youth and of nations.

"Casimir, we loved thee, when soldiers, for thy voice, raised in the name of liberty, warmed our bosoms; and thy '*Varsoviennne*' we used to sing when going to battle, and when returning from it triumphant.

"Casimir, we loved thee, while exiles in foreign land, for thou hadst a tear for enthralled Poland, and a voice that augured well for her futurity. Both thy heart and thy genius were in unison with our efforts, as they are with our fond prospects. Sons of Poland! we come to bid thee our last farewell, as if to one of our own brethren.

"It is customary with us, in cases of death tearing from us any warrior of ours in a foreign land, that we cover his eyes with our native earth which is steeped in the martyr blood of those who had fallen in battles, that he may, even in the arms of his eternal sleep, dream of his country.

"Thus be it with thee, great champion of freedom! as if thou wert one of our own brethren. Accept the tribute which is due to thee from Poland, mourning over thy grave; and may that handful of her native soil" (here the speaker threw it in the grave) "*render thy rest the sweeter!*"

Oct. 26, at Berlin, Dr. John Otto Ellendorf, private tutor at that University, born in 1805. He was well known as an author. His principal works are, "*St. Bernard v. Clairvaux u. d. Hierarchie seiner Zeit*," 1837; "*Die Karolinger u. d. Hierarchie ihrer Zeit*," 2 vols. 1838; "*Thomas à Becket, Erzbischof von Canterbury*," 1839; "*Die Moral und Politik der Jesuiten*," 1840; "*Der Primat der Römischen Päbste*," 2 vols. 1841; "*Historisch-Kirchenrechtliche Blätter*," 3 vols. 1839-42; and many other pamphlets against the Jesuits and the Roman hierarchy.

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